THE AMERICAN PILGRIM'S WAY IN ENGLAND:



MARCUS·B·HUISH

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THE AMERICAN PILGRIM'S WAY IN ENGLAND

TO ENGLISHMEN

O Englishmen! in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers!
We too are heirs of Runnymede;
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed
Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water" in one rill
Through centuries of story
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

Joint heirs and kinfolk, leagues of wave
Nor length of years can part us:
Your right is ours to shrine and grave
The common freehold of the brave,
The gift of saints and martyrs.

J. S. WHITTIER.


THE AMERICAN PILGRIM'S WAY IN ENGLAND
The pilgrims escape to Holland in 1610. being sorely tossed by contrary winds and far driven out of their course.
Raby
VANE
CALVERT
Danby Wiske
Kipling
Warton
WASHINGTON
Flamborough head
PAUL JONES
MILES STANDISH
Chorley
WASHINGTON
Adwick le Street
BRADFORD
BREWSTER
CLYFTON
ROBINSON
Austerfield
Scrooby
Babworth
The pilgrim country
Gainsborough
Louth
CAPT. J. SMITH
Belleau
VANE
Wrexham
YALE
Lady A. JOHNSON
Tattershal
Boston
COTTON
HOOKER
Market Bosworth
EATON
Coventry
Birmingham
IRVING
DAVENPORT
Droitwich
WINSLOW
HARVARD
Stratford on-Avon
FRANKLIN
Brington
Ecton
Odell
BULKELEY
WASHINGTON
Sulgrave
Towcester
SHEPARD
Cambridge
WINTHROP
Groton
WASHINGTON
Purleigh
CHAUNCEY
Ware
Widford
ELIOT
Oxford
PENN
Chalfont
Chorleywood
Rickmansworth
WOLFE
London
Greenwich
Gravesend
POCAHONTAS
Bristol
PENN
FROBISHER
Westerham
Fairlawn
Shipbourne
VANE
WOLFE
Winchester
Sherborne
RALEIGH
WHITE
SOMERS
MOTLEY
Dorchester
Weymouth
ENDICOTT
Cowtham
PENN
Warminghurst
Ringmer
RALEIGH
Budleigh
RALEIGH
Plymouth
Dartmouth
LONDON
Raleigh
Capt. J. Smith
Hudson
Frobisher
Harvard
Emerson
Roger Williams
Benjamin West
Franklin
Irving
Roosevelt
Mayflower 1620
The Dorchester expedition 1630

THE AMERICAN PILGRIM'S WAY IN ENGLAND

TO HOMES AND MEMORIALS OF THE FOUNDERS OF VIRGINIA · THE NEW ENGLAND STATES · AND PENNSYLVANIA ·

THE UNIVERSITIES OF HARVARD & YALE · THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES & OTHER ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS



BY MARCUS B · HUISH · L · L · B ·

ILLUSTRATED BY
ELIZABETH M · CHETTLE

LONDON
THE FINE ART SOCIETY LTD.
148 NEW BOND ST ·
1907

15412

PREFACE

"We look to England with a hallowed feeling of tenderness and veneration as the land of our forefathers, the august repository of the monuments and antiquities of our race, the birthplace and mausoleum of the sages and heroes of our paternal history."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S glorious reign had just closed "over a great England with its great poets, great thinkers, and strong men who did great deeds," when there sailed from Blackwall three ships carrying to a vast untraversed continent a hundred or so British souls.

Their arrival on its shores is now being celebrated by their descendants with much well-deserved pomp and display, and the landing has been compared in its momentous consequences by Great Britain's representative at Washington[1] "with the overthrow of the Persian Empire by Alexander, the destruction of Carthage by Rome, the conquest of Gaul by Clovis, the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, and even the discovery of America by Columbus."

Three hundred years (for it is that length of time since the

[1] The Right Hon. Jas. Bryce, British Ambassador; at Jamestown, May 13, 1907.

event happened) is not a space of great dimensions in the history of nations. Proof of its tininess lies everywhere to view. Take a humble instance that lies ready to hand : The room in which I am writing differs, I imagine, but slightly in its outlook and furnishing from many in which this Preface will be scanned—yet what witnesses stand around in evidence of the littleness of three centuries. Looking from my window the view is bounded southwards by a down scarred from summit to base with a sunken way carved by the forerunners of the dwellers hereabouts nigh on two thousand years before any sod was turned by a white man in America's oldest settlement ; so, too, the church tower and many a house in the village beneath are old compared with any edifice in New England. Even within the room itself there are articles of furniture that were extant before any piece was put together in Virginia, for assuredly the hands that carved the linen folds on the oaken chest or that nailed the fringe on the leather-seated chairs beside me were reduced to dust long before the little fleet of 1607 passed down the coast a few miles away from where I am sitting.

But if the babyhood of the Great Republic of the West is so comparatively recent, the three centuries which have comprised its youth have been filled with much epoch-making history, in which many immortal names have figured, and the tercentenary now being celebrated is therefore not an inopportune moment to recall the lives and deeds of these makers of so great a history, and to offer in a concise form any fresh information that has been garnered concerning them.

Our brethren across the water have not been slow to amass, and publish for the benefit of posterity, all that is known of the lives in America of the founders of their empire, and it is to the researches and Transactions of the Historical Associations planted throughout the States bordering the Atlantic and to the American descendants of the founders that Englishmen must look for most of the information that exists on the subject.

That this should be so is remarkable, considering that almost without exception the roll of worthies consists of men of English name, race, and blood, ancestors of ours that we should indeed be proud to honour for all time.

This indifference to our illustrious compatriots, evidenced as it will be again and again in these pages, stands in strong contrast to the respect shown by Americans to everything that concerns the makers of their empire. We, for the most part, would appear to have but little idea of the strong desire evinced by our kinsmen (not only those who visit these shores, but those who are by circumstances unable to do so) to become acquainted with the scenes connected with their forebears or namesakes of the past, or the considerable endeavours that so many make to visit memorials that appear to them to be hallowed by their association with the great names of the past.

It was the pilgrimages made by so many Americans to places in the vicinity of the Midland village in which Miss Chettle resides that led her to commence the pleasurable task of painting the water-colours whose reproductions illustrate this volume—an undertaking which, when I commenced to collaborate with her,

enlarged its borders so considerably that it has been a matter of great difficulty to fix its limit.

As will be seen, it includes the homes of the planters of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and the New England States, the Pilgrim Fathers, the founders of Harvard and Yale, the Quaker settlers, Laud's victims, and such a variety of names as Wolfe, Washington, Franklin, West, Paul Jones, and Irving. Fuller biographies of these than those given here have undoubtedly appeared on this side of the water, but in no collective form has their association with the mother country been put together, and I trust and believe that the annals of the places where, and the conditions under which, they lived in this country will be of interest to dwellers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Miss Chettle's first idea was to link the various localities together with a chain such as is indicated by the title and the map facing the title-page, and to plan a route by which the whole pilgrimage could be accomplished. In these days of rapid transit by motor, this can and doubtless may be accomplished, but in compiling the letterpress I found it to be an impossibility to write it in that form, as may be gathered by the two following instances.

The places connected with William Penn are scattered over Middlesex, East and West Sussex, Bucks, and Herts, whilst the homes of the ancestors of George Washington are to be found in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Essex, Northants, and Wilts.

To treat of either of these men here and there and up and down in the book would have been to serve up the matter in

such a disconnected fashion as to render it altogether impossible of proper digestion. My readers will therefore, I trust, pardon me when they find that the plan of the book is not always in accordance with its title-page.

Finality in such a subject as this is hardly possible, but the subject is not an ephemeral one, and I shall therefore hope to receive information that may assist in approaching this very desirable end.

Meanwhile I must tender on Miss Chettle's and my behalf our grateful thanks to the many who have assisted in carrying the work to its present point, and whose names are recorded in the list to be found in the Appendix.

MARCUS B. HUISH.

New University Club,
St. James's Street, London,
May 1907.

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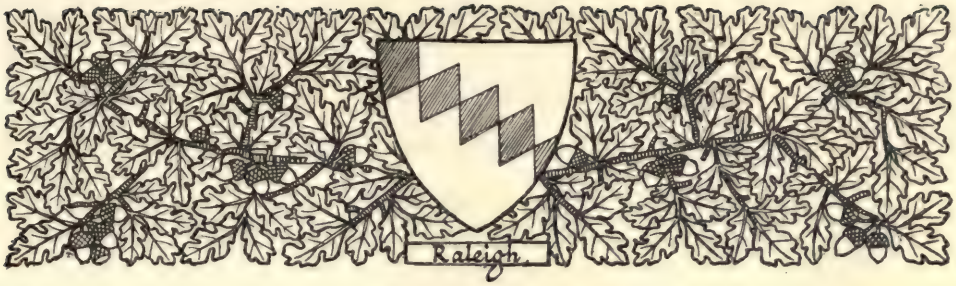
"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedgerows of England,—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the songs of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbours,
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, and the ivy
Climbing the old grey tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in old England."

"*The Courtship of Miles Standish*," LONGFELLOW.

When that Aprille with his schowres swoote
The drought of March hath perced to the roote
And bathud every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Enspirud hath in every holte and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours i-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open yhe,
So priketh hem nature in here corages:—
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seeken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes, kouthe in sondry londes.[1]

CHAUCER'S "*Canterbury Tales*."

[1] i.e. *To distant saints known in sundry lands.*



CHAPTER I

RALEIGH—THE PLANTER OF THE ACORN—THE FOUNDER OF VIRGINIA

Devon and London

"*I shall yet live to see it an English Nation.*"—Raleigh to Cecil.

IF I were an American, visiting the old country for the first time, I think I should endeavour to land at that part of Great Britain which is associated with those of her sons who adventured the earliest to my country, and particularly on that spot where those who for conscience' sake left their native soil last trod, and where their eyes for the last time looked on "England, dear England."

Nor should I be wrong in so doing, if my object in visiting England had nothing of the sentimental about it, but merely that of prospecting the land, for, in truth, no fairer introduction could I have presented to me than to the most beautiful of the English counties, to that portion of it which is deservedly termed the "Garden of Devon," and to the town which has been aptly

termed the "Deep-Water Venice," and which has always inspired so much affection that when sailors sing of home it is—

> O dear Plymouth town, and O dear Plymouth Sound,
> O where is your equal on Earth to be found!

But the scenic charms of England are not the *raison d'être* of this volume, and if they fortunately happen to be oftentimes associated with the scenes to which I shall draw my reader's attention, they will be only as accessories. It is the human actors who in the past peopled the scenes that will be the magnet by which I hope to attract the visitor, be he American or English, to the localities which will in turn be presented to his notice.

And assuredly round no place that we shall visit in our Pilgrimage, the great city of London not excepted, shall we find within a small compass more to enlist our sympathies, and withdraw us into the past, than when we stand in "The Three Towns" that combined make Plymouth, at the doorway whence issued three centuries ago those sea-dogs who by constant "singeing of the King of Spain's beard" prevented North America from becoming a colony of Spanish and Catholic blood, and those landsmen who went forth in no spirit of adventure, with no hope of founding an earthly Paradise, but nevertheless won for England the eternal glory of being the forefathers of what will in the fulness of time be the greatest race on the earth's surface.

The two spots, within a stone's throw almost of each other, the Hoe, on which Drake induced the Lord High Admiral Howard to continue his game of bowls after he had news that the Armada was entering the Channel, as "there was plenty of time to win

the game and beat the Spaniards too," and the Hard, whence the Pilgrim Fathers cast away for good and all from the old country,



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
From the Duke of Dorset's Collection.

upon their memorable journey, are venerated sites. Englishmen should indeed be proud of them, but whilst they have erected national monuments to commemorate their victory over the Armada, and to their great sea-captains Drake and Raleigh, it

is descendants of the *Mayflower* emigrants who have marked the spot where the famous little ship was moored, by placing there a stone, impressive by reason of its simplicity, to record one of the most momentous events in the world's history.

Upon that event we shall dwell at length later on when we reach in our journeyings those Midland villages whence these Pilgrims sprang. In this chapter I shall confine myself to the scenes connected with the last and greatest of the Sea Kings who made the reign of Elizabeth illustrious, and the statesman whose far-seeing genius first directed the efforts of England towards the colonisation of the United States, and in particular that goodly portion of it named after the Virgin Queen—Virginia.

Here, however, as elsewhere, I must preface my story by a brief survey of the times and the circumstances in which those with whom it is connected lived and rose to fame. In so doing I am doubtless giving to some that with which they are already well acquainted; but to the majority of persons in the same situation as myself, I know that I am only placing before them what they will desire to be more fully and readily reminded of, if they bear company with me on our pilgrimage.

What, then, were the circumstances which brought about the connection of Raleigh and his peers with those adventurous voyages which led to the colonisation of America?[1] Shortly these.

The whole of North America had been given in perpetuity to Spain by the famous Bull of the infamous Pope Alexander VI.

[1] The term "America," used here and elsewhere for brevity's sake, of course only refers to that portion that is now the United States and Canada.



Sir F. Drake. Lord Howard. Sir W. Raleigh.

THE ARMADA IN SIGHT.

From the Picture by Seymour Lucas, R.A. By permission of H. Graves & Co.

England, with one exception the only non-Catholic country in Europe, had for half a century been combating the Papal power, and had at last reached the point at which it was necessary for her safety that she should not only have little respect for Popes, but still less for their Bulls. She was, however, by no means the equal on land of Spain or many other European monarchies, and in fact had been lately termed "the sick man of Europe." Her only chance of success lay on the sea, and even there all she could do against a country that could produce a fleet of the magnitude of the Spanish Armada was to harass his most Catholic Majesty Philip II. in his domains in the New World, and his galleons bearing home the wealth necessary for his European enterprises. In thus conducting affairs our redoubtable ancestors had but little idea of the immensity of the results their achievements would bring about in the future. They were guided only by a very sound instinct, and the seed they sowed produced a far greater crop than their fondest hopes could have anticipated. For although the expeditions of these Fathers of the British Navy were at the outset planned with a view of proving the fallibility of the infallibility of the Papal Bull, the men who led them, especially the great Devon Captains, were no mere privateers. Dreams of commercial Empire, of one on which the sun should never set, of discovery, of scientific research, inspired the adventurer's courage. Frobisher in 1576 had sailed a ship for the first time to Hudson Bay; Drake in 1579 had touched the coast of Oregon, and in 1580 had named the western coast of America New Albion; and Gilbert in 1583 had acquired Newfoundland in the name of Elizabeth.

These enterprises were prosecuted on a much larger scale by Raleigh. The hapless Gilbert's Colony was planted with little other object than to be a *pied-à-terre* whence to worry the Spaniards. Sir Walter, his half-brother, had much wider views, and in obtaining from his mistress a grant of the vast territory of Virginia, a district extending from the Hudson River to what is now Georgia, aimed at founding a populous state, and the acquisition of immense revenues. He, it is true, never actually set foot in Virginia, but he was and always has been recognised in that country as its founder,[1] and this factor has in no way diminished the interest shown in him on either side of the water.

Some part of this veneration for his memory is doubtless due to the man himself, his remarkable career, and his tragic ending—but not all.

As Sir Rennell Rodd has noted in his recent biography, "In his countrymen's eyes he stood for the greatness of England, for independence from the tyranny of priestcraft, for the expansion of their country's resources, for liberty of commerce, and for the freedom of the sea. By his death he became an ideal to the men of a subsequent generation, who were to engage in the great struggle for constitutional liberty."[2]

With a prophetic instinct he penned the words at the head of this chapter, which, although not realised so quickly as he

[1] Raleigh would have undoubtedly visited America but for the determination of his Queen that he should not go, and this was endorsed by his wife in a letter to Cecil: "I hope for my sake you will rather draw Sir Walter to the East than help him forward toward the sunset, if any respect to me, or love to him, be not forgotten."

[2] "English Men of Action," *Sir Walter Raleigh*, by Sir Rennell Rodd, 1905, p. 291.

foretold, have been accomplished to a far larger extent as the centuries have passed away.

Whilst the great Captains of history need no landmarks to keep their fame alive, it is nevertheless interesting to note any such as exist, and we are fortunate in being able, in Sir Walter's case, to recognise many connected with his career from his birth to his tragic death-day. Most of these are to be found in Devonshire. Let us see what they are.

The streets of Plymouth must have resounded again and again to the footsteps of Raleigh and his companions both in early youth and later life: as a sailor with all his fame to win, as an admiral returning wounded from action, as a veteran certain of disgrace for reverses which were in no way due to him. So also every acre of its large waterway must have borne him on its surface in his coming and going.

Nor is there one of the many beautiful inlets that we pass on our way from Plymouth along the southern coast of Devon that was not at some time or other a playground for Raleigh, for from his childhood he and his boyish friends were familiar with the sea. One of especial intimacy was the fair haven of the Dart, where the Manor of Greenway, the residence of the Gilberts, was situated on a headland running into a deep-water reach of the river, two miles above Dartmouth.[1] Between this house and his birthplace at Hayes Barton, which is almost as near the sea, most of his earlier years were spent, for his father

[1] I am indebted to Mr. T. B. Bolitho, the present owner of Greenway, for my reproduction of the house as it was in the eighteenth century.

had married as his third wife the widow of Otho Gilbert of Compton and Greenway, the mother already of three sons, who all distinguished themselves, whose names are intimately associated with Raleigh's fortunes, and who were (as Sir Rennell Rodd



GREENWAY, ON THE DART.
From an Eighteenth-Century Engraving.

says) the "true elder brothers and heroes of his childhood." In that pleasant moorland country that leans toward the Dart there is not a village that did not at that time send forth sons on the path of adventure over the western horizon, many of whom returned with stories of mingled fable and fancy, which would readily appeal to the imagination of sea-loving boys. Indeed, to quote once more Sir Rennell Rodd, "a sailor boy of humble

origin from the neighbouring parish of Sandridge, whose name is for ever written large across the map of the world, may well have acted as henchman to the Squire's sons on their expeditions down the green river reaches to explore the mysteries of the ships and the magic of the sea. Assuredly they could not have failed to draw into their circle that John Davis whom in after years men vied in eager rivalry to follow, for the love of his generous heart and the smile that lurked behind his ruddy beard, beyond the limit of arctic snow and across the burning tropic seas."

Our great English painter Millais, in—to many the most beautiful picture he ever produced—"The Boyhood of Raleigh" has shown young Raleigh and his half-brother Gilbert listening to the tale of one who had visited "El Dorado," the scene having been actually painted on the beach at Budleigh Salterton.

The circumstances of youth and the spirit of the age alike prepared Raleigh for great enterprises, so that when at length opportunity came he held it in an embrace which he never relaxed.

Thus it comes about that early in our journey to London I must ask my companion in travel to digress from the main line at the ancient town of Totnes and take boat down what has, by laudatory chroniclers of their county's beauties, been styled "The English Rhine." In traversing the ten miles of river between Totnes and Dartmouth we pass Sandridge, Davis's birthplace; Anchor-stone, to which tradition says that Raleigh used to escape from an admiring and interested crowd to smoke



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THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH.

From the Picture by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.

that strange thing called a tobacco-pipe; Greenway House, the home of the Gilberts; and Dartmouth, whence so many of the Elizabethan navigators sailed out into the unknown—Dartmouth, from whence Cecil wrote of Raleigh, "All the mariners came to him with such shouts and joy that I never saw a man more troubled to quiet them in my life."

But we must pass on to scenes which, if not more intimately connected with Raleigh, hold him more immediately in remembrance.

So we will travel forward to Exeter, and leaving there the Great Western for the South-Western Railway, journey down the eastern side of the Exe into the strip of Devon that lies between that river and the Otter[1]—a fair country at all seasons, but especially so at summer's height, when trees of noble aspect in full foliage fringe the lanes that are draped with a lacework of lady's bedstraw, dog-roses, and honeysuckle, and when in every cottage garden tall white lilies and hedges of sweet peas "on tiptoe for a flight" grow amongst multitudes of old-fashioned roses. If, later in the year, we make our stay at the charmingly situated Budleigh Salterton, whence the Raleigh places can be easiest reached, we shall find its genial climate attested by blossoming myrtles, hydrangeas, and tree-grown fuchsias.

East Budleigh, the little village within whose confines Raleigh was born, lies a mile away, and the old Tudor farm-house of Hayes, or Hayes Barton, which has the distinction of

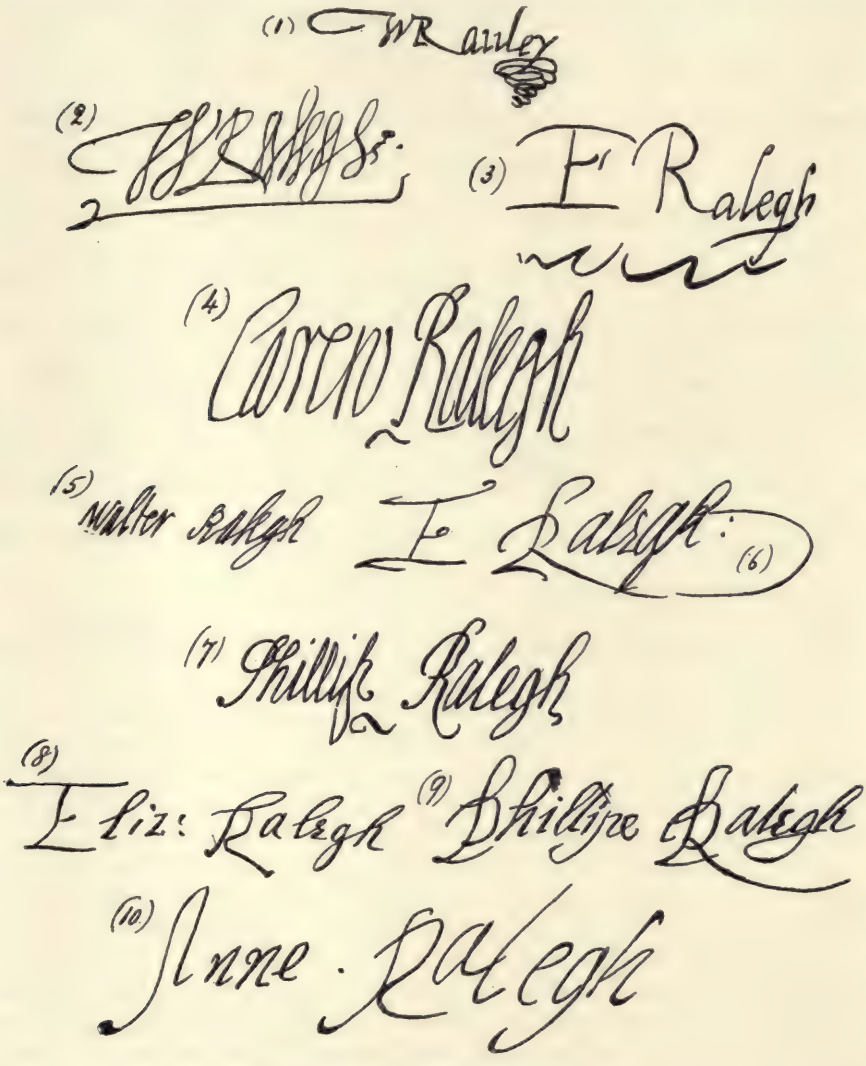
[1] The journey to East Budleigh by train, though only seventeen miles, takes nearly an hour.

EAST BUDLEIGH CHURCH, DEVON.

Sir Walter Raleigh lived in this parish until he was seventeen, and came to this church with his father.



having been Raleigh's birthplace, is a mile and a half farther afield.[1] It nestles in a rich valley surrounded by oak woods and



SIGNATURES OF THE RALEIGH FAMILY.

cornfields, and is built in the form of an E, the porch being the middle arm of the letter. The chamber pointed out as that

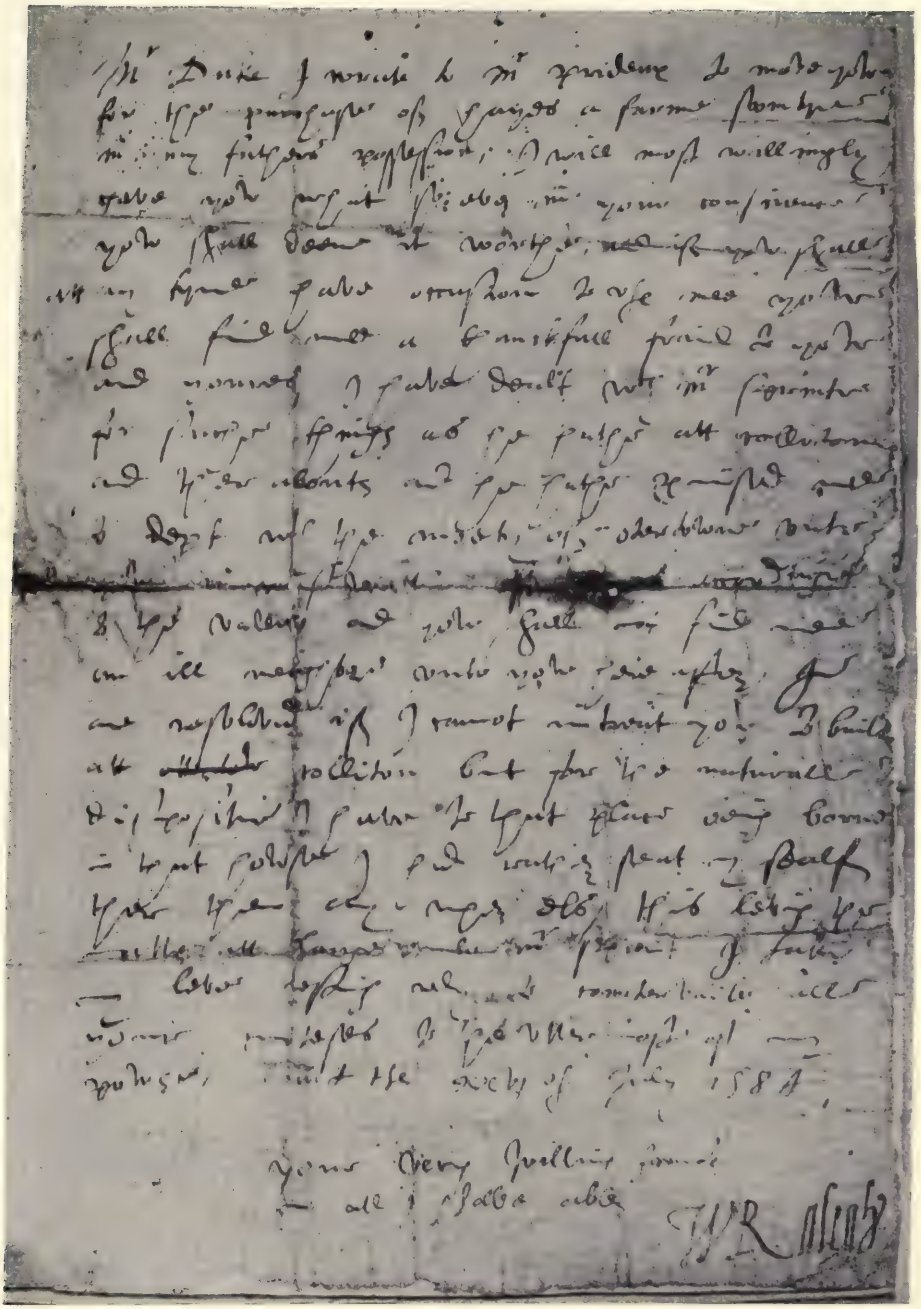
[1] Devonshire miles, except in the calculations of fly-drivers, are notoriously long ones.

in which he first saw light is over the sitting-room to the left of the porch as one enters, whilst popular tradition asserts, with much improbability, that over the porch he indulged in his first pipe, the smoke from which so alarmed a servant that he threw a bucket of water over him, thinking he was on fire.

Various places in Devonshire have claimed the honour of being Raleigh's birthplace, although the letter of which a facsimile is given here was figured so long ago as the seventeenth century in Aubrey's *Short Lives*. It will be seen that in this letter, the original of which was discovered in 1888, and which was addressed to one Richard Duke, of Otterton, the then owner of the farm at Hayes, Raleigh desires to purchase the farm, from the "naturall disposition I have to that place, being borne in that house."[1]

The old garden wall encloses a luxuriant plot of ground,

[1] *Interpretation of Letter*:—"Mr. Duke I wrote to Mr. Prideux to move yow for the purchase of hayes a farme som tyme in my fathers possession. I will most willingly give yow what so : ever in your conscience yow shall deem it worth, and if yow shall att any tyme have occasion to vse mee yow shall find mee a thanckfull frind to yow and yowres. I have dealt wth Mr. Sprinte for suche things as he hathe at colliton and ther abouts and he hath pmised mee to dept wth the moety of otertowne unto yow in consideration of hayes accordinge to the valew and yow shall not find mee an ill neighbore vnto yow here after. I am resolved if I cannot intreat yow to build att otterto^{w} colliton bŭt for the naturall dispositio' I have to that place being borne in that howse I had rather seat my sealf ther then any wher els this leving the matter att large unto [?] Mr. Sprinte I take my leve resting redy to countervaile all your courteses to the vttermost of my power. Court the xxvj of July 1584.—Your very willing frinde in all I shalbe able—W. Ralegh." It will be noticed that he herein spells his name Ralegh, and judging from the signatures facsimiled on the previous page, and which I owe to the kindness of that great authority on Raleigh, Dr. F. N. Brushfield, there is most authority for this. But how variable the spelling may be is seen from Aubrey's *Lives*, wherein at various places he is styled indifferently "Rawleigh," "Ralegh," and "Rawleyes," these varieties depending on the author quoted ; and also from a deed of the year 1578 subscribed by his father, brother, and himself, where the signatures are Ralegh, Rawlygh, and Rawleyghe. Sir Walter himself was not consistent, but after the year 1584 he used in the majority of extant cases the word Ralegh. Although this is so, it is now considered pedantic to spell it otherwise than as it appears at the heading of this chapter.



FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO RICHARD DUKE RESPECTING HAYES FARM.

and a fine old fig-tree stands by the gate. It must have been a peaceful spot in which our hero spent his early days, and the lines of the old Scotch ballad of the Queen's Maries involuntarily come to one's lips as one muses on the little lad playing away his childhood in this sweet garden [1]—

O little did my mither think,
When first she cradled me,
That I should win sae far frae hame
And die on a gallows tree.

The church of East Budleigh stands on a hill in the midst of orchards. As in many villages hereabouts, a brook purls down the street, and is crossed by frequent bridges which lead to the cottage gardens. Sir Walter's father was churchwarden for several years, and the church contains numerous memorials to his family. In the centre aisle was buried his first wife, Joan Drake. The inscription at the edge of the tombstone is reversed, having to be read from right to left (it is illustrated in *Dev. Assoc.* xv. 170), a peculiarity of which no other example is known to exist. A reason adduced for this is that she died just after the Reformation, and that the inscription on her tomb, *orate pro anima*, was designedly reversed so as to be unobtrusive at a time when prayers for the dead were forbidden. Be that as it may, its carving has been preserved from mutilation.

The church is noteworthy for its carved pew-ends, even in a country where decoration of this kind is exceedingly frequent.

[1] Raleigh lived at Hayes Barton until he was seventeen.

HAYES BARTON FARM, EAST BUDLEIGH, DEVON.

Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have been born in the bedroom in the gable to the left of the spectator.





RALEIGH PEW END, EAST BUDLEIGH CHURCH.

From a Drawing by Miss E. Chettle.

Where they were occupied by families having a right to heraldic bearings the adornments consist of these; where otherwise they have representations of the trades carried on by their holders, as here by one in the wool trade, and there by a ship-owner, although a trussed bird and dog on one, and a figure holding an ale-pot on another, can hardly find owners unless they be a poulterer and a publican. Two bear, or bore, the Raleigh arms —the first a shield of the Raleighs (five fusils in bends) impaled with those of the Grenvilles (three rests); the other a shield with arms defaced,[1] with greyhounds as supporters, above a helmet in profile, to left, with surrounding mantle, stag horns for crest; on a square panel at base is the date 1537 in Arabic numerals. An illustration of the latter bench-end is given on the previous page. The number of ends remaining to-day are no less than sixty-three. The carving of some is said to have been done under the superintendence of Raleigh's father and by Sir Walter's sailors as thank-offerings on their return from the Indies, and as proof carvings are shown of a Red Indian and a ship; but although it is evident that they were executed by a variety of hands unacquainted with heraldry, there is no conclusive evidence on this point.

Later on in this volume (in the case of Miles Standish) we shall be able to identify the pew which one of the heroes of our story actually occupied. Here there is ample evidence that Raleigh himself used these two seats, for not only is the grave

[1] It is stated that this shield was mutilated at the time of Raleigh's execution. The armorial bearings have certainly been cut off with a sharp tool, and none of the other ends have been similarly defaced.

THE DEAN'S HOUSE, COLATON RALEIGH, DEVON.

Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have been christened in the little oratory over the porch.



of his father's first wife immediately adjacent to them, but the tenants of Hayes Barton continued, until a few years ago, to occupy them.

An article of church furniture still exists here that may well have been used by Raleigh when receiving communion, namely, the chalice, which according to its marks was made in Exeter by a goldsmith by name John Ions (*i.e.* Jones) between the years 1571 and 1576.

Miss Chettle has given us yet a third view from this vicinity, namely, the Dean's house at Colaton Raleigh, once the residence of the Deans of Exeter. The little oratory over the porch is pointed out as the place where Raleigh was christened, and this tradition, although doubted by such an expert as Dr. Brushfield, has the authority of a long-established popular belief.

The house is of sandstone now weathered to grey, and covered with lichen. An old massive door under the Gothic porch admits into a stone passage, on one side of which are the living-room and dairy, usually full of spotlessly clean pans of milk and cream ; on the other a big kitchen, with a heavy oak table dating from Jacobean times. Going upstairs and passing through a bedroom, a low Gothic doorway leads into the oratory. This is a complete chapel with altar-piece, piscina, and arched and ribbed roof. A tradition has long existed that the first potatoes ever grown in England were planted in the garden that surrounds the house.

Sherborne, in the county of Dorset, on the main South-Western line, must next claim our attention, for it was here that

Raleigh passed the few happy years of his married life, and it was here that he desired his wife to bury him.

Sherborne Castle passed to Raleigh with many other gifts whilst he was in the heyday of his favour at Court. The circumstances of its transfer will perhaps hardly bear inspection,



SHERBORNE CASTLE, DORSET.

and some have said that it was on this account ill fortune attached to it. Certainly some flaw in the conveyance to his son enabled James I. to seize it for a gift to his minion Carr, Earl of Somerset, in spite of the entreaties of Lady Raleigh, who on her knees implored the King to spare her son's heritage, but only met with the answer, "I maun hae the lond; I maun hae it for Carr."

Raleigh built the central part of the new castle in 1594, and this date with his arms appears upon it, the wings on either side being added by the Earl of Bristol after the Restoration. The old castle was destroyed in the Civil Wars, and furnished, it is said, an enormous amount of loot.

Sherborne is worth a visit for other reasons. It has a beautiful church, an old school, and many other old-world buildings.

We must now quit the memorials of days when fortune smiled upon Raleigh. Henceforward those we have to deal with are connected with tragedy and disaster.

If we turn aside at Winchester it will be to see the chamber where the farce of his trial took place, when he had so far ceased to be the people's idol that it was found necessary to protect him from the fury of the mob, and where, fifteen years before his actual execution, the hero of one of England's greatest naval victories and the founder of one of America's greatest states was condemned with all the brutality that the Chief Justice could summon up, to be drawn on a trundle to the place of execution, to be hanged and cut down alive, to have his heart plucked out, and his head severed from a body which was to be divided into four quarters and disposed of at the King's pleasure. From some window in Winchester Castle, which has not been identified, Raleigh saw his fellow-prisoners led out to suffer the hideous tortures to which he had been condemned. But his time was not yet, and after some three weeks of terrible uncertainty as to his fate he was taken to the Tower of London. That was on the 18th December 1603.

Many cells in the Tower have been assigned to Raleigh, and there must be many that he occupied, for it will be remembered that he was there at least three times. On the first occasion when Queen Elizabeth put him in duress he was confined in the Brick Tower; a great part of his second very long imprisonment was spent in the Bloody Tower and the adjoining Garden House, writing at its grated window, and working in its little garden, where he was allowed a hen-roost wherein to make his chemical experiments. In his last short confinement he had at first pleasant rooms in the Wardrobe Tower, but afterwards a poor upper room in the Brick Tower.

Twelve long years of confinement in the dungeon, of which we have given a picture, rolled by, "transforming in their weary process the man of action into the student and philosopher, the hated courtier into a popular hero, the victim of a tyrannous oppression, who, in an era of national misgiving, appeared to his contemporaries alone to represent the old ideals for which a past generation had striven."[1]

In 1615 Sir Walter was at last nominally free, and it is said that he spent his first hours of liberty in studying the change that had been effected in the streets of London and Westminster, and that he paused long before Cecil's New Bazaar in Durham Place, Strand, erected on what had once been his property.[2] After a while he proceeded to the Abbey, and sat, as Mr.

[1] *Sir Walter Raleigh*, Rodd, p. 250.

[2] Durham House was given by Elizabeth to Raleigh, and on his attainder was restored to the Bishops of Durham. During Raleigh's long captivity the stables which fronted the Strand were pulled down and a bazaar of milliners' shops erected.



RALEIGH'S CELL IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

From a Drawing by Miss Chettle.

Brewer has imagined him in his water-colour, before the massive canopy under which his Queen lay in effigy.[1] In his course thither he must have crossed the road by which, three years later, he was to go to execution.

In the three years of life that yet remained to him, he was to be twice again at Plymouth: in April 1617, when he arrived with his fleet from the Thames at the commencement of his ill-fated expedition to Guiana, when he was entertained by his loyal friends in the West; and a year later, when, after this disaster, he fulfilled his pledged word and brought his ship back thither to find himself promptly placed under arrest.

Once more he journeyed to London, this time passing Sherborne, and looking for the last time on property now no longer his, and on woods for the most part planted by himself a quarter of a century earlier, and once more he suffered confinement in the Tower and underwent another mock trial, but this time to receive sentence from a kindlier judge.

The last steps in our pilgrimage to memorials of Raleigh will be to Palace Yard and to the Church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. On the 29th of October 1618, after a night passed in the Gate House, Westminster, Sir Walter was executed on a scaffold erected in front of the Parliament House

[1] Elizabeth's monument was set up at the same time as that of Mary Queen of Scots, but it was only the popular feeling in the country that compelled King James to let the two resemble one another in magnificence. For a century Elizabeth's was the best known and most reverenced in the Abbey, and far into the succeeding century Fuller could still speak of its design as being one that had been imitated in every London and in most country churches. When Raleigh came to pay tribute to his Mistress it must indeed have been a fair monument, unstained by any of the mutilations that befell it in later times.



PALACE YARD, WESTMINSTER.

From an Etching by Hollar, 1637.

(see Hollar's etching of the site as it then was). A great multitude had assembled to witness a scene which Englishmen have never forgiven. As a voice in the crowd exclaimed, "We have not such another head to cut off." His lifeless



MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER RALEIGH, ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.
From a Drawing by Miss Chettle.

trunk was handed to his widow, and (minus the head, which was embalmed and kept by her during twenty-nine years of widowhood, and the whereabouts of which has been lost) was buried, according to Aubrey, "in the chancell of St. Margarite's under the south side of the altar where the priest stands." [1]

[1] Sir Walter had written to his wife in 1603 when awaiting execution at Winchester: "Begg my dead body, which living was denyed you, and either lay itt at Sherborne if the land continue, or in Exiter Churche by my father and mother."



THE RALEIGH WINDOW, ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

The only British monument to his memory in that edifice is a small tablet which has been figured by Miss Chettle. It is with regret that I have to call attention to the lack of care and reverence that is at present bestowed upon this insignificant memorial—the visitor will even have a difficulty in finding it, as it is not now "at the south side of the altar in the chancel where the priest stands," but in a corner by the door in the east wall of the south aisle, where it is difficult of approach and hardly visible, owing to a pile of upturned chairs. Nor is this all. Electric-light fittings, switches, and casements have been erected above, below, and on either side of it, with no more care for its dignity than if it had been a pauper's tomb. In strong contrast to this lack of appreciation is the magnificent offering of the great west window, by Clayton and Bell, given to the church in memory of Raleigh, and which owes its place there to a casual remark of the late Dean Farrar to an American gentleman. Beneath the window is the following quatrain by James Russell Lowell :—

> The New World's sons from England's breast we drew
> Such milk as bids remember whence we came ;
> Proud of her Past, from which her Present grew ;
> This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name.



CHAPTER II

THREE DORSETSHIRE WORTHIES

Sir George Somers—The Rev. John White—John Lothrop Motley

TRAVELLING Londonwards from the homes of Sir Walter Raleigh it is but a little detour to pass through Dorsetshire,[1] and so pay a visit to the dwellings of three very different personages, but all intimately connected with American history, and all deserving a pilgrimage. Their lives had no connection with one another, and one of them does not figure on the stage until quite a late act, but theirs is a case in which I must disregard chronology, and deal with their topographical connection.

The county of Dorset has been associated with many an one who for love of adventure, or for conscience' sake, has travelled across the deep waters to America. Of some of these sons of hers

[1] In this event the London and South-Western Railway must be taken.

memorials exist, of others none have as yet been recognised. Besides these home-bred ones a noted American worthy came hither in recent times to end his days amidst Dorset's sylvan scenes.

Of the three whose names head this chapter the places with which they have been connected are within easy access of each other.

Sir George Somers was born at Lyme Regis, lived at Berne Manor, and was buried at Whitchurch.

John White, known as the Patriarch of Dorchester, was for forty-two troublous years rector of the parish of Holy Trinity in that town.

John Lothrop Motley lived and died at Kingston Russell Manor House.

As Pilgrims will probably make Dorchester [1] their headquarters we will first deal with worthy John White.

He came to Dorchester in 1606 at the age of thirty-one, and was appointed rector of Holy Trinity at a time when tenure of any living was a matter of much uncertainty. In spite, however, of his espousing an unpopular cause he kept his position through the reigns of two monarchs, and nothing but good is recorded of him. It is said that he had perfect control of his own and his parishioners' purses, and that he effected such reforms in their characters that there was not a beggar to be seen in the town. He gave largely of his means to the furtherance of the Pilgrim movement, and in

[1] If they go from London, Dorchester can be reached by the Great Western Railway from Paddington or by the London and South-Western from Waterloo in three hours.

1624 was instrumental in sending out a colony of Dorset men to Massachusetts, and when the result was not financially successful he set to work to raise money for their relief, and formed one of forty-two adventurers who in 1626 signed a guarantee to pay the Plymouth Colony £200 a year for nine years. He was also one of six whose names are found among the promoters of the Massachusetts Company, and it was probably through his influence that John Endicott (see *post*, Chapter VIII.) went out in 1628.

Before Winthrop's expedition (of which we shall hear later on) sailed, White is said to have journeyed to the fleet, to Plymouth, and held a service on board the *Arbella* the night prior to her departure. He never crossed to America himself, but his nephew James became, in due time, a prosperous merchant at Boston. This notwithstanding, he was the author of a work, *The Planter's Plea*, which contained the earliest trustworthy intelligence as to the well-being of the Massachusetts colony. Little is known of his life during the years that followed the publication of this plea, but the plundering of his rectory in 1642 by Rupert's Horse, who carried off all his library, was probably one result of the tenor of his views. He died in 1649, and was buried in the porch of St. Peter's Chapel, which belonged to his own church of Holy Trinity. His grave is not recognisable at the present time, but a memorial has been erected in the porch the details of which are modelled on sixteenth- and seventeenth-century work in Dorset. The brass contains the following inscription: "In this porch lies the body of the Rev. John White, M.A. of

New College, Oxford. He was born at Christmas 1575. For about forty years he was rector of this parish, and also of Holy Trinity, Dorchester. He died here 21st July 1648. A man of great godliness, good scholarship, and wonderful ability and kindness. He had a very strong sway in the town. He greatly set forward the emigration to the Massachusetts Bay Colony, where his name lives in unfading remembrance." It was erected partly by Dorsetshire subscriptions and partly by those from Dorchester, Massachusetts. Close to the porch is a large bronze figure to the memory of Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, the inscription on the pedestal of which might well be applicable to John White :—

ZOO NOW I HOPE HIS KINDLY FEACE
IS GONE TO VIND A BETTER PLEACE
BUT STILL WI VOK A LEFT BEHIND
HE'LL ALWAYS BE A KEPT IN MIND.

The old rectory house, where it is believed John White spent most if not all of the years of his ministry, and where it is said the Dorset Pilgrims met for prayer the night before they left for their momentous journey, has now fallen on evil days. It will be found in the principal street, almost next door to the Museum, at the back of an ironmongery shop which, with the yard behind it, covers what was probably the rectory garden. The forlorn condition of the yard, littered as it is with empty oil-barrels and worn-out implements, will prepare the visitor for the condition of the house itself, which, now used as a workshop, has many of its windows rendered weather-proof by sheets of corrugated iron! The house itself has the appearance of great age, being built of

rough-hewn limestone, roofed with a patchwork of stone slabs, old red tiles, and more modern slates. The old stone-mullioned windows have been replaced by wooden ones, themselves in a rickety condition. The ancient Gothic doorway alone remains intact, and



THE REV. JOHN WHITE'S RECTORY, DORCHESTER.

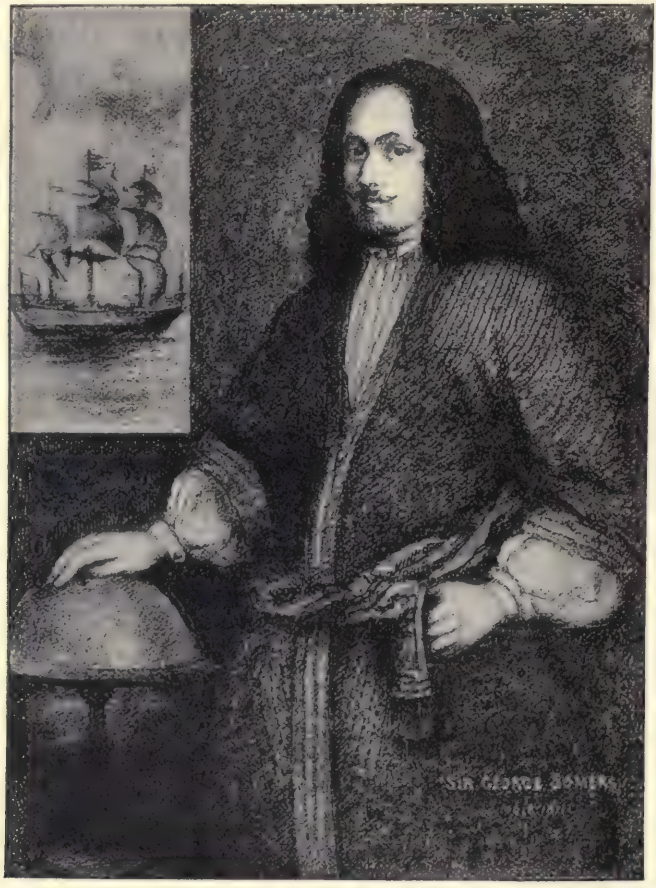
midst incongruous surroundings maintains an air of grave and sorrowful dignity.

The life of the old sea-captain, Sir George Somers, who discovered the Bermudas and aided also the colonisation of Virginia, is worthy of more extended comment.

Sir George Somers, or Summers, was born in 1554 at Lyme of the King (Lyme Regis), and early showed his prowess on the sea by capturing many Spanish ships, especially a rich "carrack"

off Lisbon. For this he was knighted by James I., and elected to sit in Parliament for his native place.

In 1608 he was one of the promoters of the South Virginian



SIR GEORGE SOMERS.

After a Picture by Paul Van Somer.

Company for the colonisation of Virginia, and was nominated Admiral of the Association in the charter granted by James I. in May 1607.

Plymouth saw him starting a month afterwards with a fleet

under his command to convoy a body of settlers to the colony. Unusually bad weather for that time of year was met with. Probably he drifted too far south, and came in for cyclonic disturbances. Anyhow, after eight weeks at sea his fleet was dispersed, and his own vessel was cast upon an uninhabited group of islands which turned out to be the Bermudas. These he claimed for England, by whom they have ever since been held. The island on which he was wrecked had for its sole inhabitants a race of hogs, which in the end were the cause of his death. Besides these, however, he and his comrades were troubled by the most mysterious noises, which they decided could only emanate from demons and spirits. Unhinged in mind as well as body they built two small barks and ventured to sea, ultimately arriving in Virginia in 1610. There he found so much distress, that he determined to return to Bermuda for provisions in the shape of hogs and fish. Shortly after his arrival there he was taken ill, and died of "the surfeit of eating of a pig." He directed that his heart should be buried on the island, and his wishes were carried out. The rest of his remains were brought back to England to his mansion at Berne Manor, Dorsetshire, which he had purchased with the proceeds of prize-takings, and they were buried with military honours at Whitchurch. The mansion still exists, but Pilgrims will look in vain for his grave or for any memorial of him in the beautiful church of St. Candida and the Holy Cross.

In 1620 Governor Butler put the following inscription over the spot where his heart was buried :—

In the year 1611 [1]
Noble Sir George Summers went hence to heaven,
Whose well-tried worth that held him still imploied
Gave him the knowledge of the world so wide.

It is generally admitted that in writing *The Tempest* Shakespeare had in mind the wreck of Sir G. Somers's ship at what he calls "the still-vexed Bermoothes" (Act i. Scene 2). But the bad character given to them by Spanish adventurers, who called them "The Isles of Devils," and by Raleigh, who spoke of them as "situated in a hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and storms," having been found not to be altogether correct, romance went to the other extreme, and no colours were thought too bright for future description.

Andrew Marvell, in his beautiful little poem beginning

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In Ocean's bosom unespied,

says—

This eternal spring
Which here enamels everything.

Waller, in his burlesque poem, "The Battle of the Summer Islands," writes—

So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives or dies before his time,
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To show how all things were created first.

[1] As a matter of fact he died in 1610, but that probably would not rhyme. The alteration is reminiscent of another epitaph :—

"Here lies the body of Thomas Woodhen,
The most amiable of husbands and the most excellent of men.
P.S.—His name was Woodcock, but that wouldn't rhyme."

KINGSTON MANOR-HOUSE, KINGSTON RUSSELL, DORSETSHIRE.

Where the Hon. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, Historian and United States Minister to the Court of St. James's, died.



For many years the islands were called after the Admiral, and in Speed's map (page 46) it will be seen they are termed "The Bermudas, now called the Sommer Islands."[1]

A visit to the home of the old Admiral can well be combined with one to that of the historian Motley; in fact, to get to Sir George's house at Whitchurch from Dorchester the easier way is to go *via* Long Bredy, where Motley died. We will therefore take the reader by that route.

If money is of more importance than time, or rather, if money is of some importance and time of none, the most delightful and most primitive way of compassing the journey is with the carrier, whose cart will pick one up at either station, or wherever one wishes in the town of Dorchester; but he does not leave until the afternoon.

There is no lack of interest on the road. Before leaving Dorchester the unusually large remains of a Roman camp are to be seen, and on emerging from the town the Hardy Column on Blagdon Hill at once calls for comment and inquiry. It is erected to another "sea-dog," namely, Nelson's "Flag captain, friend, and companion in arms, Thomas Masterman Hardy," and was built by subscriptions sent from every town and village in Dorsetshire. Kingston Russell Manor House, whither we are travelling, was the home of Hardy's parents, and it was there that the captain of the *Victory* was born in 1769.

If the carrier's cart is the mode by which we reach Kingston

[1] For the Virginia Company and its connection with the Bermudas see Doyle's *History of the English in America*, vol. i. For Sir G. Somers see *The Worthies of Dorsetshire* in Fuller's *Worthies of England*.

Russell, the night will have to be spent at Long Bredy, where lodgings can be had at the Post Office. The Manor House, which lies only a field or two away from the village, now presents a sorry sight. Like other houses belonging to the ducal family of Bedford, it has not been deemed worthy of preservation and is now in a ruinous condition. Much of it has been altogether razed to the ground, and the doorways and windows have been blocked up with stone or disfiguring brick, presumably to preserve the shell of the building. The wide flight of steps leading to the entrance is overgrown with brambles, and jackdaws make their untidy nests in the crevices of the Inigo Jones façade. The house is, however, still surrounded with stately timber, between which appear glimpses of down land and in the meadows the little river Bride. On a stone built into the doorway is the inscription—

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES. HISTORIAN OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.
DIED AT KINGSTON MANOR HOUSE, MAY 29TH, 1877.

Thus in less than thirty years a dwelling worthy to be the home of the ambassador of a great republic has been reduced to be a dwelling for the daws.[1]

Whitchurch Canonicorum, the home and burial-place of Sir

[1] A word as to Motley's personality may not be out of place here. Howell in his literary *Friends and Acquaintances* (Harper Bros., 1902) speaks thus :—"He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, with beautiful eyes, and fine blond beard of modish cut, and a sensitive nose, straight and fine. He was altogether a figure of worldly splendour, and I had reason to know that he did not let the credit of our nation suffer at the most aristocratic Court in Europe (Vienna) for the want of a fit diplomatic costume, when some of our ministers were trying to make their office do its full effect upon all occasions in 'the dress of an American gentleman.'"

George Somers, lies a good sixteen miles from Long Bredy, but it is sixteen miles of beautiful country down the fair vale of the Bride,—beautiful even when seen under an aspect of rain and mist driven landwards by an autumnal gale, which gives added dignity to the great green downs, makes the villages appear to nestle more closely to their sides, and the winding tree-fringed



SIR GEORGE SOMERS'S HOUSE AT BERNE MANOR.
From a Drawing by Miss Chettle.

lanes impart a hospitable shelter, in contrast to the wide fields where gulls and lapwings drive screaming before the gale. On such a day the yellowing leaves and the crimsoning berries afford a real sense of warmth and comfort.

At Bridport our companion the Bride's journey is at an end, for here she weds the sea, and we must turn our back on her and mount the hills, encountering the full force of the gale, but seeing its magnificent effect upon the harried waters of the English Channel. We pass through Chidiock set all aslope on the steep, and reach

the summit where a signpost tells us that it is "one mile to Whitchurch." But across the fields Berne Manor is but a long quarter of a mile, and this is the better way to reach it. The footpath trends downhill to the substantial stone-built, thatched farmhouse, which lies half-way to the bottom of a valley of green grass fields.

The old stone-mullioned windows have given place to modern wooden frames, and the thick stone walls alone prove it to have been once a house of some dignity. In what is now its dairy Charles II. is said to have slept two nights, when, after the battle of Worcester, he made his way to the coast. It seems curious that a great sea-captain who had won his name on the seas, and who must have revelled in their broad expanses, should have selected for his home a site out of sight and hearing of the ocean, and placed its back to the broad view across the valley, and its face to the hillside ; but such is the case.

The village church where Sir George was buried lies away up above us, but, as in the case of John White, no one knows what portion of the building or of God's acre holds his dust.

To return to London it will not be necessary to retrace one's steps to Dorchester, for the rail can be reached at Lyme Regis, five miles farther, whence the route is by the London and South-Western *via* Axminster and Raleigh's Sherborne.



CHAPTER III

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE CITY OF LONDON

"AN American lately arrived in London should trace out in this great city those memorials and things of interest pertaining to America of which England and London are full." Thus spake that true friend of Great Britain, the Honourable J. H. Choate, in one of his admirable after-dinner speeches addressed to his country's citizens celebrating Independence Day on this side of the water.

Until recently Paris undoubtedly held the first place in the affections of Mr. Choate's countrymen and countrywomen who toured Europe, and who in a great measure were drawn from the moneyed ranks. Now facilities of travel have brought over a far larger number of that cultured class, which, whether on business or pleasure bent, determine to visit the scenes where those they venerate as the makers of their great nation lived, moved, and had their being. In this respect Paris can in no way compare with London. The Latin race contributed in the past

but little towards the peopling of the United States, and the few memories connected with France did not arise until the War of Independence, when some of New England's sons, notably Franklin, journeyed to Paris in quest of succour, and certain Frenchmen went over to America, but not in the capacity of colonists.

How rich London is in comparison with the French capital will be seen as we progress, the list being such a lengthy one that space will only allow of the insertion of the memorials to those immortals whose lives have been connected with America's history, and of necessity must omit many names which have carried forward the qualities and the language which the two nations possess in common.

The following memorials were noted by Mr. Choate in the speech above recorded, a list which is by no means exhaustive, seeing that it omits the names of Raleigh, Emerson, Hudson, Penn, Captain Smith, and Roosevelt.

"Coming up to London, if he (my American friend) will allow me to take him a personally conducted tour, I will conduct him to St. Saviour's Church in Southwark, where is recorded the baptism of John Harvard, who gave his name, his library, and half his fortune for the foundation of that College in America which has become the leader of education for half a sphere. At the Charterhouse will be found associations of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, and the apostle of toleration. In the National Portrait Gallery is a representation of Sir Henry Vane the younger, Governor of Massachusetts in 1636, who, after the

Restoration, lost his head as a penalty of devotion to the cause of the Commonwealth. But greater names and greater forms appear in that asylum of truly famous British men.

"There are George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and Benjamin West of Philadelphia who took such an active part in the creation of the Royal Academy and succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President. In another part of the city will be found a statue to George Peabody the philanthropist. There are also the memorials of George Thompson, Abraham Lincoln, James Russell Lowell, and, in Westminster Abbey, of Longfellow."

But—and the BUT should be writ very large—how is one to make a survey of these memorials so that it will have some coherence and not become a disjointed mass of material? It is a difficult task, and, try as I may, I have not succeeded to my satisfaction in piecing it properly together. For what are the materials, and how shall they be pieced? The materials are men of no similarity, separated in their lives by centuries, as, for instance, Harvard and Emerson at St. Saviour's, Southwark; we have the Virginian Colonists moving in a London which at the date of Penn's sojourn there, sixty years later, had been swept away by the Great Fire. We travel onwards another hundred years to an entirely different aspect in the Georgian London which Franklin and Benjamin West knew, and yet a further fifty to that of which Washington Irving has left such delightful reminiscences. To piece the memorials and arrange them under the headings of various itineraries would appear to me to deprive them of all the flavour

of the times with which they are associated; to detach them from the lives of those with whom they are connected would take from them all the savour of personality. Therefore, so far as London is concerned, I am obliged to reverse the plan upon which I based my second chapter, and to treat the subject mainly chronologically, although even in so doing considerable exceptions will have to be made, for this reason—that hardly a single one of the pioneers of American colonisation were Londoners. Few of them, it is true, but must at one time or another have trod its streets, but the only instances that have as yet come to my knowledge of cockneys born and bred are John Harvard and William Penn, and as regards both of these, the symmetrical framing of my work calls upon me to place their connection with the metropolis elsewhere than under that of London. If proof were wanting of my difficulty I would refer to my first chapter, where a topographical arrangement would have necessitated my destroying altogether the continuity of the life of Raleigh.

This chapter will therefore be written mainly on chronological lines, and so I commence with London's connection with the colonising movement recorded in our first chapter.

It is just three hundred years (in fact 1907 is the tercentenary) since the first regularly organised expedition started from England.

The popular ferment which had begun some years previously in what may be termed the nursery of England's sailors, namely, the West of England, had at last reached the place where it could

be fanned into a flame through the joint action of press, pulpit, and stage, and be organised on an important basis both numerically and financially.

The first expedition, which had received the assistance of Raleigh and Hakluyt, had sailed from Falmouth in March 1602, the last year of Elizabeth's reign, under Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, and in a remarkably quick passage had, on the 14th of May, sighted land in the 43rd degree of north latitude. Gosnold explored the coast, and was the first Englishman to set foot in what is now the United States—this he did at the headland of Cape Cod, so called by him in consequence of the exceptional presence of that fish thereabouts. He built a fort and storehouse on Elizabeth Island, which was the first actual settlement in New England. He traded with the Indians, and returned to England in July, where he landed his crew in perfect health at Exmouth. The reports he brought were so encouraging that Bristol at once took the matter up, and on April 10, 1603, a few days after Elizabeth's death, two vessels, the *Speedwell* and *Discoverer*, were despatched and landed in Massachusetts, getting south as far as Martha's Vineyard, an island which will be seen marked on Speed's map, of which a portion is reproduced overleaf.[1]

It was not until the last-named year that interest began to be aroused in London; but once the fire was lit, it spread so rapidly that in a short while the excitement on the Exchange was such as had never been witnessed before, and was not to

[1] In 1605 the Earl of Southampton and Lord Arundel of Wardour sent out George Waymouth, who also made Cape Cod.

be seen again until the time of the South Sea Bubble in the following century, and the railway and Australian gold manias in our fathers' times.

How it was fed may be seen by the following extract from a very popular play, by Marston and Chapman, termed *Eastward Hoe*, which appeared in 1605. The scene is laid in the Blue



A Portion of Speed's Map of America, 1626.

Anchor Tavern, Billingsgate, when the talk commences about Virginia, the *dramatis personæ* being Seagull (a sailor), a Spendthrift, and the Wine-drawer:—

Seagull. I tell thee golde is more plentifull there than copper is with us—Why, man, all their dripping pans are pure gold; and all the chaines with which they chaine up their streets are massive gold; all the prisoners they take are fetered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds they goe forth on holy dayes and gather 'hem by the seashore, to hang on their children's coats, and sticke in their children's caps, as commonly as our children weare saffron, gilt brooches, and groates with holes in 'hem.

Spendthrift. And is it a pleasant country withal?

Seagull. As ever the sun shined on; temperate and full of excellent viands; wild bore is as common there as our bacon is here; venison as mutton, and then you can live freely there, without sergeants, or courtiers, or lawyers. You may be an Alderman there, and never a scavenger. There we shall have no more laws than conscience, and not too much of eyther.

Spendthrift. Gods an! And how far is it thither?

Seagull. Some six weekes saile, no more with any indifferent good winde.

By tales such as these, told, repeated, and exaggerated by those who had had a relative or acquaintance who had crossed the main, the belief in El Dorado was matured and fostered until it came to be regarded as a matter of certainty that the whole American continent teemed with gold.

Even the sober Speed spoke in these exaggerated terms of Virginia—"Virginia carries in her name the happie memorie of our Elizabeth. It was first entred by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584. It is a rich countrie, in Fruit-trees, Beasts, Fish, Fowle, Mines of Iron and Copper, Veines of Pitch, Allum, and Tarre, Rozen, Gummes, Dies, Timber, etc. The North Parts are most inhabited by our men, and is therefore called New England." Of Novembega (Newfoundland) Speed says that "it lyeth to the north of Virginia, and is a very fertile region. The seas are shallow, and endanger many shippes. So full of Fish that the Boates cannot have free passage." Of the inhabitants he has but little good to say: "They worship the sunne, moone, and starres, and their customs are answerable to their religion, beastly. In many places they are anthropophagic and prey upon each other like wolves."

So, when in 1606 Hakluyt, Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George

Somers, and other "firm and hearty lovers of colonisation," petitioned the King for the privilege of colonising the Atlantic coast a patent was not hard to get, and on 6th April 1606 one was sealed to them and divers others, "to reduce a colony of sundry and o^r^ people into y^t^ part of America commonly called Virginia between the 34th and 45th degrees."[1]

The temper of the people was fired on all sides. When funds were asked for to aid the first London expedition, namely, that which started on 19th December 1606 from Blackwall, and from England on 1st January 1606-7, everybody was keen to subscribe, and those who had no money gave their prayers. For instance, in the words of Purchas—

"Amen, O Amen! Be thou the Alpha and Omega of England's Plantations in Virginia, O God!"

Poets stirred the manhood of the country to join. Drayton, for instance, in this Ode—

Ye brave, heroic minds
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue,
Whilst loit'ring hinds
Sulk here at home, with shame;
Go, and Subdue.

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only Paradise.

In kenning the shore
Thanks to God first given,
O you, the happiest men,
Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar
Fighting the wide heaven.

[1] It was intended by the patentees to divide this sphere of influence, the Associates above named taking the district between the 34th and 41st degrees of latitude, and a Plymouth and Bristol Association, consisting of Gilbert, Parkes, Popham, and others, that between the 38th and 45th degrees.

DEPARTURE OF THE *SUSAN CONSTANT*, *DISCOVERY*, AND *SPEEDWELL* (UNDER CAPTAIN NEWPORT), FROM BLACKWALL, 19TH DECEMBER 1606.

From a Water-Colour by NORMAN WILKINSON, R.I.



It is not known where the headquarters of the London Company were first established, but in 1620 we find it meeting in Aldersgate and at the Tower.

The fleet consisted of three vessels—the *Speedwell*, the *Discoverer*, which presumably were the two that had already taken part in the 1603 expedition from Bristol, and the *Susan Constant*, and they sailed from Blackwall. It is probable that their fitting out took place higher up the river at Deptford, which, though the Royal Dockyard, yet built vessels for private purposes. For it was in the King's Yard there that the *Golden Hind*, Drake's ship, was berthed in 1581, when Queen Elizabeth honoured him with her presence at dinner on board, and afterwards knighted him. The good ship was still preserved there at the time when *Eastward Hoe* was written, being used as a banqueting place for long afterwards.[1]

Mr. Norman Wilkinson, the well-known marine painter, has conjured up for us the scene, with the picturesque galleons saluting St. George's flag as they start down the river on the flood tide, their height out of the water suggesting a far larger tonnage than our much more deeply immersed vessels of to-day would do.

It is a somewhat singular trait of this first expedition how

[1] "We'll have our supper," says Sir Petronel Flash, "on board Sir Francis Drake's ship that hath compassed the world."

In obedience to Royal command the ship remained there for many years. When ultimately broken up, a chair was made of some of its timber and presented to the University of Oxford, where it is to be found in the Bodleian. Cowley thus sang—

> Drake and his ship could not have wished from fate
> A happier station or more blessed estate,
> For lo, a seat of endless rest is given
> To her in Oxford, and to him in heaven.

few of its leaders' names have survived. It would have been imagined from what has gone before that the desire to participate in the voyage was universal, and that a selection would have been made from notable names and from those most fitted for the task. But such does not appear to have been the case; on the contrary, it is said that the complement was as follows: 105 emigrants, 12 labourers, 4 carpenters, and 48 gentlemen.

Two names, however, have been handed down to posterity in connection with this first expedition, two with very different emblazonings—emblazonings that, in my opinion, should be dimmed in one case and lustred in the other.

A recent article in a London newspaper stated "that of Captain John Smith it may be truly said that his works endure and increase to this day." It further asks us "not to forget that the senior skipper was *one* Captain Newport."

It is of the "senior skipper" that I would first say a word, for if any man was a worthy specimen of an Elizabethan "sea-dog" it was Captain Newport, a man to whom it is certainly due that the expedition ever found itself on American soil.

All through the stormy winter of 1606-7 Newport was fighting the elements in his endeavours to convoy safely the vessels under his charge across the angry seas, and he had not these alone to combat. He had been placed "in sole charge of all the captains, soldiers, and marines that shall go in the ships," and as such had to suppress a mutiny on board within a month of leaving.

It took five long months to complete the voyage, for it was

not until the 26th of April 1607 that the fleet got into the shelter of the placid and stately waters of Chesapeake Bay. Coasting along they came to a wide river, which they named after King James, and in it they cast anchor so near land that their light-draughted vessels could be moored to the trees. There they founded a settlement called Jamestown, on a piece of land which has long ago been destroyed by the force of the stream. The celebration of the tercentenary of that landing is this year taking place in the form of an Exhibition at the present city of that name.

The captain, having discharged his freight, was not long in turning his vessels' prows towards the old country. Sailing on the 21st June he made the return journey in less than five weeks. But he brought back but a poor account of the investment, stating that the situation selected was a bad one, that sickness was rife, and that almost every day a new grave was dug, and further, that neither gold nor silver had as yet been found. What he probably also said was that instant assistance was necessary, for we find him back again at Jamestown before mid-winter (8th January 1607-8), and again in London on the 18th April 1608, with some of the colonists, and a cargo of cedar, walnut boards, sassafras, and iron ore. Yet another journey he made in that year, carrying 70 passengers, including Francis West, brother of Lord Delaware, and he returned safely with iron ore, but no gold. This was probably not the last of Newport's voyages to Virginia, for we find him in 1611 created "Admiral of Virginia"; but meanwhile he was wanted elsewhere, probably

for more remunerative undertakings. We read of him later, on his return from the East Indies, receiving "fifty Jacobuses for bringing home his ship well laden, and his men in health," and he rose to be "Admiral of the Fleet that accompanied the Ambassador from the King of England to the Great Mogull of India."

He was the first Englishman to explore the Persian Gulf and the river of Sinde, as well as the Chesapeake Bay and the James river.

Admiral of Virginia, he lived and died on the ocean. He sleeps in the Indian Sea, and no memorial as yet exists to his memory save the city of Newport, which was named after him.

Of his birthplace, his parentage, or his family, no trace has, so far as I know, been discovered.

Of the other name connected with this first expedition it is altogether otherwise.

Captain John Smith, who has been said to have immortalised the homeliest of names by a life of adventure unparalleled even in the days when Englishmen were making history all the world over by their intrepidity and daring, was born at Willoughby, Lincolnshire, where he was baptized on 6th January 1579, being the eldest son of George and Alice Smith, who were poor tenants of Peregrine Bertie Lord Willoughby. In his autobiography he says that his parents died when he was about thirteen years old, but records show that his father did not die until April 1596, and that his widow survived him. If

his autobiography is to be believed,[1] if even half is credited, he had few peers either in ancient or modern history as a knight-errant.

The grammar school at Louth, Lincolnshire, has lately been commemorating John Smith's having been a scholar there by the acceptance of a bust of the worthy, fashioned and given by Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell, who claims not only to be a descendant of the captain's, but to have held him up as a model whereby to shape his own adventurous and successful career. Enclosing the niche which enshrines the bust is figured the following line from Smith's writings, "We were born, not for ourselves, but to help others. Let us imitate the virtues of our predecessors to be worthily their successors."

The captain is said to have studied the rudiments of Polybius at school, and to have assimilated many things that were useful to him in his subsequent fighting career. His mind certainly at an early age was set upon more excitement than the Louth grammar school presented, for we are told that when thirteen "he sould his satchell, books, and all he had, to a pedlar, intending to get to sea with the proceeds," but that his father's death stayed him.

But there is no doubt that get away he did whilst still a youth, and that he crossed to the Netherlands, where he saw his first fighting against the Spaniards. The love of war had so saturated his system that on his return to this country after three years' absence he made up his mind at once to proceed to the place

[1] It is now being republished in Glasgow by Messrs. Maclehose.

where the best fighting was then going on, namely, the Levant. His road thither lay through France, where he was robbed of all he had, and left nearly frozen to death. Rescued by a peasant he ultimately managed to reach Marseilles, whence he sailed in company with a cargo of pilgrims for the East. The ship was near being whelmed in a mighty storm, and this being attributed to a heretic on board, young Smith was, Jonah-like, pitched overboard; but he gained the shore, and ultimately found himself at the Austrian camp near Limbach, which the Turks were besieging. He sided against the Turks, and so harassed them with a fiery dragon, a firework which he had invented, that they raised the siege. For the amusement of the ladies he engaged in single combat, and slew and beheaded three Turkish champions; but in a subsequent battle he was taken prisoner, sold as a slave, and carried off to the Crimea. As such he had an iron collar round his neck, and for clothes the skin of a wild beast; treated as a dog, he fell upon his master, killed him with a flail, dressed himself in his garment, and mounting his horse escaped to Poland. Thence by way of Germany, France, and Spain, he reached Morocco, where he at last encountered an English man-of-war. After participating in two naval engagements with the Spaniards, he reached England just in time to set out with the 1606 expedition.

The inscription beneath the bust to which I have referred claims for Smith that he was the founder of Virginia. This claim he certainly has no right to, and the less perhaps that is said of his conduct in Virginia the better. It is certain that even on the voyage he was implicated in the mutiny to which we have



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

referred—that he, Galthorpe, and others were arrested and confessed their participation in it, and that they were not only kept in duress for the rest of the voyage, but for some time after. On the other hand, in June 1607, shortly after his release, he was admitted to the Council; but later on he was again arrested, tried, and condemned for being the cause of the death of two colonists, Emery and Robinson, and was only reprieved on the intercession of Captain Newport. We can well understand from his earlier career that nothing of this kind would interfere with his ambitions or prevent his endeavours to obtain a leadership over men, the majority of whom were entirely unfitted for it. It is not surprising, therefore, that, in spite of what had happened, Smith managed to secure the governorship of the colony, which, however, he only retained for a short time. The London Directors were apparently soon convinced that, to use their own words, some one must be sent "above the temptations of avarice and actuated by lofty patriotism," and in 1609 Lord Delaware was selected as Governor. In the autumn of that year Smith was sent home to answer sundry misdemeanours, one of which was a design to marry the so-called Princess Pocahontas. He went out once again in 1614, but only for a short while. He lived until 1631, and was buried at St. Sepulchre's, Newgate.

As to his connection with the Princess Pocahontas, we shall deal with that later on (p. 180). She, too, rests in English soil, but with quieter surroundings than Newgate Street, hard by which Captain Smith lies; for St. Sepulchre's, in addition to its being in one of the main thoroughfares to the City, has from its propinquity

to Newgate always had much coming and going of criminals to execution, with their attendant crowds, and this in olden days was a matter of daily occurrence. On occasions even the precincts of the church were invaded. Only a few years before Smith's burial there was much disturbance consequent on the body of one Awfield, who had been executed, being brought into "St. Pulcher's to be buryed, but the parishioners would not suffer a traytor's corpse to be laid in the earth where their parents, wives, children, kindred, masters, and old neighbours did rest; and so his carcass was returned to the burial ground near Tyburn." Next door to the church was the Saracen's Head, immortalised by Dickens as the inn at which Nicholas Nickleby and his uncle waited upon Squeers of Dotheboys Hall. Even Dickens remarked upon the noise and bustle thereabouts, and it is probable that in spite of motor omnibuses it is a quieter haven of rest now than it ever was in days gone by.

Here, then, sleeps "the sometime Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England," as Stow terms him. The following epitaph, befitting the man, was once inscribed on a monument over his grave :—

Here lies one conquered that hath conquered kings,
Subdued large territories, and done things
Which to the world impossible would seem,
But that the truth is held in more esteem.
Shall I report his former service done,
In honour of his God, and Christendom?
How that he did divide, from pagans three,
Their heads, and lives, types of his chivalry?
For which great service, in that climate done,
Brave Sigismundus, King of Hungarion,

Did give him, as a coat of arms, to wear
These conquered heads, got by his sword and spear.
Or shall I tell you of his adventures since
Done in Virginia, that large continent?
How that he subdued kings into his yoke,
And made those heathen flee, as wind doth smoke,
And made their land, being so large a station,
An habitation for our Christian nation,
Where God is glorified, their wants supplied;
Which else for necessaries must have died.
But what avails his conquests, now he lies
Interred in earth, a prey to worms and flies?
Oh may his soul in sweet Elysium sleep,
Until the Keeper, that all souls doth keep,
Return to judgment; and that after thence
With angels he may have his recompense."

The present monument, of a much less fulsome character, is a copy of the original according to Stow :—

TO THE LIVING MEMORY OF HIS DECEASED FRIEND,
CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH,
SOMETIME GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA AND ADMIRAL OF NEW ENGLAND,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 21ST OF JUNE 1631.
ACCORDIAMIUS, VINCERE EST VIVERE.

It will be found on the eastern end of the south wall of the church, which for other reasons well merits a visit from the passer-by.

One other adventurous captain is connected in a special way with a City church, namely, Henry Hudson. How many of the members of the London Stock Exchange, who have been hoisting up the shares of the Hudson's Bay Company to a price which must be delightful reading each morning

for those who hold them, have any idea of the connection which the intrepid seaman who gave his name to the vast territories now returning such wealth had with a church hardly a street away from their turbulent headquarters?

The captains of the ships' companies that nowadays depart daily for foreign climes from the London Docks have quite enough work to get their crews aboard, and their voyages are of too prosaic a character, to admit of any service, let alone a religious one, entering into their procedure at starting. But in the times when more than half the world was a *terra incognita*, and it was towards those unknown regions that the ship's sails would be bent, the possibilities of return were a very uncertain factor, and men felt that the invocation of a Divine blessing upon the enterprise was a needful preliminary, and rendered faith in a sure issue much more assured.

Hence it is that unusual interest attaches to what is probably a unique record of the attendance of a ship's company at Communion prior to their taking ship to foreign parts—a record, too, of especial interest on account of the persons engaged and the voyage upon which they embarked. It is taken from the log of John Pleyce, one of the company, and reads as follows :—

"Anno 1607, Aprill the nineteenth, at Saint Ethelburge in Bishops Gate street, did communicate with the rest of the parishioners these persons, seamen, purposing to goe to sea foure days after, for to discover a passage by the North Pole to Japan and China. First, Henry Hudson, master. Secondly, William Colines, his mate. Thirdly, James Young. Fourthly, John

Colman. Fiftly, John Crooke. Sixtly, James Beubery. Seventhly, James Skrutton. Eightly, John Pleyce. Ninthly, Thomas Baxter. Tenthly, Richard Day. Eleventhly, James Knight. Twelfthly, John Hudson, a boy."

Of able navigators, zealous in the cause to which they devoted their lives, few have been the victims of such cruel fortune as Henry Hudson. The record of his exploits extends over four years only, and into these he compressed an amount of energy and determination that deserved a lifetime's success.

The voyage on the eve of which he communicated at St. Ethelburga's was the first of his that we know of, and was undertaken in the ship *Hopeful*, under the flag of the "Muscovy Company," with the intention of sailing across the Pole to the "island of Spicery." According to the above log extract, the *Hopeful* was to sail on the 23rd April, but it was the 1st of May before she left Gravesend. In forty-four days she struck the east coast of Greenland, but could get no forwarder, and was back in the Thames the middle of September. In the following year Hudson made a second attempt for the same Company, but with no better result. 1608 saw him in the employ of the Dutch East India Company, who were equally bent on finding a short cut to their oriental possessions. In his voyage for them he first touched the coast of Nova Scotia, then went south as far as latitude 35°, and returning northwards, carefully examined the coast, including Chesapeake and Delaware Bays. He spent some time over this, for he did not reach Sandy Hook until the 2nd of September. In spite of the probability of having to return across the Atlantic

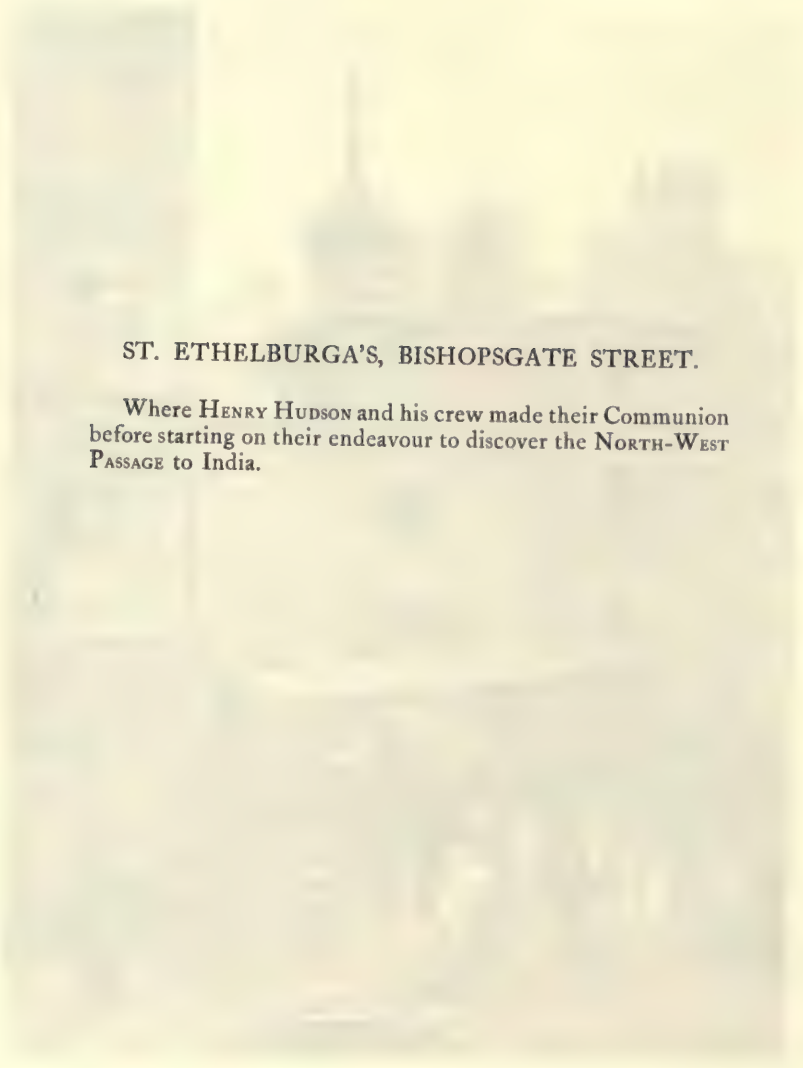


THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON.

From the Picture by the Hon. John Collier.

in winter storms, he explored the noble Hudson River, to which he gave his name, as far as Albany, being induced to do so by the hope that it led to inland seas. He must have had a very firm belief in a successful issue, for he can hardly have been a day ashore after his return to England before he was at work organising yet a fourth expedition, which was to be a private one. On the 17th April 1610, four years almost to a day after our first introduction to him at St. Ethelburga's, he hoisted his flag for the last time, and passed away on his final attempt to solve the question of a north-west passage to far Cathay. By the end of June he had forced his way into the strait since known by his name, and afterwards into Hudson's Bay, which he termed "a labyrinth without end." It is probable that the hopelessness of the quest at last dawned on his followers. There was mutiny, in which the mutineers got the upper hand. With reckless barbarity he and eight others (including his little son, who in the list of those who took Communion before his first voyage is put down last on the list as the twelfth hand, "John Hudson, a boy") were seized, bound, put into a small boat, and cut adrift. Thus he crossed the bar, the first known name to lay down his life in that tract of territory which after three hundred years is still a vast storehouse of unexplored wealth. By my friend the Hon. John Collier's kind permission I am able to reproduce his picture of this tragedy, now in the Tate Gallery.

The little church named "Saint Ethelburga the Virgin, within Bishopsgate," has other points of interest besides that attaching to Henry Hudson. Saint Ethelburga was an English



ST. ETHELBURGA'S, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

Where HENRY HUDSON and his crew made their Communion before starting on their endeavour to discover the NORTH-WEST PASSAGE to India.



saint, being the first Abbess of Barking and sister of the fourth Bishop of London. This church was amongst the earliest to be dedicated to her, there having been one on the site before the present edifice, which only dates from the first half of the fifteenth century. The most interesting feature now existent of this building is perhaps the two shops at the church door, which were certainly there in Hudson's day, for as far back as 1571 the smaller shop was held by a glover at 2s. 6d. per annum, a rent which had increased in the year of Hudson's death to 16s. 8d., when it was known as "the ould shopp." In 1623 Thomas Peale, a "Spectal Maker," was in possession of the "great" shop, while "Carter ye glover" was about the same time in the little shop. The rent of the two shops, which in 1870 had increased to £75, was by some error transferred a few years ago to the City Parochial Charities, and the church has thus been deprived of an income which it sorely needs for its upkeep.

Passing down Bishopsgate and Gracechurch Street (unless we like to diverge through Houndsditch and the Minories to visit the precincts of the Tower with its Raleigh and Penn memories), we cross London Bridge and arrive at St. Saviour's, Southwark.

Mr. Choate, in the speech to which I have already referred, designated Southwark and its cathedral as a "Mecca to which the footsteps of all Harvard men and many other Americans must turn." Apart altogether from Americans, Southwark has

a claim to much greater recognition than it has as yet received from those who interest themselves in the history of England all down the ages; for there is hardly a site in all the land that has had so many historical events connected with it. Unfortunately it has suffered to an exceptional extent at the hands of those who have no respect for landmarks, namely, the planners of railways, its situation at the entrance to London from the south marking it out as the *point d'appui* whence all their network of lines diverges; consequently, to the ordinary individual it is simply known either as a district sunk below the rows of arches that converge upon it, or as the locale of hideous termini towards which the traveller struggles through congested crowds in a fit of despair lest he should miss his train at one or other of them. It therefore needs a powerful imagination to conjure up any of the scenes that have been acted upon the limited area that bounds the southern approach to London Bridge.

Leaving out of the question Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, this part of London has, for nigh upon a thousand years since the last of these visitors knocked at its gates, been the South Wark or southern fortification through which every visitor from that quarter passed into the City of London. How long ago London Bridge was built, history telleth not; but certainly it was there considerably anterior to the Conquest, and seven hundred years before there was any other.[1] Five

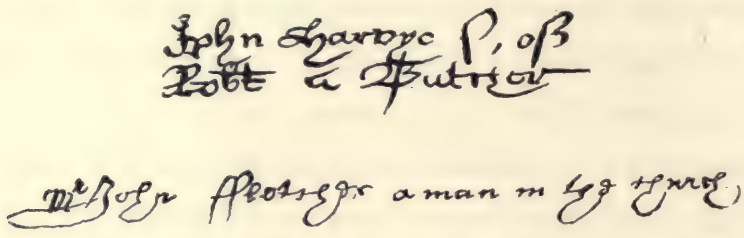
[1] Westminster Bridge, the second to span the Thames, was not built until 1750. The citizens of London always opposed, and successfully, the erection of any other bridge than that of London across the Thames. Even so late as 1671 they effectively opposed a Bill for one at Putney.

hundred years later, when America was being discovered, it was the place where every pageant to be acted in the City of London commenced ; for instance, the return of Henry VI. from France, after being crowned king of that country in Notre Dame, Paris, and the entry of Henry VIII., as Prince Arthur, with his bride Katherine of Arragon. It was upon the towers at the Southwark end of London Bridge that the captured standards of the Armada were displayed, and for hundreds of years they were never without the gruesome sight of heads, some of them of the noblest in the land, rotting and blackening in the weather on pikes affixed to their summits.

It requires an imaginative mind, as one stands in that churchyard of St. Mary Overy—St. Mary's over the Water—St. Mary of the Ferry—away from the squalid rush of the hideous modern thoroughfare overshadowed by the monstrous railway bridges and deafened by the noise of the traffic above and below,—to conjure up the beauty of the pageants that must have passed within sight of the church ; but once the portals of the sanctuary, now known as St. Saviour's Cathedral, are entered, it becomes a possibility even to an unimaginative mind. Would that our artists of to-day could be made to see the artistic opportunities, and the benefits, both artistic and commercial, that would accrue to them, were they to bestir themselves and put some of these scenes on canvas. Their pictures on the Academy walls would then attract thousands who now pass by their unsympathetic "impressions," and from many a source would revenue and fame come to them. One distinguished American artist, Mr. Abbey,

made his name through English historical subjects. Why should so few talented Englishmen follow his example?

But the Cathedral itself, without going farther afield, presents a mass of interest to all the English-speaking race that can hardly be surpassed even by London's western Abbey, for at one time or another every personage connected with the greatest era of English literature and its drama must have entered its doors, and it is well that worthy memorials should have been erected



FACSIMILES OF THE BAPTISMAL CERTIFICATE OF JOHN HARVARD, AND OF THE BURIAL CERTIFICATE OF HIS FATHER.

there to Gower, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Spenser, Massinger, Alleyn, and Bunyan.

But it is not for these or its connection with the Marian Martyrs that we now visit the fane of St. Saviour's, but for its having been the place where John Harvard, the founder of America's greatest University, was baptized. I shall have to treat of him at greater length later on (see chapters on The Puritan College, The Founders of Harvard, and Stratford-on-Avon), and so here I merely note that he was the son of a substantial butcher whose shop stood where is now the London Bridge Railway Station. His father's name was Harvye, and as such the son was christened. We give a facsimile of the

entry, in which he appears as "John Harvye, son of Robert a Butcher." His respectability is vouched for by the fact that his



THE HARVARD WINDOW, ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

father was churchwarden, together with Alleyn the actor, the founder of Dulwich College. His mother was Katharine Rogers of Stratford-on-Avon, and under her will he became possessed, amongst other property, of the Queen's Head Inn, Southwark.

A chapel traditionally known as that of St. John the Divine has very appropriately become the John Harvard shrine. The window at its eastern end was in 1905 filled with stained glass by John la Farge, the well-known American artist in that material. It was the gift of the American ambassador the Hon. J. H. Choate, who, in unveiling it on 22nd May in that year, described it as emblematic of the "deep-seated and abiding relations of friendship which unite England and the United States." The subject is the Baptism of Christ, in allusion to Harvard's baptism here. A piece of old glass, a remnant of the old window, occupies the middle centre, with the arms of Harvard University and Emmanuel College, Cambridge, on either side. The supporting angels are, in accordance with an old tradition, supposed to be in attendance to hold the Saviour's robes.

The decoration of the rest of the chapel, which is used as a vestry, has this year been taken in hand by the American nation, and in its course further discoveries have been made of Norman and perhaps Saxon work in the walls and floor.

Another monument exists on the west wall of the south transept, which is claimed to be that of an ancestor of Ralph Waldo Emerson of Harvard, poet, preacher, and philosopher.

As will be seen from Miss Chettle's drawing, it is a stone effigy, much less than life-size, of a recumbent figure of emaciated form, in fact a *memento mori*. The inscription records that it was erected to the memory of William Emerson, one of an old Southwark family, who died in 1575, at the age of 92; further, that

He lived and died an honest man.

On leaving Southwark I shall ask my Pilgrims to recross the bridge and pay a visit to St. Magnus's, London Bridge, the church of which Miles Coverdale, the publisher of the first Bible in English, was rector, and where there is a monument to his



MONUMENT TO WILLIAM EMERSON, ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.
From a Drawing by Miss E. Chettle.

memory. It is true that the memorials to be seen here belong to a period later than that of those we have hitherto visited, but as they are sure to interest my readers, I make no apology for introducing them in this place.

"I will make a pilgrimage to Eastcheap. Who knows but I may light upon some legendary traces of Dame Quickly and her

guests." So wrote Washington Irving in his delightful sketch, *The Boar's Head Tavern*, and he no sooner formed the resolution than he put it into execution. He "encountered many wonders" on his way thither; amongst others, London Stone, in Cannon Street, which he struck with his staff, in imitation of that rebel Jack Cade. He was, however, too late to find "The Boar's Head," as it had given its last gasp about thirty years previously; but after many explorations through little alleys and passages which reminded him of the perforations in an ancient cheese or a worm-eaten chest of drawers, he routed out an old sexton of St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, who offered to show him certain objects connected with the Boar's Head which had been handed down from remote times, when the parish meetings were held there. These he proceeded to inspect at an almost equally ancient hostelry, "The Masons' Arms." They consisted of a japanned iron tobacco-box of gigantic size, out of which the vestry had filled their pipes at their meetings from time immemorial, and figured on the cover was a painting of the Boar's Head Tavern, with, in front of it, a convivial group, which included Prince Hal and Falstaff, the cunning limner having inscribed their names on the bottom of their chairs, so that there should be no mistake as to their identity. Within was an inscription recording that the box was the gift of Sir Richard Gore, and that it "was repaired and beautified by his successor Mr. John Packard, 1767." Whilst meditating on this with enraptured gaze, a drinking-cup was put into Irving's hands which also belonged to the vestry, and which the landlady described as of exceeding great value and very "antyke," an opinion confirmed





GOBLET AND TOBACCO-BOX

Formerly belonging to St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, now in St. Magnus's, London Bridge.

by a shabby gentleman of red nose and oilcloth cap, sitting in the bar, who, rousing himself from a pot of porter, exclaimed, "Ay, ay! The head don't ache now that made that there article." This treasure Irving immediately perceived to be none other than the "parcel-gilt goblet" on which Falstaff made his loving but faithless vow to Dame Quickly.[1]

Irving completed his sketch by the prophecy that the tobacco-box and goblet which he had thus brought to light would in consequence be the subject of future engravings, and almost as fruitful of voluminous dissertations and disputes as the shield of Achilles or the far-famed Portland Vase. Such has not yet been the case; but perhaps it remains for the present advertisement to assist at this consummation; for now that they are figured for the first time in a popular manner, the quest to inspect them at St. Magnus's (for St. Michael's has gone the way of so many City churches), where they are now kept, may be more eager, and the controversy as to Falstaff's connection with them find fresh disputants.

It was by a happy chance that I discovered the whereabouts of another relic of the past which attracted Irving's attention. After having surveyed the Church of St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, in company with a meek little sexton, who, with a twinkle in his eye, would, if encouraged now and then, hazard a small pleasantry, he and the sexton adjourned to the small cemetery adjoining the

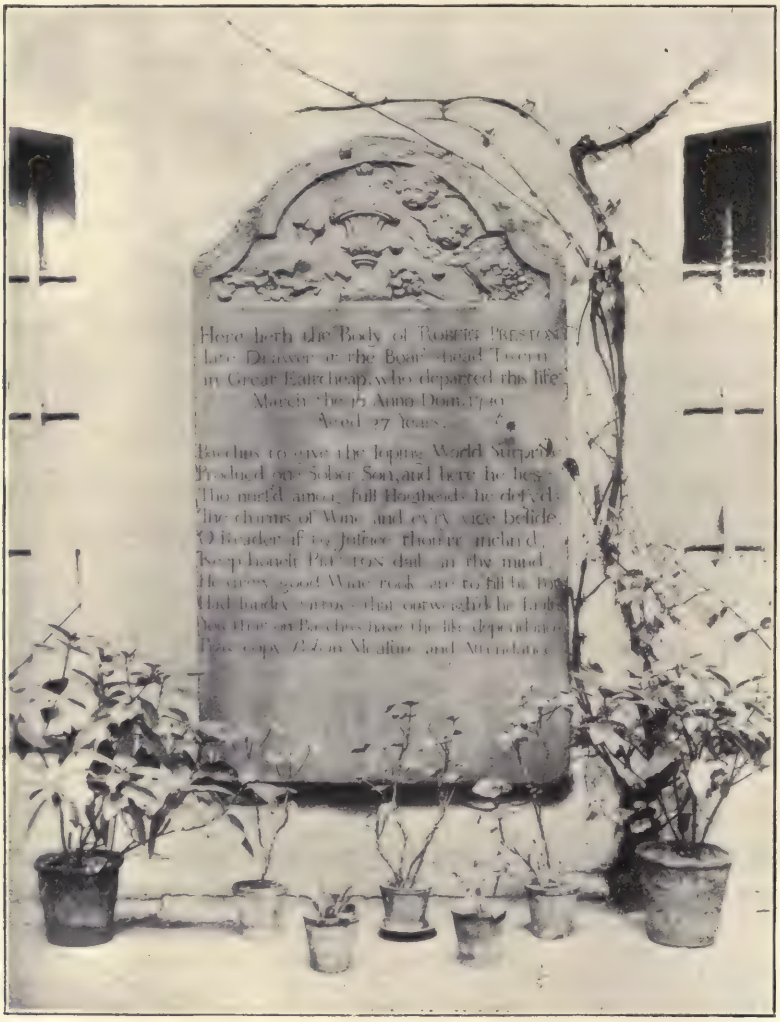
[1] "Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday, in Whitsunweek, when the Prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing man at Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me thy lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it?"

church, where, immediately under the back window of what was once the Boar's Head, stood the tombstone of Robert Preston, whilom drawer at the tavern.

Irving thus proceeds: "It is nearly a century since this trusty drawer of good liquor closed his bustling career, and was thus quietly deposited within call of his customers." As Irving was clearing away the weeds from his epitaph, the little sexton drew him on one side with a mysterious air, and informed him, in a low voice, "that once upon a time, on a dark wintry night, when the wind was unruly, howling and whistling, banging about doors and windows, and twirling weathercocks, so that the living were frightened out of their beds, and even the dead could not sleep quietly in their graves, the ghost of honest Preston, which happened to be airing itself in the churchyard, was attracted by the well-known call of 'Waiter!' from the Boar's Head, and made its sudden appearance in the midst of a roaring club, just as the parish clerk was singing a stave from the 'mirre garland of Captain Death,' to the discomfiture of sundry train-band captains, and the conversion of an infidel attorney, who became a zealous Christian on the spot, and was never known to twist the truth afterwards, except in the way of business."

As will be seen from the reproduction, Preston's tombstone, after the lapse of another hundred years, is better cared for than it was then. The churchyard has passed away, it is now built over with warehouses, but the drawer's monument has been placed against one of their walls, and some well-disposed tenant evidently

cares for its preservation, and adorns it with an abundance of flowers which even the spirit of a Japanese might envy.



ROBERT PRESTON'S TOMBSTONE.

I now propose that we pass away across the City, by the Mansion House, down crowded Cheapside, and by the huge range of buildings in Aldersgate Street, which show the growth of the British Post Office, buildings that have by no means



ENTRANCE TO THE CHAPEL, CHARTERHOUSE.

(Roger Williams's Monument to left of door.)

reached finality. In the days in which Roger Williams, whose memorial we are in search of, frequented these parts the most northerly of the City gates spanned the street. A new one surmounted by a figure of James I. had just (1618) been erected, and was doubtless an object of interest to the young Carthusian. Assuredly, too, if Williams had, as I believe, a taste for literature he would linger in Little Britain, which we too must pass through, for in his day it was the emporium where all the trade in books took place. Here it was that Milton's *Paradise Lost* (Milton himself lived in Aldersgate Street that we have just traversed) was discovered by the Earl of Dorset, and here that the bookseller begged him to speak in its favour if he liked it, "for the stock lay on his hands like waste paper." The Earl thereupon showed it to Dryden, who returned it, saying, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too."

It is a change to turn out of the hurry and scurry of these thoroughfares into the quiet of Charterhouse Square; and the change is still more marked when one is within its portals, and traverses the court to the chapel cloisters, where the name of Roger Williams is at last recognised amongst celebrated alumni of the school. "At last," I say, for his name does not figure in any old list, even the full ones, which appear in the histories either of the Charterhouse or of London, and its recognition is due to an American citizen, who obtained permission of the authorities to erect a tablet to his memory, which has been given an honoured place between the chapel

door and the memorials to Thackeray and Leech. The inscription upon it runs thus :—

IN MEMORY OF

ROGER WILLIAMS,

FORMERLY A SCHOLAR OF CHARTERHOUSE 1624, FOUNDER OF THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, AND THE PIONEER OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN AMERICA.

PLACED HERE BY OSCAR S. STRAUS,
UNITED STATES MINISTER TO TURKEY 1899.

That "Masterpiece of Protestant Charity," the hospital, had been founded only a few years prior to Williams's schooldays for the maintenance of aged men past work, and for the education of children of poor parents, and the buildings that now look so hoary with age must have been in course of erection when he came here as a youth ; but the chapel was completed and contained the tomb of the founder, as also was the old dining-hall, so dear to admirers of Thackeray.[1]

If Pilgrims wish to preserve the pleasant impressions which they will doubtless have received from the scenes just visited, they will do well not to follow the advice of any one they may consult hereabouts as to the best way westwards, for should they do so they will find themselves passing through what is probably the most nauseating sight in London, namely, the purlieus of the Smithfield meat-market, where gory carcases intrude on every hand, and even push the wayfarer into the blood-laden runnels which fringe the pavement. Let him rather,

[1] For further particulars as to Roger Williams see Chapter XI.

whilst in the neighbourhood, turn north-eastward and visit the Church of St. Giles's, in the tiny thoroughfare where yet another entrance to the City stood—Cripplegate,—so named from the miracles to the lame that ensued when the body of Edmund the Martyr was carried through it. St. Giles's should be seen by Americans if only because there rest the remains of Sir Martin Frobisher, the gallant explorer.

Frobisher came from Altofts in Normanton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and his name will for ever be associated with an intrepidity which must excite our admiration. Not once, but twice, he reached the coast of Greenland, and afterwards discovered the bay called after him, in a fleet consisting of two barques of twenty-five tons and a pinnace of ten tons. His discoveries would doubtless have extended farther south, but unfortunately those who financed him were too much possessed with a hunger for gold, stores of which they believed they had discovered in the northernmost regions of the world. His body was brought here upon his death before Brest in 1594-95, and the monument of which we give an illustration was erected to his memory three hundred years later.

Another and still more notable name found his last resting-place in St. Giles's, namely—

JOHN MILTON,

AUTHOR OF "PARADISE LOST."

BORN DEC. 1608. DIED NOV. 1674.

Here for the present we must leave the London memorials. Those which follow after are of a much later date, when the

aspect of the metropolis had altogether changed. At the time when those to which we have drawn attention were erected,



SIR MARTIN FROBISHER'S MONUMENT, ST. GILES'S, CRIPPLEGATE.

the City was small and self-contained, with its walls and gates practically enclosing it, and with country all round. Holborn,

only a stone's throw away from St. Sepulchre's, was called "near London." The Strand, the main thoroughfare between London and Westminster, was throughout most of its length taken up with the houses of the nobility. Penn, it is true, fifty years later, lived in the City, but the Great Fire caused a considerable increase in the westward movement. After the Vane and Penn memorials, which will be noted in the chapters devoted to them, the next, in order of time, that I have to chronicle are those which concern Benjamin Franklin, and these, and others to be mentioned, are, almost without exception, outside the City.



CHAPTER IV

THE PURITAN COLLEGE

Emmanuel College, Cambridge

"*May she never want milk for her babes, or babes for her milk.*"

Thomas Fuller.

THE Universities have always exercised a magnetic influence upon Transatlantic Pilgrims ; for, although Americans possess almost everything that they can desire in their own country, they lack one thing, namely, "the monumental pomp of ages," in their buildings and institutions. This they find to their hearts' content in our old seats of learning, and though they may not be able "to claim relationship by inheritance to all that is to be found there of a material kind," they certainly are "heirs to all the sentiment that attaches to it," and by many of them this is enjoyed even more thoroughly than by ourselves.

This sentimental relationship to our Universities as a whole, is claimed by them to a much more particular degree in the case

of certain foundations within the Universities. Especially is this so with Emmanuel College, Cambridge, which has been aptly called the "Mother of American Universities."

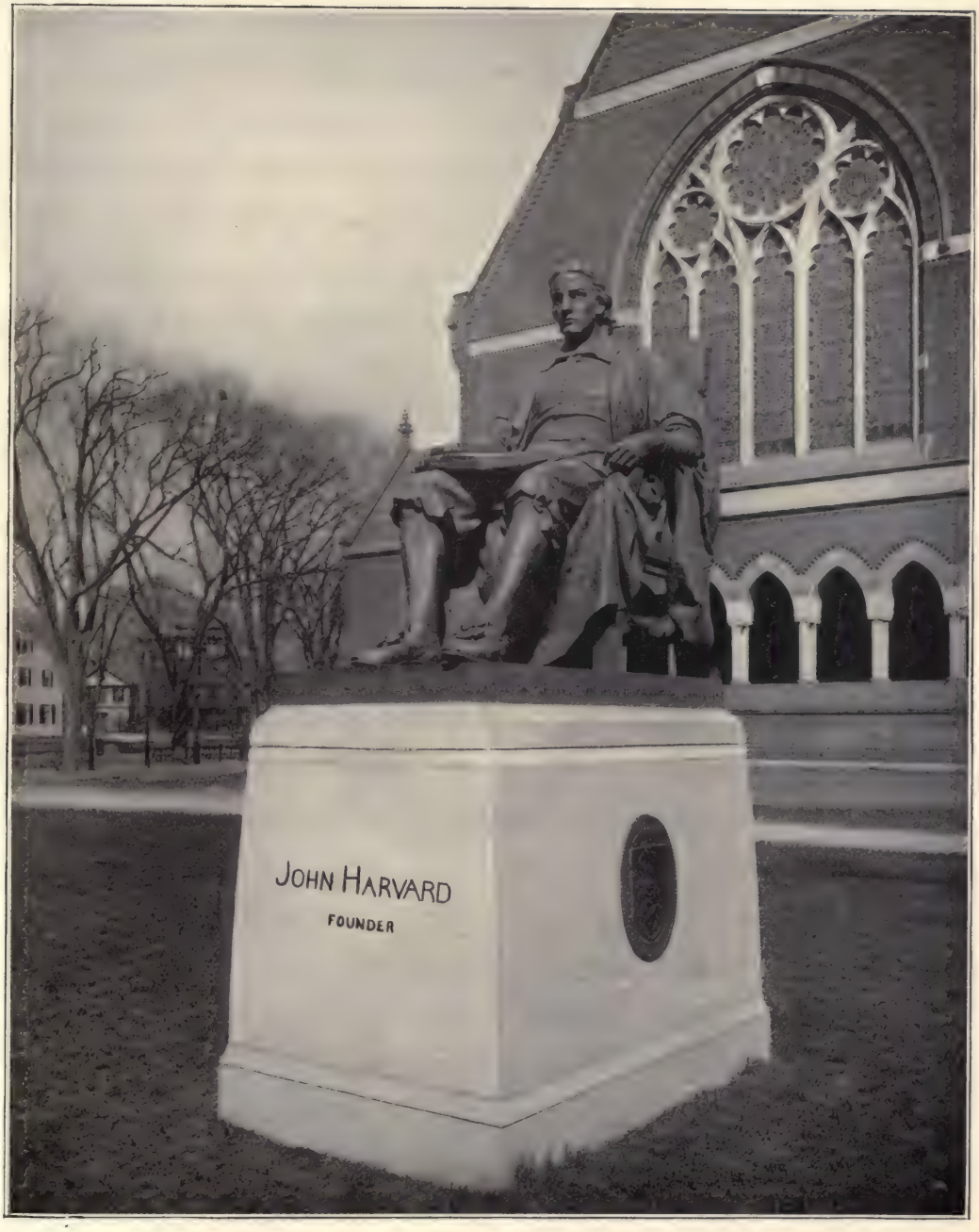
Emmanuel came into being at a time and under circumstances that were propitious to its becoming a training ground for those who afterwards became Pilgrims for conscience' sake. Its founder's expressed object was the nurture of the largest number possible of persons in such a way that they might be fitted for the ministry. Its first master had deliberately cut adrift from the old faith and been disinherited from his parental inheritance in the following words :—

"If you will renounce the new sect you may expect all the happiness which the care of your indulgent father can secure you ; otherwise I enclose you a shilling to buy a wallet with—Go and beg for your living—Farewell !"

It was his election that prompted Queen Elizabeth to say to the founder, "I hear you have erected a Puritan foundation." To which Sir Walter Mildmay replied, "No, Madam, far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws, but I have set an acorn, which when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof."

Emmanuel started, not to compel all its members to uniformity of view and opinion, but to activity of conscience and thought, and this it was that actuated so many of its sons to sacrifice all their home advantages, and seek for freedom of conscience in the wilds beyond the western seas.

So potently did this spirit infect and spread over the



STATUE OF JOHN HARVARD, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

University that Fuller in 1643—sixty years after its foundation—wrote of Emmanuel: "Sure I am, at this day it hath overshadowed all the University, more than a moiety of the present masters having been bred therein."

In 1884 Emmanuel celebrated the tercentenary of its foundation, and amongst those who assembled within its walls, no one was received with greater acclaim than the delegate from Harvard University, Professor Eliot Norton. An address he then delivered so eloquently sets out the relationship existing between the two Houses of Emmanuel and Harvard that I cannot do better than transcribe from it the following paragraphs:—

"I have been sent across the ocean to offer you, Sir, as the head of Emmanuel College, the filial and reverent salutations, on this auspicious day, of a great University,—of a University proud that its founder was trained in your halls, and grateful that from the teachings which he received here he derived, we believe, that inspiration which led him to bequeath his money and his books to establish the first College for men of English blood planted outside of the narrow limits of England herself. It was an act of astonishing faith; it was an act of deep piety toward his own Alma Mater.

"His legacy was a small one, as things are reckoned in our days,—less than eight hundred pounds in money, some two or three hundred volumes,[1]—a mere grain of mustard seed, another

[1] All but one of these books perished in a fire, the sole survivor owing its life to its having been out on loan at the time. It is a copy of *Christian Warfare against the Devil, World and Flesh*, printed in 1637, and is greatly treasured.

acorn like that planted by your own founder, but one which has grown to be a goodly tree, spreading its branches over a continent, whilst its tap-root, reaching under the sea, still draws nourishment from this rich historic soil.

"We see him now as one of the great hearts of his generation whom England begot, Cambridge bred, and Emmanuel in especial nurtured: men who went forth from here full of the faith which gives steadiness to high resolve, rich in the culture which invigorates as well as refines, and strong in a courage which no perils could daunt because its source was in the Rock of Ages,—men who went forth to cross the vast and solitary sea, and in the wilderness on its farther shore to lay the little stones which were to prove the more than Cyclopean foundations of an unparalleled commonwealth, not unworthy to be called by the great name of New England.

"Few words are needed to tell how large is the debt of America to Cambridge—to Emmanuel,—though it transcend all reckoning. The landing of the little shipload of exiles at Plymouth, in 1620, marks a new era in history. But it was the emigration of the Massachusetts Company, ten years later, that mainly determined the features of the civilisation which was to become characteristic of the new world. The leader of this later band of emigrants, John Winthrop, one of the most revered figures in the annals of the English race, was for two years, from 1602 to 1604, in residence here at Trinity. Between 1630 and 1649, years in which the infant colony of Massachusetts Bay was shaping its institutions under Winthrop's guidance, the

number of University men who emigrated to New England was not far from one hundred; of these about seventy were from Cambridge, and of these seventy more than twenty went from Emmanuel. The names of many of these Emmanuel men are worthy to rank in the same list with John Harvard. John Cotton, the teacher of the first church in Boston, the patriarch of New England; the godly Thomas Sheperd of Cambridge; Thomas Hooker, 'the Light of the Western Churches,' are among them, three of the chief pillars of the Commonwealth. Nor were the scholars who went from the other colleges of Cambridge of a different order. Magdalene gave us the excellent and long-suffering Henry Demster, the first President of Harvard College; Jesus sent out the saintly John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians; from Peterhouse came John Norton, the learned expounder of the doctrine and discipline of the New England Churches; from Trinity came the beloved Charles Chauncey, the second President of Harvard; and from Pembroke came Roger Williams, the irrepressible maintainer of a toleration which his fellows were not ready to endure. The list of worthies lengthens. I cannot enumerate them all. Their names are writ large on the memory of the sons of New England.

"Emmanuel sent her sons to America with hardship, poverty, solitude, and toil; our sons go out to prosperity, luxury, and the crowd. May we furnish them with arms as good for their need as those which she gave into the hands of their forefathers! They could ask no better."

A list of New England Fathers has been compiled by Professor

THE PURITAN COLLEGE.

EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Here JOHN HARVARD and many of those whose story is told in these pages were educated.



Dexter of Yale College,[1] and Emmanuel furnishes by far the largest contingent of Pilgrims, namely twenty-one (the nearest to this being Trinity with nine).

The names of those from Emmanuel with the date of their entry, so far as known, are :—W. Blaxton, 1614 ; Zacheriah Symmes, 1617 ; John Cotton (Fellow), 16— ; Daniel Maude, 1603 ; Samuel Whiting, 1618 ; Wm. Leverich, 1622 ; Nathaniel Ward, 1596 ; Thos. Hooker (Fellow), 16— ; Simon Bradstreet, 1617 ; Thos. James, 1611 ; Wm. Walton, 1617 ; Nathaniel Rogers, 1614 ; Thos. Sheperd, 1619 ; John Ward, 1596 ; John Harvard, 1628 ; Samuel Stone, 1620 ; T. Waterhouse, 1622 ; Edmund Brown,[2] J. Oxenbridge, 1626 ; Gyles Firmin, 1629 ; R. Saltonstall,[2] John Sherman, 1638.

The view of the College which Miss Chettle has selected for her water-colour shows us the library and reading-room facing us, a building which, except for the addition of the dormer windows in the roof, is almost certainly in the same condition as it was at the time when these "great hearts" were in residence, and when it was used as the chapel. In Dollingham's life of Chaderton, the first Master, the following anecdote is related of these buildings, which were the remains of a Dominican monastery.

During a visit of James I. to the College in 1615, some one remarked to the King that the chapel did not stand east and west ; Chaderton observed that he had been informed that the same

[1] *Influence of the English Universities in the Development of New England*,—Massachusetts Hist. Soc. 1880.

[2] These names do not appear in the College Register.

might be said of the Royal Chapel at Whitehall. The King replied that the Almighty would always hear the prayers of the upright and devout, irrespective of points of the compass! "And so, my learned friend," he added, "I beg that you will include me in your prayers."

The Hall, of which the bay window is seen to the right of the drawing, is also probably as it was in the early seventeenth century. It is said that the founder intentionally made manifest his contempt for ancient tradition by turning the conventual church into a hall and the refectory into a chapel.

Many changes have of course taken place in the College buildings since the Pilgrim Fathers imbibed therein their nursing mother's milk. The more modern erections contain some part of the old walls, and the old church walls certainly existed in the days of the Dominicans, as did the fish pond—beside which stands the old Master's lodge, in whose delightful ground-floor rooms the writer, as an undergraduate at another College, spent two happy terms many years ago.

There is no doubt that John Harvard, with whom this College is so inseparably connected in the eyes of Americans, trod the flags and saw that part of the College which Miss Chettle has represented, much as it is in her picture. It is also probable that he may have drunk from the Founder's cup, which is a fine specimen of Elizabethan silversmith's work.

Emmanuel, however, possesses little to identify him with her, only an entry in a book of "Recepta ab ingredientibus" for the year 1627, in which John Harvard, Middlesex, is credited with the

payment of ten shillings on December 19, and his signature on taking the M.A. degree in the University. In the College Register, which was compiled in the eighteenth century, he appears as entering as Pensioner, April 17, 1628. The years of his degrees are A.B. 1631, A.M. 1635.

He has been fitly honoured in the decoration of the College chapel by his effigy being placed in the third window beside that of Lawrence Chaderton, Emmanuel's first Master. It holds a scroll with the inscription, "Populus qui creabitur laudabit Dominum" (Ps. cii. 18), and the words, "Born in Middlesex about 1612; died at Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1638."

Under the window is a brass bearing the following inscription :—

CHRISTO ET VERITAS ECCLESIA.

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN HARVARD, A.M.,

A MEMBER OF EMMANUEL COLLEGE,

WHO EMIGRATED TO MASSACHUSETTS BAY,

AND THERE DYING IN 1638,

BEQUEATHED, TO A COLLEGE NEWLY ESTABLISHED BY THE GENERAL COURT,

HIS LIBRARY AND ONE HALF OF HIS ESTATE,

WHEREFORE HIS NAME WAS BORNE BY HARVARD COLLEGE,

THAT ELDEST OF THE SEMINARIES WHICH ADVANCE LEARNING

AND PERPETUATE IT TO POSTERITY THROUGHOUT AMERICA.

THIS TABLET, ERECTED BY HARVARD MEN,

RECORDS THEIR GRATITUDE TO THEIR FOUNDER

IN THE COLLEGE WHICH FOSTERED HIS BENEFICENT SPIRIT.



CHAPTER V

THE LORD'S FREE PEOPLE IN THE MIDLANDS

"THE Pilgrim Fathers"—everybody has heard of the Pilgrim Fathers, but few amongst English-born folk know anything concerning them. A vague idea that they left this country for conscience' sake embodies practically all that, on this side of the water, it is deemed necessary to know of a movement that had such an enormous effect upon the fortunes of what must, in the fulness of time, be the greatest nation on earth.

The story has been narrated in book form more than once, but not, it would seem, too often, for it is not possible at the present time to procure at first hand any volume dealing with the subject, although the most authoritative work was published not more than a dozen years ago.[1]

To tell of the places from which the Pilgrim Fathers went

[1] The writer has relied for most of the historical facts in this chapter upon Arber's *Story of the Pilgrim Fathers*, that author having reset all the old material, added much new, and sifted everything, so that, as he says, it all "stands on the solid rock of truth."

into exile, without telling of the causes that drove them thence, would be to deprive the story of all the interest that environs it.

It is not a lengthy tale, at least it need not be—outlines almost are sufficient. The gaps can be filled in from other sources by those desirous of so doing; but it necessitates (as a preliminary) a survey of both European and English society at the period when these things came to pass.

Civil and ecclesiastical government at the close of the sixteenth century was throughout the world in a condition unlike anything that had preceded or that followed it.

We have already noted how in civil matters Spain's ambition extended to supremacy throughout its length and breadth, and that she so nearly accomplished this that she only needed the harbours of England and the Low Countries to become mistress of every land and sea. England she had, in fact, held under Philip, Mary's husband, and her untiring efforts were afterwards directed to recovering it from Elizabeth.

So also in ecclesiastical matters, England, after the Reformation, was the only Protestant country of the first rank, the Church of Rome striving its utmost towards her undoing, and in England itself three-fourths of the five millions of inhabitants were of the Roman persuasion.

The fettering of the people both as regards their civil and religious rights was the aim and object of State and Church everywhere. The divine right of kings and the absolute passive obedience of the subject were paramount doctrines, and were continuously forced upon Englishmen, especially under the Stuarts.

The law maintained a fitful struggle against the prerogative that Church and State were outside its cognisance.

No assistance was possible from the press, for a citizen might not possess even the means of printing the smallest tract, printing being prohibited except in the capitals of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and then only under licence from the spiritual powers and the Warden of the Stationers' Company.

Fortunately continuous peril from without kept Elizabeth and her Protestant counsellors from pushing matters within to extremes, and until the defeat of the Armada brought relief against the unceasing ambition of Spain, and the execution of Mary Queen of Scots stayed the schemes of the Catholics, she could give but little thought to the political and ecclesiastical conditions of her people. Her own views were at the bottom Nationalist, and, as the result shows, religious matters were by no means so harshly administered under her rule as under her more narrow-minded successors.

But, as Froude says, "she would permit no authority in England that did not centre in herself. The Church must be a Department of the State. There must be no Conventicles and Chapels to be nurseries of sedition."[1] She would allow no schisms, such as were then going on in France, to tear her country asunder. Therefore, when she saw the Anglican Church distracted with divisions, she passed, first the Act of Uniformity, and later what Arber describes as "the Murderous Act," to retain the Queen's subjects in obedience, by which, if any

[1] *Hist. England*, vol. x. pp. 317, 323-4, ed. 1860.

persons refused to repair to Divine service under the Established Church, or went about persuading her subjects to withstand her authority in causes ecclesiastical, or were present at unlawful assemblies, then followed imprisonment until they should conform, or abjuration of the realm, and if returning, death without benefit of clergy—a sentence which on occasions was enforced.

We must here recall to mind that under the persecutions of Mary many Protestants had left the country, and taken refuge in Germany and Switzerland, where they established congregations having various forms of ritual, some ornate, the majority severely austere. Upon the death of that Queen these exiles, full of zeal, came back to England, determined to stamp out Popery, and to establish their particular tenets. Those from Germany were fortunate in securing the ear of the new Queen, probably because they preached the maintenance of royal supremacy and uniformity of belief and practice. The other sects endeavoured to be independent of any ecclesiastical supremacy, having read into the Scriptures other forms of leadership. The two sects came to be termed Episcopalians or Prelatists, and Reformers or Puritans.

Out of this condition of affairs arose the Pilgrim Movement in England. It has been termed a "sorry affair" by Carlyle, and undoubtedly both its parents and its offspring were "Intolerance" and "Obstinacy." "Intolerance" was not the motto of the Crown's action, but of a section of society that should have been the last to practise it, namely, the Church of Christ, which in its Bishops' Courts acted with ferocious cruelty.

"Obstinacy" was the offspring of a sect of Christ's Church which imported into the Word of God a narrow-mindedness entirely foreign to the teachings of its Founder. Neither had the foresight to perceive that each was playing the game of a larger body which at that time was seeking to undermine religion everywhere.

Cambridge, and in particular the newly founded College of Emmanuel, claims, as we have seen, to have been the birthplace of the movement that brought about the Pilgrim secession, all the four leaders, Clyfton, Robinson, Brewster, and Smyth, having been educated there, and on leaving the University carrying down to their country cures the Reformist doctrines they had learnt there. This quartet, by a singular chance, came together at a small district in the Midlands, Clyfton to Babworth in Nottinghamshire; Brewster to Scrooby in the same county, and Smyth and Robinson to Gainsborough in Lincolnshire.

The movement is stated by Arber to have taken consistency in the Rectory at Babworth, where it was Nottinghamshire men who founded the Pilgrim Church. He has further well pictured the Midland soil out of which it sprang, and its ill condition for the production of a promising crop.

Education there was none, so far as the peasantry was concerned. Shakespeare, himself a Midlander, was the son of parents who could neither read nor write; and Bottom the weaver, Flute the bellows mender, Quince the carpenter, Snout the tinker, Snug the joiner, and Starveling the tailor, all characters in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, probably represent a superior class of

BABWORTH.

At this village, near Retford, Notts, the Rev. Richard Clyfton laid the foundations of the Pilgrim movement by his preaching.


E.M.Lavrie
1906

country yokel, for they could combine to act a play. The grandparents of such-like folk had almost certainly professed in turn the Roman and the Protestant faith, only because each was the religion taught in the Parish Church.

How then came it about that the leaders of the movement were able to indoctrinate such as these in the intellectual and subtle differences which distinguished their tenets sufficiently to cause them to break away from the Church and State ?

Certainly not through any outside influence, for communication with the outside world was practically non-existent, although the Great North Road ran hard by. That was only a horse track, not fenced in, and requiring a guide to trace its devious way, and it probably only made the settlers near it feel their isolation the more when they saw, on rare occasions, great retinues pass them by. But for all that the Great North Road had, as we shall see, an important influence upon the fortunes of the Pilgrim movement.

The locality where the movement originated had been altogether lost sight of until well on in the last century. Governor Bradford in his Journal, although he came from close at hand, had given it no more recognition than that it was near " the joining borders of Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire," and that the place of meeting was at " a manor of the Bishop's." Scrooby, hard by Babworth in Nottinghamshire, alone answering to this description, there is now no doubt whatever as to its being the place.

But Babworth must first claim attention, as it was there, as we have said, that the Pilgrim movement had its inception.

This village lies a mile west of East Retford and midway between two streams, the Idle and the Ryton, the latter coming from the Dukeries through Worksop and falling into the Idle just below Bawtry—the whole forming part of the valley of the Trent. The Rectory and Church of Babworth both stand close to the Hall and within a fair, well-watered park. Both are distinguishable in Miss Chettle's drawing. Outside the grounds lies the sparsely scattered village, which contains not a thousand persons upon six thousand acres; the houses for the most part consist of groups of farms, farm buildings, and cottages.

To the living of Babworth Richard Clyfton was inducted on the 11th July 1586, at the age of thirty-three; he was from Normanton in Derbyshire. That he was bounteously supplied with gifts of oratory and zealous fervour appears to be certain, for he attracted a congregation from distant parts to hear his forward preaching, and his denunciations of the cruel state of things. His magnetic influence is proved by his having, as we know, attracted a lad to walk ten miles every Sunday to sit under him.[1] A contemporary speaks of him as "a grave and reverend preacher, who by his pains and diligence hath done much good; and under God hath been the means of the conversion of many."

There is no record when Clyfton gave up his living on account of his religious scruples, but it must have been some time before

[1] This long Sunday walk has been claimed by others to have been made by Brewster and Bradford to Gainsborough to hear Robinson preach, in which case it would have to be stretched out to four-and-twenty miles.



SCROOBY CHURCH.

From a Water-Colour by Miss Chettle.

1605, as there was then a rector (Turvin by name), and between him and Clyfton had come the Rev. Richard Chester.

And now as to Scrooby. Leland in 1538 rode from Gainsborough to Scrooby, and records in his Itinerary that—

"In the mean townlet of Scrooby, I marked two things: the Parish Church not big but very well builded. A great Manor Place standing within a moat and belonging to the Archbishop of York and builded into courts."

But he fails to give any record of the great Cardinal Wolsey, who eight years previously had come hither, and perhaps tarried there upon his disgrace at Court.[1]

In Elizabeth's time Scrooby and its Palace must have been of considerable importance, for we find the Archbishop in 1582 petitioning Her Majesty against the leasing away from him of this manor which contains a fair house to which he resorts when on his way to town, and which had been considered the best of all the hieratic hunting-seats.

It was a layman who furthered the cause at Scrooby, and furthered it to such good effect that it ultimately became the headquarters of the movement.

Scrooby is, as we have said, on the Great North Road to Scotland, and at the time of which we write was one of the

[1] *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, by G. Cavendish, vol. i. pp. 260 etc., ed. 1825.

GRIF. For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.
KATH. Alas, poor man!
GRIF. At last with easy roads he came to Leicester.

SCROOBY, NOTTS.

From the "Gibbet Hill" on the side of the Great North Road from London to York. It was here that WILLIAM BREWSTER organised the Pilgrim Church.



posts at which horses could alone be taken, Tuxford to the south (137½ miles from London) and Doncaster on the north (162 miles distant) being on either side of Scrooby, from which they were practically equidistant.

The office of postmaster was a lucrative one, and much sought after; for he alone could supply horses, and could charge for them either one penny and one halfpenny, or twopence per mile, according to circumstances. Every postmaster had at the date of which we are speaking to keep in his stable, or in readiness, throughout the year, three good and sufficient post-horses, with saddles and furniture, fit and belonging, three good and strong leather bags, well lined with baize or cotton, to carry the packet of mails in, and three horns to blow so oft as company is met, or on passing through a town, or at least thrice every mile. Carriages had not then come into use.

To the office of postmaster at Scrooby William Brewster was appointed in or about 1589, and the thoroughness with which accounts were kept even in those days, and the extraordinary manner in which they have been preserved, is evidenced by the fact that in the Record Office are now to be seen several documents, amongst them two long despatches to and from the Secretary of State, dated 1590, as to the appointment of "young Brewster" upon "old Brewster's death," concerning which there had been some question, the place having been promised by the Master of the Posts to the nominee of the Master's, "a kinsman near, a cousin german full to me, a lawyer of Gray's Inn, one I love and owe a better turn to." It says much for the honesty

of the times that the Secretary held that Brewster ought not to be displaced, amongst other reasons "for the harms of the examples."

Amongst other documents are the accounts in the Pipe Office of the post of Scrooby during several years, naming the wages of William Brewster as "20d. per diem" up to 1602, and 2s. 5d. per diem to September 1607.

Brewster, according to the Rolls of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, matriculated there in 1580. Particulars concerning him are to be found in the Bradford MSS., where the Governor says "that he attained to some knowledge of the Latin tongue, and some insight in the Greek, and becoming seasoned with the seeds of grace and virtue he went to Court and served that religious and godly gentleman Master Davison, when he was Secretary of State, who found him so discreet that he attended his master when he was sent in ambassage by the Queen into the Low Countries, and there he was given charge of the Keys of Flushing, and slept with them under his pillow. He remained with Davison until he was put from his place about the time of the death of the Queen of Scots, and for some good time after." It so happened that Davison had the gift of the post-mastership, hence perhaps Brewster's being continued in it.

As to his life at Scrooby, Bradford narrates "that he was in good esteem amongst the gentlemen of those parts, especially the godly and religious, and he did much good in furthering religion, not only by his practice and example, and in provoking and encouraging others, but by procuring good preachers to

THE MANOR-HOUSE, SCROOBY, NOTTS,
AND RYTON WATER.

Here WILLIAM BREWSTER lived from 1588 to 1608.



the places thereabouts; and drawing on of others to assist and help forward the work, he himself being most commonly deepest in the charge, and sometimes above his ability. And in this state he continued many years doing the best he could; and walking according to the light he saw, until the Lord revealed further to him. And in the end, by the tyranny of the Bishops against godly preachers and people, in silencing the one and persecuting the other, he and many more of those times began to look further into things; and to see into the unlawfulness of their callings, and the burden of many anti-Christian corruptions, which both he, and they, endeavoured to cast off as they did. And as the Lord's free people, joined themselves, by a Covenant of the Lord, into a Church Estate, in the fellowship of the Gospel, to walk in all His ways made known, or to be made known unto them, according to their best endeavours; whatsoever it should cost them, the Lord assisting them. And that it cost them something, this ensuing history will declare."

"After they were joined together into Communion he was a special stay and help unto them. They ordinarily met at his house on the Lord's Day, which was a manor of the Bishop's, and with great love he entertained them when they came, making provision for them, to his great charge; and continued to do so, whilst they could stay in England."

This establishment of a Reformed Church took place in the year 1602, according to Nathaniel Morton, who wrote the "New England Memorial" in 1669. He called it "the entering into

a Covenant to walk with God, and one with another, in the enjoyment of the ordinances of God according to the primitive pattern of the Word of God." Arber, however, puts the establishment four years later.

What is probable is that Clyfton at Babworth, and Brewster at Scrooby, had been working together for some years; that they were aided by the arrival from Norwich in 1604 of the Rev. John Robinson, perhaps a contemporary of one or the other at Cambridge; and that by 1608 the movement had become sufficiently coherent for Clyfton to throw up his charge at Babworth, and to settle at Scrooby and become the pastor of the Reformed Church, with Robinson as his assistant.

Quoting from Bradford again, we find that they were not long allowed to continue in a peaceable condition; but were "hunted and persecuted on every side; so as their former afflictions were but as flea-bitings in comparison of those that now came upon them."

"For some were taken and clapt up in prison. Others had their houses beset and watched, night and day; and hardly escaped their hands: and almost were fain to fly and leave their houses and habitations, and the means of their livelihood—yet these, and many other sharper things which afterwards befell them, were no other than they looked for; and therefore they were the better prepared to bear them by the assistance of God's Grace and Spirit."

"Yet, seeing themselves thus molested, and that there was no chance of their continuance there; by joint consent they resolved

THE MANOR-HOUSE, SCROOBY.

The residence of WILLIAM BREWSTER, afterwards RULING ELDER of the PILGRIM FATHERS.



to go over to the Low Countries, where they heard there was freedom of religion for all men. So after they had continued together about a year; and kept their meetings every Sabbath in one place or another, exercising the worship of God amongst themselves, notwithstanding all the diligence and malice of their adversaries; they, seeing they could no longer continue in that condition, resolved to get over into Holland as they could, which was in the years 1607 and 1608."

All that now remains of the "great Manor Place" are indications of fish-ponds and moat. A manor-house farm alone retains the name, but it still belongs to the Archbishop of York. Bartlett when he visited it in 1862 found fragments of richly carved woodwork propping up the roof of a cowhouse, and it is believed that it was here that the little congregation hereafter mentioned met for worship, practically under the Archbishop's roof. On the west side of the house is affixed a brass plate, which records that

> This tablet was erected by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Massachusetts, United States of America, to mark the site of the ancient Manor House where lived William Brewster from 1588 to 1608, and where he organised the Pilgrim Church, of which he became a ruling Elder, and with which in 1608 he removed to Amsterdam, in 1609 to Leyden, and in 1620 to Plymouth, where he died, April 16th, 1644.

So lately as 1860 a mulberry-tree, recorded to have been planted by Cardinal Wolsey, showed "an old and tottering stem,"[1] but this has disappeared.

[1] *History of the Antiquities of the Parish of Blyth*, p. 130.

Another member of the Scrooby body I must now speak of. I mentioned when writing of Clyfton that his preaching attracted a lad who was wont to walk ten miles to obtain the privilege of sitting under him. Austerfield, where this boy was born, lies three miles from Scrooby, the town of Bawtry on the Great Northern line of railway being midway between them. The villages are joined by the sinuous river Idle, whose sluggishness perhaps gave rise to its name, but whose propinquity had much to do with the future trend of events. Austerfield consists of nothing more than a village street of unpretentious cottages with a tiny church of ancient date, having a good porch of Norman work. From the archives kept in an old muniment chest in the building the following particulars have been gleaned as to the family of this youth, who was William Bradford, first Governor of Plymouth, New England, and the first historian of the colony.

In 1575 a William Bradford was, with one other, the only person in Austerfield who was sufficiently well-to-do to be assessed to the Crown subsidy. This was the grandfather of the Governor. His son William married in 1584, and to him were born three children, of whom William was the youngest. The register contains an entry of his birth thus: "William, son of William Bradfurth, baptized the xixth day of March anno dom. 1589." His father died two years later in 1591, and the infant was left in the guardianship of two uncles, of whom one had as son a clergyman, possessed of that rare commodity a library of English and Latin works—a treasure-house which, it is supposed, the boy had access to; for otherwise, according to his testimony,

COTTAGE AT AUSTERFIELD, NOTTS.

Once a manor-house; the birthplace of WILLIAM BRADFORD, first Governor of Plymouth, N.E., and writer of the famous Bradford Manuscript.



he could have learnt but little, for he himself says that his townsfolk were as unacquainted with the Bible "as the Jews seem to have been with some part of it, in the days of Jonah." The reading of the Scriptures, combined with the "illuminating ministry" of Richard Clyfton and the company and fellowship of certain professors, influenced him to such an extent while still a boy, that, in spite of the wrath of his uncles and the scoffing of his fellows, he took up "a very deliberate and understanding resolution."[1] That he was of an unusually clever disposition is proved by his knowledge of languages, which in later life included "Dutch, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; history, philosophy, antiquity (*sic*), and theology," in which latter he was "an irrefragable disputant of errors," especially of anabaptism. With this was combined a lovable, humble disposition, that endeared him to all who came in contact with him. Such was the youth whose ardent religious fervour must have added much to the store of zeal which animated the infant church of Scrooby.

Bradford's house at Austerfield is still in existence, and is a typical yeoman's dwelling. It is termed the Manor House. The church services are said to have been held in the cellar, a small damp room, twelve feet square, and only lit by one window some fifteen inches wide.

The fourth of the company of Cambridge men to whom the formation of the Separatist Covenant was due was the Rev. John Smyth, whose biography has been told in *The True Story of John Smyth, the Se-Baptist*, by Dr. H. Martyn Dexter (Boston, Mass.,

[1] See Cotton Mather's *Life of Governor William Bradford.*

1881). From this and other evidence it appears that he was educated at Christ College, Cambridge, where he was presumably the one of that name (spelt Smith) who took his B.A. in 1593 and M.A. in 1597. It is believed that he was ordained by Chaderton, the Puritan Bishop of Lincoln, and appointed to a cure in that city, as in a volume of sermons preached by him there, and dated 1603, of which a unique copy is to be seen in the Library of Emmanuel College, he is called "Preacher of the City." From Lincoln he went to Gainsborough as a Conformist, but after several months' hesitation he seceded, and became pastor of the Separatist Church. This was in 1606, and it is believed that he and his flock passed over to Holland in 1607. He was undoubtedly at Amsterdam in 1608.

Bradford considers that Smyth's church was separate from that at Scrooby, for he says, "These people became two distinct bodies, or churches; and in regard of the distance of place, did congregate severally. In one of these churches was Master John Smith, a man of noble gifts and a good preacher; who afterwards was chosen their pastor. But these afterwards falling into some errors in the Low Countries: there, for the most part, buried themselves and their names." Smyth's company probably filtered over to Holland with that of Scrooby; but it held itself aloof in other respects, not joining the exiled ancient church at Amsterdam, but throwing off the Calvinistic doctrines, and embracing Arminianism. He baptized himself in 1608, and became the first Se-Baptist, and was in consequence cast out with thirty-one others. These with Smyth confessed their error, viz. that they undertook to baptize

themselves contrary to the order laid down by Christ, but re-admission was denied them. Smyth, who had always been of a delicate constitution, died of consumption in 1612, and was buried in the Niewe Kerk in Amsterdam.

But it is not Smyth, but John Robinson, that the Gainsborough folk and the Americans have associated with that town. The labours of poor Smyth, perhaps on account of his "casting out," have been altogether forgotten, and it is John Robinson (whom we, a few pages back, mentioned as having come to Scrooby as an assistant to Clyfton) who has received so many posthumous honours. Robinson was a Lincolnshire man, if the evidence of his entry at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is to be taken as proof. It reads, "John Robinson F. Linch. Admitted 1592. Fell: 1598." It is conjectured that he was the son of John Robinson, D.D., Archdeacon of Lincoln and Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral, and that he was born in 1575 in the Precentory there. His first charge was at Mundham in Norfolk, where being suspended for his opposition to ceremonies, he proceeded to Norwich. There, in spite of much persecution, he ministered as a member of the established church to a congregation which suffered with him, "certain citizens being excommunicated for resorting unto and praying with him who was utterly reverenced of all the city for the Grace of God in him." After some years he was reluctantly forced to quit the Church, give up his Cambridge Fellowship, and leave Norfolk for Scrooby.

The Gainsborough people assert that Robinson went first of all to their town, that he went there because it was his birthplace, and

that it was only because his following became so large and attracted so much attention that he passed to Scrooby. Whether or not this was the case, he has been, as I have said, honoured both in England and in America beyond his fellows, and Gainsborough has been the place at which expression has been given to what has taken



THE ROBINSON MEMORIAL CHURCH, GAINSBOROUGH.

the form of a John Robinson Memorial Church, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Hon. T. F. Bayard, Ambassador in England of the United States, 29th June 1896, a date selected because it was said to represent the three-hundredth year after the foundation of the church there. This date does not tally with the supposition that Robinson resigned his Fellowship on leaving the Church, for he was only elected a Fellow in

1598, or with the inscription on the building, which runs as follows :—

> This tablet, unveiled June 11th, 1902,
> In the 300th year after the formation
> Of the Church in Gainsborough, with which
> The name of John Robinson is associated,
> Stands as a record of the co-operation of
> American with English Congregationalists
> In erecting a building to commemorate him
> The thought of whom stirs equal reverence
> In English and American hearts.

The old town of Gainsborough, independently of its association with the Secessionists, is worthy of a visit, for its connections with the remote past have been many and varied. It was the first position of importance that over-sea foragers up the Humber seized upon, as it not only stands well up the river Trent, but is at its junction with another river (the Idle) that gives access to the interior of the country. Hence we find it the headquarters in the eighth century of a Saxon tribe, whence it derived its name. Here Ethelred the Great had his castle, and Alfred the Great, who married his daughter, spent much of his younger days. Here Sweyn, King of Denmark, landed in 1013, and made a great encampment, traces of which are still to be seen. It is even alleged that Canute's rebuke to his courtiers occurred here, for the river is tidal thus far, and has an "eagre" or bore which rushes up at high tide, and which would be a much more important object in nature to repress than one out of a mass of incoming waves.

All down the middle ages events of importance occurred at Gainsborough, and it must throughout that time have always

possessed a castle or principal mansion. One such still exists and has a quite respectable antiquity.

George Eliot thus describes it in her *Mill on the Floss*, the scene of which is laid at Gainsborough, which she calls St. Oggs.[1]

"It was the Normans who began to build that fine old hall, which is like the town, telling of the thoughts and hands of widely sundered generations; but it is all so old that we look with loving pardon at its inconsistencies, and are well content that they who built the stone oriel, and they who built the Gothic façade and towers of finest small brickwork with the trefoil ornament, did not sacrilegiously pull down the ancient half-timbered body with its oak-roofed banqueting hall."

The Norman part referred to by the novelist was probably erected in the reign of Stephen, the oriel by Richard de Gaynesburgh, a distinguished mason who was employed in beautifying the cathedral at Lincoln at the end of the fourteenth century, and who is buried in that building. Part of it was built about the time that the events narrated in this volume took place, by a member of the Hickman family, in whose possession it still remains, its present owner being Sir Hickman Bacon, premier Baronet of England.

It has always been a tradition that the Separatists were allowed to meet in this hall by consent of the then owner, Sir William Hickman, whose family were Puritans. Against this, however, must be set the fact that Sir William was knighted by

[1] The old mill below the town is the original of Dorlcote Mill.

THE OLD HALL, GAINSBOROUGH,
LINCOLNSHIRE.

Here the PILGRIM FATHERS are said to have been allowed to meet for worship.



James I. in 1603, and it would be highly improbable that he would imperil his status at Court by giving shelter to abjurants of royal authority. In 1896 times had changed, and by permission of his descendant, Sir Hickman Bacon, the banquet on the opening of the Memorial Church was held in the very room in which the worshippers of three centuries ago had met in secret.

Another disused chapel in the town is also pointed out as the place where Robinson carried on his services.



CHAPTER VI

THE PASSING OF THE PILGRIMS

"Let it not be grievous unto you that you have been instrumental to break the ice for others—the honour shall be yours to the world's end."—Extract from Letter to suffering Emigrants.

A CONGREGATION from London had preceded the Scrooby and Gainsborough Churches in a flight from their fatherland, so theirs can hardly be deemed an original conception. They would also have in remembrance the example of those who had left the country under the persecution of Mary, and who had been able, by the fortunate trend of circumstances, to return. But crossing the seas must have appeared a far more perilous task to these peasants, brought up to a bucolic country life and the innocent trade of husbandry, than to citizens of the Metropolis, for London was in Elizabeth's reign in almost daily communication with the Low Countries, all her trade at that time going thither and coming thence, and the passage merely meant the descent of a tidal river, and with

a fair wind a few hours' sail over a sea in which land was not, during the voyage, out of sight for any length of time. The Scrooby yeomen may have seen boats coming from a seaport such as Hull or Grimsby, for the Idle was navigable until recent times for barges, and some, no doubt, had even journeyed to Gainsborough and sighted the river Trent with ships from over sea lying at its quays, of which George Eliot wrote: "The broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the sea, and the loving tide, rushing to meet it, checks its passage with an impetuous embrace."

But even the stoutest hearts of these inlanders must have quailed before the terrors of the seas, of which they believed, in common with the cartographers of the time (as their maps certify [1]), the Psalmist's assertion that they were tenanted by creeping things innumerable, both small and great beasts, including the Leviathan.

To the Manuscript of the "History of the Plimoth Plantation," formerly at Fulham Palace,[2] we owe the only particulars that exist of the hardships endured by the little bands of husbandmen and swains when trials and persecution forced them to endeavour

[1] Every sea in Speed's contemporary Atlas is full of "barking Scyllas, ravening Carlenos, and Loestrygonians, devourers of people, and other great and incredible monsters," and in the Lincolnshire chart one lies in wait outside the Humber.

[2] The MS. has had a curious history. It contained a printed note as follows:—"This Book belongs to the NEW ENGLAND Library. Begun to be collected by THOMAS PRINCE upon his entering Harvard College, July 6, 1703." It disappeared from that library, and it is presumed that it was carried away during the War of Independence. It was altogether lost sight of for a century and a half, and was then only discovered through an English bishop making certain quotations from it which were recognised in America. This led to its discovery in the library at Fulham. An appeal was made for its restoration, and this was granted by a Decree of the Consistory Court of London at the instance of Bishop Creighton in 1897, the precious MS. being handed over to Mr. Bayard the American Ambassador.

to gain a country where liberty to worship God in their own way was not punishable by death. It was written by William Bradford, whose connection with the Church we have already noted. He was one of the company which eventually crossed the sea to Holland, and his narrative has a simplicity, pitifulness, and directness of language that must appeal to the most unimaginative reader. We therefore make no excuse for oftentimes following it very closely.

Governor Bradford commences his account of the flight by saying that "it was thought marvellous for these folk to leave their native soil and country, their land and livings, and all their friends and familiar acquaintance, and to go to a country they knew but by hearsay; where they must learn a new language, and get their livings they knew not how; it being a dear place and subject to the miseries of war: hence it was by many thought an adventure almost desperate, a case intolerable, and a misery worse than death."

But what could they do? They were not permitted to stay; they were not permitted to go, for no one could quit the realm but by the King's licence. "The ports and havens were shut against them, and so they were fain to seek secret means of conveyance, and to bribe and fee mariners, and give extraordinary rates for their passages; and yet in this they were oftentimes betrayed, many of them; and both they and their goods were surprised, and thereby put to great trouble."

And he then proceeds to give two instances which evidently refer to the Scrooby and the Gainsborough congregations.

The first, which may have been mainly, but not entirely,[1] one of the Gainsborough folk, for they would be more likely to be in touch with Boston than those farther away, took place in the autumn of 1607.

The following is Bradford's account of it :—"There was a large company of them proposed to get passage at Boston in Lincolnshire, and made agreement with the master to be ready at a certain day, and take them and their goods in at a convenient place : where they accordingly would all attend in readiness. So, after long waiting and large expenses, though he kept not day with them, yet he came at length, and took them in, in the night. But when he had them and their goods aboard, he betrayed them, having beforehand complotted with the searchers and other officers so to do. Who took them, and put them into open boats ; and there rifled and ransacked them : searching them to their shirts for money ; yea, even the women further than became modesty. And then carried them back into the town and made them a spectacle and wonder to the multitude ; which came flocking on all sides to behold them. Being thus first by these catchpole officers rifled and stripped of their money, books, and much other goods ; they were presented to the magistrates : and messengers sent to inform the Lords of the Council of them ; and so they were committed to ward. Indeed, the magistrates used them courteously, and showed them what favour they could ; but could not deliver them till order came from the Council table. But the issue was that,

[1] I say "not entirely" of the Gainsborough folk, for Postmaster Brewster from Scrooby was certainly amongst them

after a month's imprisonment, the greatest part were dismissed; and sent to the places from whence they came: but seven of the principal were still kept in prison, and bound over to the Assizes."

Reading between the lines it would appear that this company managed to get overland to the neighbourhood of Boston, for it is clear that the shipmaster came some distance to "a convenient place" to fetch them, but not so far but that they were betrayed at once and were carried back by boat to the town. Probably they reached the Witham below Boston, where there was a long stretch of almost uninhabited fenland between the town and the Wash.

Although Boston at this time had lost so much of its trade that the Corporation had in this very year petitioned that their borough might be put amongst the decayed towns, it still had a considerable importance as a seaport. Three centuries earlier (in 1204) it had been the second port in the realm, being assessed at £780 as against London's £836. And a century and a half later it provided for the naval invasion of Brittany 17 ships and 361 men, a greater number than was supplied by any of the eastern ports save London. Such advantages did it possess for trade both inward and outward that the Hanseatic League established a guild and brought over their merchants to reside there. It was these prosperous merchants who built the beautiful church whose tower was not only the highest, but its area the largest, in the land.

The pilgrims' way from Gainsborough or Scrooby hither would be marked along its course by many noble landmarks of



Hackford, Photo.

PULPIT, ST. BOTOLPH'S, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Used by the Rev. John Cotton.

the religion they were so reluctantly forced to give up. Two routes were open to them, but both would take them within sight of the glorious fane of Lincoln, and, whether they went by way of Sleaford or followed the course of the sluggish Witham, church towers would hardly ever be out of sight until Boston's came into view.[1] At whatever time of day or night they first saw the "Stump," its appearance must have magnetised them, for its fair stem stands so isolated in the fenland that it catches the earliest rays of the rising, and the latest of the setting sun, whilst at night its lantern was in those days brilliantly lit as a beacon for both sea and landsmen.

> St. Botolph's Town: Far over leagues of land
> And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,
> And far around the chiming bells are heard:
> So may that sacred name for ever stand
> A landmark and a symbol of the power
> That lies concentred in a single word.
>
> LONGFELLOW.

Boston is perhaps the most interesting place in England for New Englanders, for it was not only connected with this early departure, but with the later Pilgrim movement, and it received only its deserts in having the cultured capital of Massachusetts named after it. It, however, resembles its daughter in few respects; and so is akin to York, of which the New York driver in *Martin Chuzzlewit* said, "It brought old York home to him quite wiwid, on account of its being so exactly unlike in every respect."

St. Botolph's Church is intimately connected with an English-

[1] In the latter event they would pass within sight of Tattershall Castle, of which we shall hear later (page 182).

ST. BOTOLPH'S, BOSTON.

Like some majestic sentinel it stands,
 Mighty in height, this battlement of God,
 Upon the spot where saints of old have trod,
Who fled for conscience' sake to other lands.



man whose name is a household word in America, namely, John Cotton, Vicar of Boston, who, convicted of Nonconformity, especially in administering the Sacrament to seated communicants, resigned his cure in 1633, and with Richard Bellingham, Recorder of the Borough, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts,



Hackford, Photo.

THE COTTON CHAPEL, ST. BOTOLPH'S, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

and Thomas Leverett, Alderman, who also became Governor, sailed for America in the *Griffin*.[1]

The Jacobean pulpit in the church erected in 1620 must often have been occupied by Cotton, but the principal memorial to him is in the one remaining chapel of several that used to be

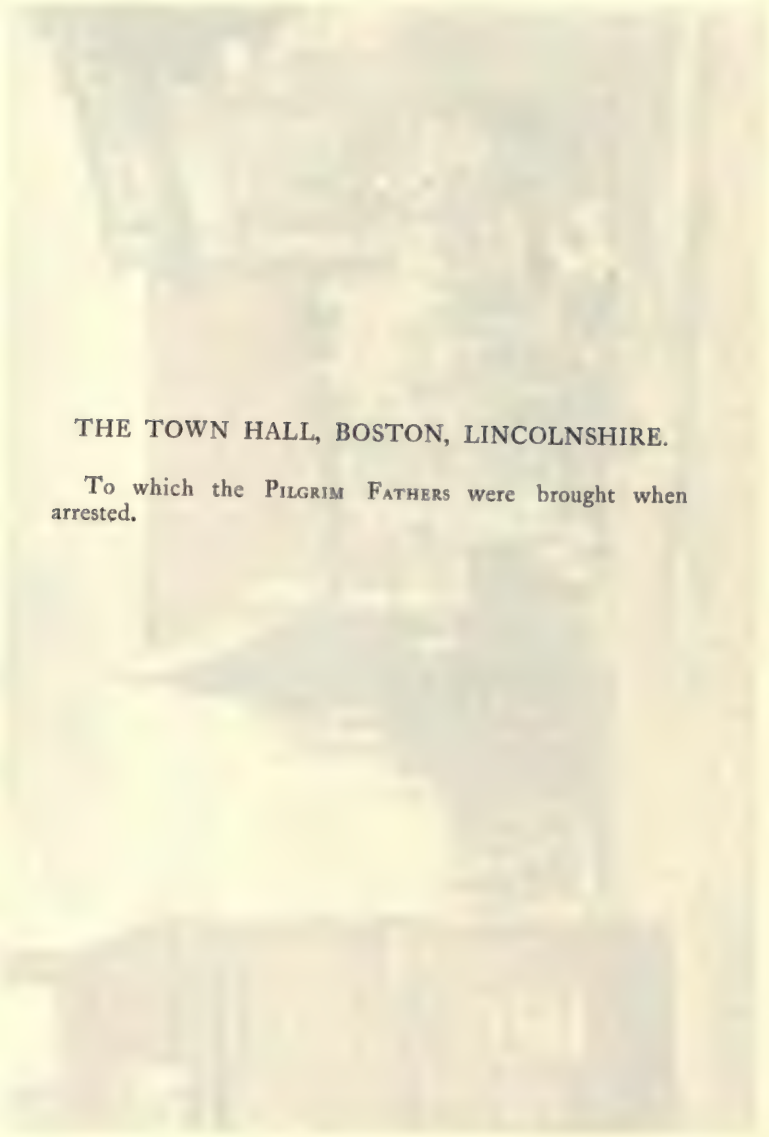
[1] They landed at a place which had been called Shawmeet, and which was altered to Trimountain, but the leading position taken up by Boston men under Isaac Johnson (see page 182) caused it to be christened Boston ; this was three years before Cotton's arrival.

attached to the church. This is to the west of the porch, and was rescued in 1855 from being used as a stable for the fire engine, by a small body of Americans, who restored it, and placed within it a decorated arched tablet. The inscription upon this, which is surmounted by a shield on which is displayed a city with the sun rising behind it, and ships in harbour, was composed by an American citizen, Mr. Everett, and runs thus :—

In perpetuam Johannis Cottoni memoriam
Hujus Ecclesiæ multos per annos
Regnantibus Jacobo et Carolo Vicarii
Gravis diserti docti laboriosi
Dein propter res sacras in patria misere turbatas
Novis sedibus in novo orbe quæsitis
Ecclesiæ primariæ Bostoniæ Nov : Anglorum
Nomen hoc venerabile
A Bostonia hac prisca Britanica
In Cottoni honorem deducentis
Usque ad finem vitæ summa laude
Summaque in rebus tam humanis quam divinis auctoritate
Pastoris et doctoris
Annis CCXXV post migrationem ejus peractis
Prognati ejus civesque Bostonienses Americani
A fratribus Anglicis ad hoc pium munus provocati
Ne viri eximii nomen
Utriusque orbis desiderii et decoris
Diutius a templo nobili exularet
In quo per tot annos oracula divina
Diligenter docte santeque enuntiavisset
Hoc sacellum restaurandum et hanc tabulam ponendam
Anno Salutis recuperatæ CIↃIↃCCCLV
Libenter grate curaverunt.

But we have digressed long enough, and must retrace our steps and resume the account of the fortunes of the first unfortunates.

As Bradford has told us, on their arrival at Boston they were



THE TOWN HALL, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

To which the PILGRIM FATHERS were brought when arrested.



one and all clapt into ward. This would undoubtedly be in the cells under the Town Hall, the building in which they would also be brought up for examination. As will be seen from Miss Chettle's water-colour, this building has, independently of the associations connected with it, considerable architectural interest. Its interior is equally interesting: a room which is lit by the large decorated window on the street front is a fine one; and there are others, one containing a good portrait of a municipal dignitary; also an old staircase and kitchen on a level with the cells, quaint and curious, with great old iron jacks at the large hearth. But no attempt has apparently been made to rescue it from decay and ultimate destruction, and it is let by the governors of the Boston Grammar School, to whom it belongs, for £30 a year to a dealer in second-hand furniture, the whole place being in consequence squalid and dirty. The cells, which are evidently in the same structural condition as they were when the unfortunate Puritans were clapt into them, are in a ruinous state.

Seven of the principals were here kept in ward beyond the month, and these included Brewster, who suffered not only the loss of much goods, but also of his store of books. What happened when they came up for trial has not been recorded, but as Brewster is heard of two years later in Holland their sentences may not have been severe.

Bradford's youth—he was then only eighteen—stood him in good stead, he being suffered to depart home, and it would probably be under his leadership that the despairing Pilgrims made their way back by that which they came, knowing that

their return to their homes would be the signal for renewed contumely and persecution, not only by the Church, but even their own relatives and belongings.

But this rebuff does not appear to have damped either their fervour or their determination. Probably, had their reception been otherwise this section of the Pilgrims might never have hazarded another venture across seas; but evidently there was no alternative but to make further attempt.

If the first disastrous enterprise took place, as is believed, in October 1607, little time can have been lost in renewed endeavours. The journey to Boston, the month's imprisonment, and the return cannot have been compassed before the end of the year, but Bradford tells us that "the next Spring after, there was a fresh attempt made by some of these, and others, to get over at another place." Eloquent testimony, either to the zeal of these unfortunates, or the sufferings they underwent.

The second attempt was probably in part that of the Scrooby congregation, for Bradford was of the company, in part of the Gainsborough body. They had heard of a Dutchman, having a vessel of his own, belonging to Zealand, lying at Hull. With him they made agreement, acquainting him with their condition, and hoping to find more faithfulness in him than in the former captain of their own nation.

"He bade them not fear, for he would do well enough. He was, by appointment, to take them in between Grimsby and Hull (in the mouth of the Humber), where was a large common, a good way distant from any town. Now, against the prefixed

CELLS UNDER THE TOWN HALL, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

In which the PILGRIM FATHERS were imprisoned after their arrest in their first attempt to leave England for Holland.



time, the women and children, with the goods, were sent to a place in a small Bark, which they had hired for that end, and the men were to meet them by land. But it so fell out, that they were there a day before the ship came ; and the sea being rough, and the women very sick, they prevailed with the seamen to put into a creek hard by, where they lay on ground at low water. The next morning the ship came, but they (in the Bark) were fast, and could not stir till about noon. In the meantime, the ship Master, perceiving how the matter was, sent his boat, to be getting the men aboard, whom he saw ready, walking about the shore. But, after the first boatful was got aboard, and she was ready to go for more, the Master espied a great company, both horse and foot, with bills, and guns, and other weapons : for the country was raised to take them. The Dutchman seeing that, swore his country's oath, *Sacremente !* and, having the wind fair, weighed his anchor, hoisted sails, and away ! But the poor men, which were got aboard, were in great distress for their wives and children, which they saw thus to be taken, and were left destitute of their helps : and themselves also, not having a cloth to shift them with more than they had on their backs ; and some, scarce a penny about them ; all they had being aboard the Bark. It drew tears from their eyes ; and anything they had they would have given to have been ashore again : but all in vain. There was no remedy. They must thus sadly part. And, afterwards, endured a frightful storm at sea, being fourteen days or more before they arrived at their port ; in seven whereof, they neither saw sun, moon, nor stars, and were driven near the coast of

Norway. The mariners themselves often despairing of life : and once, with shrieks and cries, gave over all, as if the ship had been foundered in the sea, and they sinking without recovery. But when man's hope and help wholly failed, the Lord's power and mercy appeared in their recovery, for the ship rose again, and gave the mariners courage again to manage her. And in the end the Lord brought them to their desired haven : where the people came flocking, admiring their deliverance ; the storm having been so long and sore.

" But to return to the others, where we left. The rest of the men that were in greatest danger, made shift to escape away before the troops could surprise them : those only staying that best might be assistant unto the women. But pitiful it was to see the heavy case of the poor women in this distress. What weeping and crying on every side ! Some for their husbands that were carried away in the ship, as is before related. Others not knowing what should become of them and their little ones. Others again melted in tears, seeing their poor little ones hanging about them ; crying for fear, and quaking with cold. Being thus apprehended, they were hurried from one place to another, and from one Justice to another, till, in the end, they knew not what to do with them. For to imprison so many women and innocent children, for no other cause, many of them, but that they must go with their husbands, seemed to be unreasonable : and all would cry out of them. And to send them home again was as difficult ; for they alleged, as the truth was, they had no homes to go to : for they had either sold, or otherwise disposed of, their houses and

livings. To be short, after they had been thus turmoiled a good while, and conveyed from one constable to another, they were glad to be rid of them in the end upon any terms; for all were wearied and tired with them. Though in the meantime, they, poor souls, endured misery enough: and thus, in the end, necessity forced a way for them.

"By these so public troubles, in so many eminent places, their cause became famous; and occasioned many to look into the same: and their godly character and Christian behaviour was such, as left a deep impression in the minds of many. And though some few shrank at these first conflicts and sharp beginnings, as it was no marvel, yet many more came on with fresh courage, and greatly animated others. And, in the end, notwithstanding all these storms of opposition, they all got over at length: some at one time, and some at another; and some in one place, and some in another: and met together again, according to their desires, with no small rejoicing."

The twelve years' exile in Holland can only be briefly spoken of here.

How little was known in England even of a country so nigh at hand as Holland is shown by Marvell's description written nearly half a century later—

> Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
> As but the offscouring of the British sand,
> And so much as was contributed
> By English pilots, when they heaved the lead.

Landing at Amsterdam, the Pilgrims, who had passed monotonous lives in out-of-the-way villages, must have been

overpowered by the vast size of the city, which was then at the zenith of its prosperity and the *entrepôt* for the commerce of the whole of the known world.

And they came into all this prosperity "with the grim and grisled face of poverty coming on them like an armed man, whom they must encounter, and from whom they could not fly." Impecunious to start with, their scanty means had been consumed by the cost of the voyage. Bred to husbandry, they were entirely unfitted for employment in commercial business.

Nor were they more at their ease as regards their religion. True it is that entire freedom of conscience and worship was theirs in a city which was a "mint of schism," "where not one so strange opinion but finds credit and exchange"; but this very licence was a snare to them, and before they had been a year in the place they were in hot dispute and rent asunder with internal discords. Each of the leaders seems to have taken a different line; Smyth, one of the first to come over, objecting, as we have seen, to infant baptism, seceded. Clyfton, who followed, and is described as a grave and fatherly old man having a great white beard, saw with different eyes, and joined the original Independent Church; and Robinson, when he came, last of all, was so afraid lest he should be dragged into the disputes, that, accompanied by Brewster, he proceeded with his flock to Leyden, where after six years we find him admitted to the University, where he lived, died, and was buried, the latter events happening in 1625, five years after the departure of the expedition to New England. He is said to have been "taken away as fruit falleth before it is ripe, when

neither length of days nor infirmity of body did seem to call for his end." He was buried in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter.

It will doubtless occur to most of my readers to ask why the exiles, after becoming acclimatised to one country, should desire after several years to move on into the unknown where hardships even greater than those they were enduring awaited them. The reasons were these. First, the hardness of the place they were in was such that few would come out to them, and fewer would bide it out and continue with them. Next, many who had been able to bear the burdens whilst young would when overtaken by old age either scatter by the pressure of necessity or sink under new burdens, or both.

Again, in spite of the way in which their rulers had treated them, they were still Britons, and they would seem to have been consumed with a longing to live once more under their own flag, lest their descendants might be absorbed in a nation of foreigners. And with this fear of absorption was mingled a still greater one, namely, lest their children should grow up and be imbued with the laxity of morals and religion that they saw on every side of them in a country where the practice of religion and the observance of the Sabbath were far less regarded than in the country that they had fled from. To all these their leaders added a great hope and inward zeal that they had of laying some good foundation for propagating the Gospel in the remote parts of the world towards which they looked.

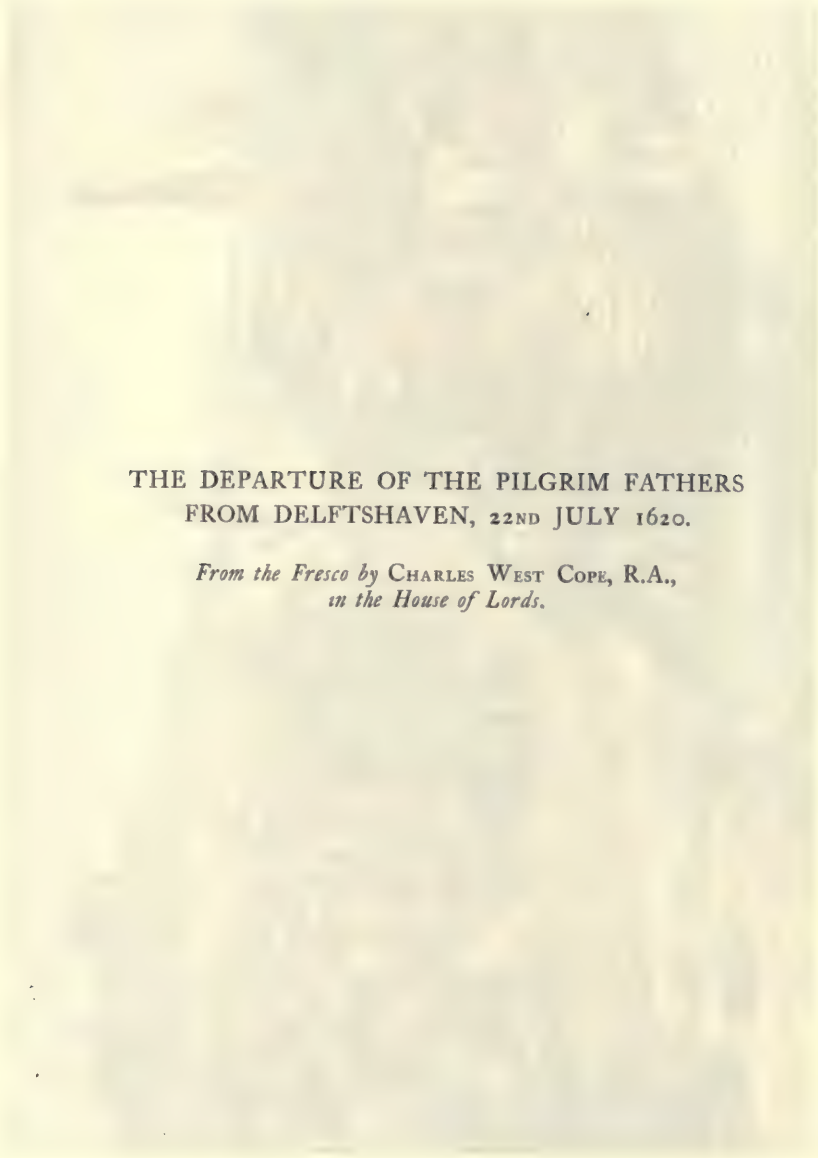
Thus it came to pass that, in spite of the many deterrents,

the perils of the voyage, the delicate condition of many, the terrifying anticipation of a land infested with savages, futile attempts to secure a patent from the London South Virginia Company, which failed owing to Lord Bacon's hostility, and the King's refusal to grant them toleration, they entered into an onerous partnership with certain men of means, who provided two ships to carry them to the new colony on the Hudson, hoping that they might develop the fisheries.[1]

The two vessels were the *Speedwell*, of 60 tons, and the *Mayflower*, of 180 tons, and the former having reached Delftshaven, they left the goodly and pleasant city which had been their resting-place for nigh on twelve years and embarked ship on the 22nd day of July, O.S. 1620.

The fresco by Cope in the House of Lords, of which we give a reproduction, is not painted with much accuracy of details, perhaps for the reason that these had not come to hand at the time. Winslow's account says: "But the tide which stays for no man, calling them away that were thus loth to depart, their Reverend Pastor (Robinson), falling down on his knees, and all they with them, commended them with most fervent tears to the Lord and his blessing; and then, with mutual embraces and many tears, they took their leave of one another—which proved to be their last leave to many of them." The embarkation was effected in a canal leading into the Maas, some miles from its mouth.

[1] James, when approached, asked what profits might arise out of the scheme. To which it was answered, "Fishing!" Whereupon he replied, "So God have my soul, 'tis an honest trade, 'twas the Apostles' own calling."



THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS
FROM DELFTSHAVEN, 22ND JULY 1620.

From the Fresco by CHARLES WEST COPE, R.A.,
in the House of Lords.



They floated down the creeping Maas,
Along the isle of Ysselmund—
They passed the frowning towers of Briel,
The Hook of Holland's shelf of sand,
And grated soon with lifting keel
The sullen shores of Fatherland.

O. W. Holmes.

Robinson, as we have said, remained behind with the major part, which consisted of those who were either too old, too impoverished, or unwilling to attempt the voyage; but Brewster, Bradford, Winslow, Standish, and Carver were of the company.

The *Mayflower* had sailed with some of the emigrants from London, as the *Speedwell's* company could not go there for fear of arrest. They were to join forces at Southampton, and this with a prosperous wind was soon gained, the *Mayflower* being found there awaiting them. Troubles and disputes began at once, for the expedition was short of many things, and although they sold £60 worth of provisions to purchase necessaries, they went away without oil, soles to mend men's shoes, and a sufficiency of swords, muskets, or armour. Nor had they proceeded far before the master of the *Speedwell* declared his ship to be so leaky that he durst not proceed farther, and so they had to put into Dartmouth, where at great charge and loss of time, for the season was already getting late, she was searched, mended, and declared seaworthy. But the end of the troubles was not even yet, for after they were above a hundred leagues beyond the Land's End, both ships holding company, the master of the small one complained that he must bear up or sink, as he could scarcely free her by pumping; so

back they had to come to Plymouth. There no special leak could be found, but she was deemed generally weak, and the only thing was to transfer as many as could or would be into the *Mayflower* and leave the *Speedwell* behind.

It was not until the 6th September, O.S., that the *Mayflower*, all troubles having apparently blown over, put to sea again before a prosperous wind with a company of 104 persons. The ancient Cawsey from which they went on board has disappeared, but the site has always been known, and in 1891 a tablet was placed in the sea-wall, as shown in Miss Chettle's illustration, with the following inscription :—

> *On the 6th of September, 1620, in the Mayoralty of Thomas Townes, after being "kindly entertained and courteously used by divers Friends there dwelling," the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth in the MAYFLOWER, in the Providence of God to settle in NEW PLYMOUTH, and to lay the Foundation of the NEW ENGLAND STATES. The ancient Cawsey whence they embarked was destroyed not many years afterwards, but the Site of their Embarkation is marked by the Stone bearing the name of the MAYFLOWER in the pavement of the adjacent Pier. This Tablet was erected in the Mayoralty of J. T. Bond 1891, to commemorate their Departure, and the visit to Plymouth in July of that Year of a number of their Descendants and Representatives.*

The voyage was a very stormy one ; "oftentimes the winds were so fierce, and the seas so high, that they could not bear a knot of sail, and were forced to hull for days together." Once at least there was a question whether the wiser course would not be to return ; but at last, after sixty-seven days, by God's good providence they got into Cape Cod harbour. This being without the

limits of the Virginia Colony, they deemed themselves at liberty to sign a new contract of government, which they did, electing John Carver governor. Coasting along, they finally, on 11th December, decided to settle at Plymouth, as they christened the harbour at the farther end of the great bay formed by Cape Cod.



THE "MAYFLOWER" STONE, PLYMOUTH.

From a Drawing by Miss Chettle.

Here we must leave them. They had had a sad home-leaving and home-coming, and their straits were not over. Of sixty-six men, twenty-six women, and twelve children, within a year, thirty-four men, fourteen women, and five children had succumbed—figures which show a devotion to duty of the frailer sex that entitles them to a place on the roll of glory equal to, if not exceeding, that of the stronger sex.



CHAPTER VII

THREE PILGRIM LEADERS

Miles Standish

"*Saturday the 17th day of February 1621 we called a meeting, and we chose Miles Standish our Captain: and gave him authority of command in affairs.*

"*As Pecksuot the Indian, being a man of greater stature than the Captain, told him, though he were a great Captain, yet he was but a little man. And said the Captain, 'Though I be no Sachem (Governor of a Tribe), yet I am a man of great strength and carriage.'*"—*Bradford's Journal.*

THERE is probably no name connected with the Pilgrim Fathers' movement that has more romance attached to it than that of Miles Standish. This is due to three circumstances—first, his birth and connection; secondly, that in a body composed entirely of men of peace he was a man of war from his youth up; thirdly, that an episode in his later life has been woven into a popular poem.

Longfellow in his "Courtship of Miles Standish" says of the Captain of Plymouth—

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the Grandson of Thurston de Standish ;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and has for his crest a cock argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.[1]
He was a man of honour, of noble and generous nature.

Here succinctly we have an account of the man and his family, from whom he undoubtedly inherited that love for arms, that intrepidity, promptitude, and decision, which made him such an invaluable asset to the infantine timorous colony.

For the Standishes had for a long series of years had a hand in their country's battles, one worthy, Sir Ralph, having been a commander under Henry V. and Henry VI. in the French wars and having fought at Agincourt.

As Longfellow said, Miles was "heir unto vast estates." Morton the Chronicler wrote, "He was heir apparent unto a great estate of lands and livings, surreptitiously retained from him, his great-grandfather being a second or younger brother from the house of Standish." It was no doubt the lack of these estates that made him take up the profession of arms, and volunteer to serve in the body of troops sent over by Elizabeth to assist the Dutch in their struggle against the Spaniards. It is surmised by some that he did not return with the expedition, but was in the Low Countries when the Pilgrim Fathers came out, and that he joined hands with them, not so much from motives of religion (although in sympathy with

[1] His motto was "Constant en Tout."

their principles) as from a love of adventure, when the question of their further migration to New England came upon the board.

Longfellow shows that this military spirit extended even to the Captain's small library, in which were—

> Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding ;
> Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar,
> And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.

Amongst the passengers in the *Mayflower* he was numbered in Bradford's History as the eighth family :—

"Captain Miles Standish. He married again, and hath four sons living, and some are dead, who died 3rd October 1655.[1] Mistress Rose Standish, his wife. She died in the first sickness at Plymouth on 29th January-8th February 1621."

It would be outside the scope of this work to follow Standish during his long and useful life in the new colony. Almost the first entry in Bradford's Journal shows that "some of our people desired" within a few days of their reaching the coast "for our better furtherance to travel by land into the country, which was not without appearance of danger. The willingness of these was liked ; but the thing itself, in regard of the danger, was rather permitted than approved. And so with cautious directions and instructions, sixteen men were sent out, with every man his musket, sword, and corselet, under the command of Captain Miles Standish."

This is only a sample of his conduct during the thirty-six

[1] The actual date of his death is said to have been 1656, and the place Duxbury, New England.

years of life that were granted to the Puritan Captain, whom Longfellow thus describes—

> Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
> Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron ;
> Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
> Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.

To seek for English memorials of the Plymouth Captain we have to journey into the grimiest part of Lancashire, namely, the coal district of Wigan. In that town we come across the first notice of the name in a street called "Standish Gate," so termed because it was the entrance to the borough from the village of Standish, which lies some few miles away. Travellers northward bound, as they rush over the ground between Wigan and Preston in a London and North-Western express, may catch sight of the station bearing the title "Standish," but the outlook is hardly inviting at the present time. Worked-out collieries with tottering chimneys, and windowless buildings, are interspersed with newer factories called into being by recent trade improvement. A railway-side inn with the name of "The Dog and Partridge" seems strangely incongruous, although it points to a countryside amenable at no recent date to the gunner, who would hardly expect to look for sport now on a landscape ornamented only with blackened and decaying trees.

The Standishes originally came from Standish, as the battlements of the church,[1] which have upon them the shield of the family (three standing dishes, argent, on a field azure—a

[1] The living, which is one of the best in Lancashire, has been in the Standish family for seven hundred years.

pun upon the name), show ; but it was not from the old Standish Hall here that Miles came, nor in this church that his ancestors rest.[1] If proof were needed it would be found in the fact that he named the estate that was granted to him in New England, Duxbury, the name of a house and a mill (which was in exist-



DUXBURY HALL.

From a Water-Colour by Miss Chettle.

ence nearly six hundred years ago, and of which traces still remain) some four miles distant, in the parish of Chorley.

Duxbury Hall is not the house in which the Captain passed his childhood, as that was demolished, perhaps because it had

[1] Although the Standishes of Standish and those of Duxbury bear the same arms, their crests are different—Standish of Standish being sable, three standishes argent ; Standish of Duxbury, azure, three standishes argent. Crests—Standish of Standish, an owl with a rat in its claws proper ; Standish of Duxbury, a cock argent.



INTERIOR OF CHORLEY CHURCH,
LANCASHIRE.

The oaken canopied pew is the seat of the DUXBURY STANDISHES. MILES STANDISH must have often sat in it when he was a boy. The Standish vault is under the floor of the chancel, and one or two of their helmets hang on the walls.



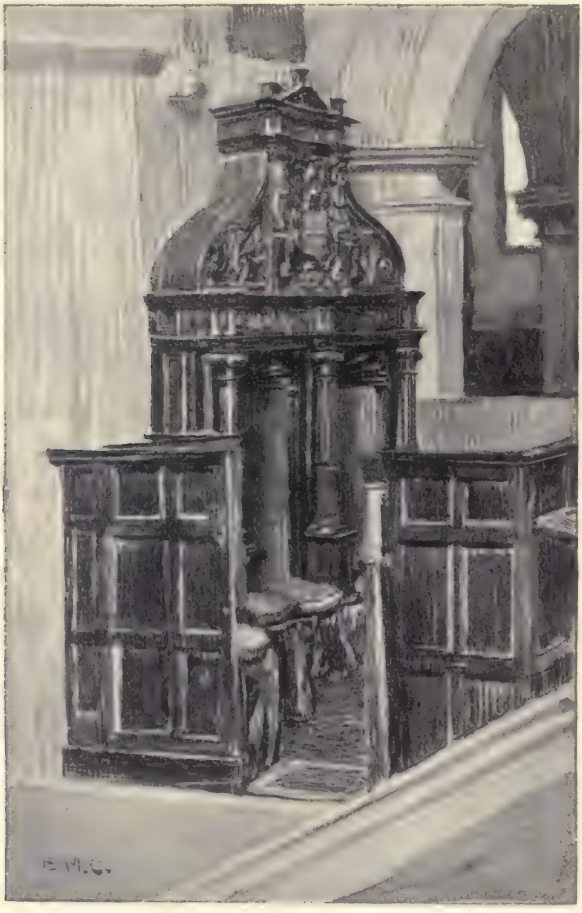
fallen into a ruinous condition at the same time as the fortunes of the family. The present mansion was built in 1623, three years after the departure of the *Mayflower* expedition. It is now owned by Mr. Walter Mayhew, whose ancestors were not only emigrants to New England in the reign of Charles I., but were the grantors of lands there to one of Captain Standish's sons.[1]

Chorley Church, although it curiously enough contains no monuments to the Standish family, was their burial-place for many generations, and has been connected with them from time immemorial. A certificate is existent, dated 2nd March 1442, to the effect that Sir James Standish of Dokesbury Hall "hath delivered a relyck of St. Lawrence's Head in the Church of Chorley, the which Sir Rowland Stanley, Knight, brother to the said Sir James, and dame Jane his wife, brought out of Normandy, to the intent that the oversaid Sir Rowland Stanley and his wife, the said Sir James and his wife, may in the said Church be prayed for."

The saint's head had probably even in the Captain's time either disappeared or gone into disrepute, although his father may not only have seen it, but heard the masses said for his ancestors; but some relics are still preserved in a small niche, on the south wall, protected by glass and bars. The church, as will be seen from Miss Chettle's drawing, has not a picturesque interior. Although the chancel was appropriated to the family, as was the

[1] In the Davy MSS. in the British Museum will be found a copy of a grant under seal, dated 1st July 1668, by Thomas Mayhew, Governor of the Island of Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, to Josiah Standish and others of part of that island. This Thomas Mayhew founded Edgarstown on the island, now a favourite summer resort, and it remained in his family until 1730.

usage, the Standish pew, which is the most remarkable feature of the building, is in the nave, and balances the pulpit. It is distinguished by oak panelling and a canopy carried up the wall



THE STANDISH PEW IN CHORLEY CHURCH.

decorated with quaint figures, escutcheons, and columns, between which are two seats for the knight and his dame. The Standish arms are to be found in the chancel window and on the exterior buttresses of the church. In the window they are combined with

those of the Widdringtons, a name which carries us back to Chevy Chase, where one of them

> When his legs were smitten off
> He fought upon his stumps.

To this church Miles Standish must certainly ofttimes have resorted. That he imbibed Puritanical doctrines under the preaching of the word here is more doubtful, for the better-to-do gentry hereabouts were for the most part still of the Roman faith, and the other branch of the Standishes were so until recent date ; in fact, it was at Standish Hall that the Lancashire plot for replacing the Stuarts was hatched.

Another spot that young Miles must have frequented is the ridge of Rivington Pike, undoubtedly then, as now, a much-visited place by Lancastrians. We do not know whether he was alive when the news of the arrival of the Spanish Armada off these shores was announced to the country-side by its beacon taking up the light from Cheshire and passing it on to Cumberland. To see this he must have been over seventy at the date of his death. But as an ardent, adventurous lad he must on occasions have ascended it, if only to gain a larger view of the world around him.

If as he approached manhood his mind became more attuned to Puritan doctrines, it is practically certain that he oftentimes went thither, for upon its side an old stone delf, having some rude resemblance to seats cut in the rock, has always been handed down by the Puritans of Chorley, Dean, and Bolton, as the sanctuary where their fathers were accustomed to meet every

Sabbath morning to hear the "Godly and comfortable letters which Marsh wrote from his prison, read aloud by some patriarchal Bradshaw, Assheton, Lever,[1] or other elder of his beloved flock."[2]

The summit of the Pike (1545 feet above sea-level) is crowned with a tower built at the time of the threatened Napoleonic invasion. The journey to the top is well worth making, if a clear day is selected, for the outlook will then extend beyond the vast network of towns, factories, and collieries, to the shores of the Irish Sea and the Bay of Morecambe.

Governor Winslow

Amongst the names of laymen that appear most prominently when action and leadership were needful to the Pilgrim Fathers, none have been held in greater repute than those of Edward Winslow and John Carver; but unfortunately no memorials exist of either, save a portrait and a baptismal entry, both of the first named. In the case of Edward Winslow there is but little hope of the stock of knowledge being added to, for the writer's wife being a direct descendant, and of the same name as the first Governor of New England, he is aware of the researches that have been made, not only by this branch of the family, but by the many descendants of the brothers who companied together in the venture of 1620, to trace if any exist.

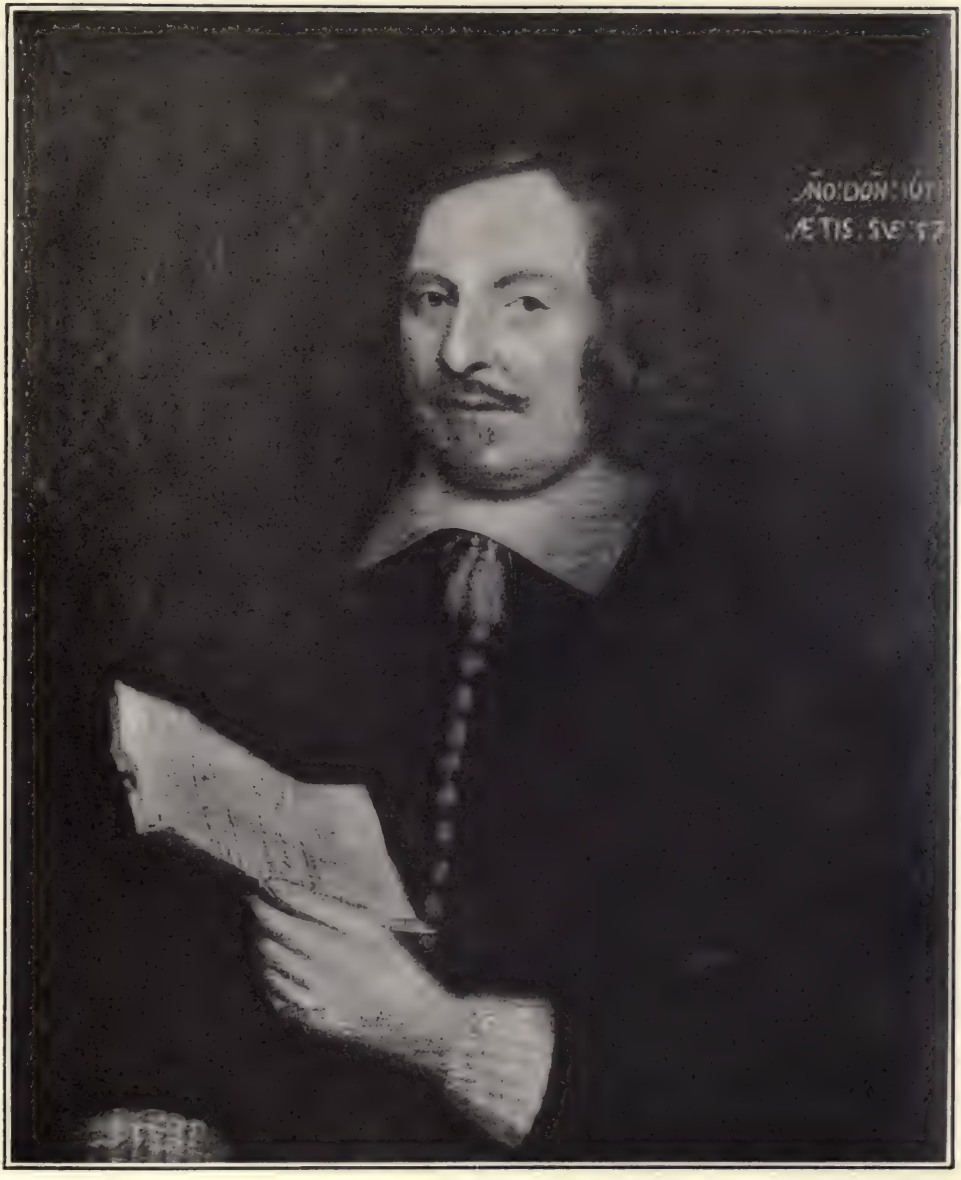
[1] Mr. Lever, M.P., has presented a large tract of land at the base of Rivington Pike for a "Lever Park."

[2] *The Puritanism of Lancashire*, by Robert Halley, D.D., vol. i. p. 77.

RIVINGTON PIKE, LANCASHIRE.

MILES STANDISH must have known it well in his boyhood, and often climbed to the top.





GOVERNOR WINSLOW.

From the Portrait in the Hall of the Massachusetts Society, Boston, U.S.A.

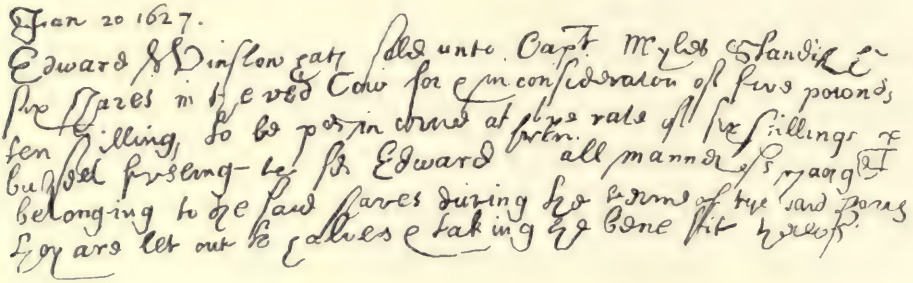
Edward Winslow was the eldest of eight sons of Edward Winslow, who lived at Droitwich in the county of Worcester. His baptismal certificate is to be found in the register of St. Peter's Church, and runs as follows: "Anno 1595, October 20. Edward Wynslow, sonne of Edward Wynslow, was Baptized—borne ye xviiith of October being Saturdaye."

He came into the refugee life somewhat late, for the Pilgrim Fathers had been in Holland some years when young Winslow appeared amongst them. He had presumably been engaged in the brine business, for which Droitwich has long been renowned, for it is stated that he left "his salt boiling" to travel on the Continent. Whilst so doing he was attracted to Leyden by its University, and to the English Church, of which he became a prominent member under the influence of John Robinson, and to a lady, by name Elizabeth Barker, to whom he was married by Robinson on the 16th March 1618. Two years afterwards he sailed with the rest of the "Fathers" in the *Speedwell*, and when that was stated to be unseaworthy was transferred to the *Mayflower*. He was accompanied by his wife and two servants, but the former shared the fate of so many of the wives of the leaders, for she died in March of the following year. He married again, shortly afterwards, and in 1623 returned to England, where he wrote and published *Good News from New England, a True Relation of Things very Remarkable at the Plantation of Plymouth in New England*, a book now so rare and so sought after that a copy was sold last year for £80. He was earnest in his advice to would-be settlers. He warned those "with a dainty tooth" from

adventuring to the colony, and the following extract from a letter written to a friend shows him to have had an eye to the material quite as much as to the spiritual welfare of the colonists :—

"Now, because I expect your coming unto us, with other of our friends whose company we much desire, I thought good to advertise you of a few things needful. Be careful to have a good bread-room to put your biscuits in. Let your cask for beer and water be iron bound, for the first tire, if not more. Let not your meat be dry-salted ; none can better do it than the sailors. Let your meat be so hard trod in your cask that you shall need an adz or hatchet to work it out with. Trust not too much on us for corn at this time, for by reason of this last company that came, depending wholly upon us, we shall have little enough till harvest. Be careful to come by some of your meal to spend by the way—it will much refresh you. Build your cabins as open as you can, and bring good store of clothes and bedding with you. Bring every man a musket or fowling-piece. Let your piece be long in the barrel, and fear not the weight of it, for most of our shooting is from stands. Bring juice of lemons, and take it fasting, it is of good use. For hot waters, aniseed water is the best, but use it sparingly. If you bring anything for comfort in the country, butter or sallet oil, or both, is very good. Our Indian corn, even the coarsest, maketh as pleasant meal as rice, therefore spare that unless to spend by the way. Bring paper and linseed oil for your windows, with cotton yarn for your lamps. Let your shot be most for big fowls, and bring store of powder and shot."

On his return to New England from his first voyage home he brought back some cattle (one bull and three heifers), and these were the subject of a curious partnership, as is evidenced by the following document :[1]—



Winslow's journeyings to and from England were frequent ; but one, in 1635, ended in his being hauled before Laud and imprisoned in the Fleet, an information having been laid against him of having as a layman taught publicly in church and married persons. The colonists' sense of this injustice (for as a magistrate he had power to marry) was evidenced by their electing him Governor of the colony in the following year. He is the only *Mayflower* Pilgrim whose portrait is in existence. It hangs in the hall of the Massachusetts Historical Collection at Boston, having been painted during his stay in England in 1651, and we give a reproduction of it.

When Cromwell despatched a naval force under Admiral Penn to the West Indies in 1655 against the Spaniards, he appointed his

[1] The document perhaps needs elucidation. It reads as follows : "Edward Winslow hath sold unto Captain Myles Standish his six shares in the red Cow for and in consideration of five pounds ten shilling, to be pd in coine at the rate of six shillings p. bushell freeing the sd Edward from all manner of charge belonging to the said shares during the term of the nine yeares they are let out to halves (? calves) and taking the benefit thereof."

friend Winslow Chief of the Civil Commissioners, at a salary of £1000 a year, but during the passage he was laid low with fever, and to this and the extreme heat he succumbed. He was buried at sea, the fleet saluting with forty-two guns.

The following lines show the appreciation in which he was held over here :—

> The eighth of May, west from Spaniola's shore,
> God took from us our Grand Commissioner,
> Winslowe by name ; a man in chiefest trust,
> Whose life was sweet and conversation just.

John Carver

I am induced to insert a short notice of John Carver, in the hope that attention may be drawn to the fact that up to the present no trace of his English home or parentage has come to light, and that this advertisement may bring about some information. To his successful endeavours the Pilgrim movement owed very much at a most critical moment, for it was he who brought about the agreement with the London merchants, to assist with ships and money, throwing all his estate into a fund, and in common with others mortgaging his labour and trade for seven years to insure the repayment.

He sailed in the *Mayflower* with his wife and future son-in-law, and he is said to have been the first to place his feet on Forefathers' Rock.

He lived to enjoy the promised land but a very short time,

dying of a sunstroke the day that the *Mayflower* turned her stem homewards. His wife only survived him six weeks.

It is probable that he crossed to Holland with the earliest of the exiles, and if so, that he came from the Midland Counties, the name of Carver or Calver not being an uncommon one, especially in Nottinghamshire.



CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST GOVERNORS OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS

GROWTH in the colonisation of what is now the United States of America proceeded in certain well-marked and easily recognisable steps.

The first twenty years of the seventeenth century only witnessed the acquisition of territory lying between the thirty-fifth and fortieth degrees of north latitude, that is to say, North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland. The landing in 1620 of the little shipload of emigrants at Plymouth, New England, marked an onward step, but it was the formation of the Massachusetts Company ten years later that determined the features of the civilisation which was to become characteristic of the New World. The difference between this adventure and its predecessors was that it was organised and supported by persons of position and means, and furthered by a continuous supply of educated men of high morality determined to do their utmost towards the foundation of a new nation in the West. How they accomplished this will be summarised in

the pages that follow. What I have to deal with here are the Englishmen who successfully accomplished this task, and the memorials concerning them that exist in this country. Unfortunately, whilst the men are numerous, the memorials are few, and whilst a selection of the former, in accordance with the verdict of posterity, has had to be made, even of these it has in some cases been impossible up to the present time to earmark any memorials as actually appertaining to them.

The civil government of Massachusetts was from the first placed in the hands of a popularly elected assembly with a Governor popularly elected yearly, and thus all those of mark may be taken to have been included in the names of those who filled that office.

The list of the Governors in the first fifteen years was as follows, re-election, it will be noted, being more than once resorted to—Thomas Cradock, John Winthrop, Thomas Dudley, John Haynes, Sir H. Vane, John Winthrop, Thomas Dudley, Richard Bellingham, John Winthrop, John Endicott.

Of these, Thomas Cradock, a merchant of London, was only titular Governor for a short time (see *post*, p. 176). He did not go to America, and of late years it has been the habit to leave him out of the list altogether and assign to John Winthrop the honour of having been the first Governor.

John Haynes and Richard Bellingham, Recorder of Boston, are but little heard of in the history of the colony except as Governors. I therefore confine my notice to John Winthrop, Thomas Dudley, Sir Harry Vane, and John Endicott.

John Winthrop

Groton, Suffolk.

"*One of the most reverend figures in the annals of the British race.*"—Professor Eliot Norton.

There are few names in American history that have been held continuously in higher esteem than that of Winthrop, nor is there any family that with good cause cherishes its ancestors to a greater extent. The Winthrops have been traced back as a Suffolk family for over four hundred years. In 1498, the year in which Vespucius made the voyage which gave his name to the American hemisphere, one Adam Winthrop was born at Lavenham, of a father of the same Christian name, and he aided the continuance of the race by a family of no less than thirteen children. Many of these were born in London, where he traded as a clothier, and where he rose to the dignity of Master of the Clothworkers' Company in 1551. It was in the City, "in the street called Gracious" (Gracechurch), that the third Adam was born in 1548, a year in which his father was inscribed as entitled to a coat-of-arms (Armiger) by the young King Edward VI. That he was a well-to-do person is shown by a document found in the Record Office, whereby, in consideration of the sum of £408, he was conceded the Manor of Groton, formerly belonging to the Monastery of Bury St. Edmunds. A parallel instance of the acquisition of lands tainted with the curse of the dispossessed Church will be noted later on in connection with the Washingtons. Whether or not Adam Winthrop the second retired from London to Groton is not known, but anyhow he

died there in 1562, and was buried in the church of whose benefice he was patron.

Adam Winthrop the third, the father of the Governor of Massachusetts, was, as I have said, born in London, and apparently went to the Bar, for in old account-books of his that have been preserved we find that in February 1594 he paid to Mr. Marple, "the chiefe buttler of the Temple for all his pensions in advance, for an Aide Roule and for the reparation of the Churche the sum of fifty shillings." In the preceding year he notes his "gaynes in lawe" as being between seven and eight pounds, which, considering he was then well on in the forties, hardly warrants a supposition that he owed the rank of Serjeant-at-Law to his practice. This Adam was apparently a bookman, for besides the evidence of his private diary, which has preserved for after generations many items of interest, he occasionally indulged in poetry, and from his "olde and barren brayne some verses rude did fall."

He was auditor to both Trinity and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge, offices which took him up to that University every year, for a week or more, as we note from his diary :—

"1601. The 4th Decemb: I ridde to Cambridge and beganne the auditt. The XIII. of Decembe I returned from the auditt and did see the sunne in the eclips about 12 of the clock at noone."

The diary contains much entertaining matter, for instance :—

"Oct. 3, 1601. We had pike to dynn^{r} that was iii qrt^{rs} of a yarde longe, ut puto."

"The 22 day of Aprill Grymble my great mastiffe was hanged, a gentle dog in the house, but eyes oft blind." "Mrs. Alston sent me a fatt goose and a bottle of muskadine on nue yeres daye."

"John, the only son of Adam Winthrop and Anne his wife, was born in Edwardston on Thursday about 5 of the clocke in the morning the 12 daie of January Anno 1587 in the 30 yere of the reigne of Qu. Elizabeth."

Thus is recorded the birth of the first Governor of Massachusetts, Edwardston being a small village immediately adjoining Groton.

Little is known of the youth of John Winthrop, but like the majority of the founders of the new nation he appears to have received some part of his education at Cambridge. The following entry occurs in the diary of his father :—"1602. The 2^{d} day of Decembe I rode to Cambridge. The VIIIth day John my sonne was admitted into Trinitie College."

He was then only in his fourteenth year, but he would appear to have been a precocious youth, with a mixture of wildness and sobriety, a strong tendency toward religion and an equally strong susceptibility to worldly temptations. The diary shows how early in life he came to manhood, for at the age of seventeen he was married, and soon after he passed eighteen he became a father. His wife, Mary, who was the daughter and sole heir of John Forth of Great Stanbridge, Essex, bore him six children, of whom the eldest was John Winthrop, Governor of Connecticut. She died in 1615; and within six

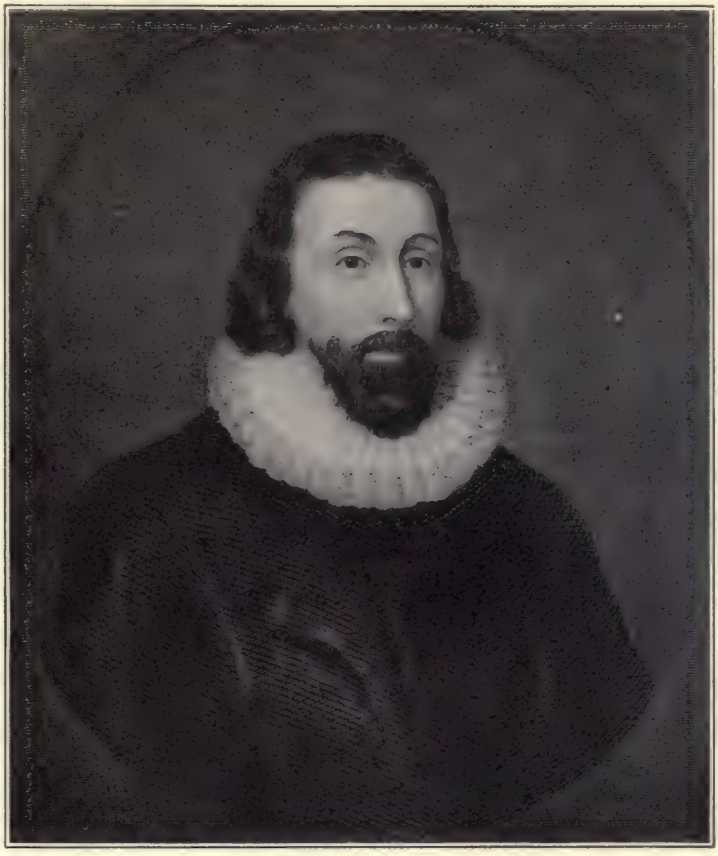
months he married again, to a lady who lived but a year and a day in wedlock, dying in December 1616. In 1618 he took yet a third wife, namely, Margaret, a daughter of Sir John Tyndale.

Seldom has a family been more addicted to writing, and seldom amongst the middle classes has so much been preserved of what has been put to paper. Of the 900 pages that are occupied with his biography quite three-fourths are taken up with setting out original documents—letters from father to son, husband to wife, and *vice versa*, and very pleasant reading they are.

Space will not permit us to follow the future Governor through his life either before or after his emigration to New England, but some notice of the events which led up to it, and that event itself, seems called for by the nature of this compilation.

It was not until 1629 that the causes which resulted in the formation of the Massachusetts enterprise began to shape themselves. John Winthrop cannot for some time past have been in harmony with a Government under which he held office and which was producing so much suffering by its exactions and prosecutions. It is clear that he perceived that a crisis was at hand in the affairs of England, and he was anticipating a personal share in the troubles which the friends of civil and religious freedom were about to undergo. In this year he mentions that "my office is gone." He may have lost it through the position he took up, or he may have felt called upon to resign it. We

know not which, but we find father and son — the son having just returned from a journey to the East—conferring over a series of "Reasons to be considered for justifieinge the undertakers



GOVERNOR JOHN WINTHROP.

From a Portrait attributed to Vandyck in the Senate Chamber of Massachusetts.

of the intended Plantations in New England, and for incouraginge such whose hartes God shall move to joyne wth them in it"; the trend of which was that "This land growes weary of her Inhabitants, soe as man whoe is the moste pretious of all creatures, is here more vile and base than the earth we treade upon, and

is of lesse price than a horse or a sheepe. Why when the whole Earth is the Lord's Garden should we suffer a whole continent as fruitfull and convenient for the use of man to lie waste? What then can be a better worke, or more honorable and worthy a Christian, than to helpe raise up and support a particular Church which is in its infancy, and for want of which it may be put to great hazard, if not wholly ruined."

This document, a very lengthy one, was evidently passed from hand to hand and subjected to considerable criticism. More than one of Winthrop's friends urged him against the step it proposed. One wrote: "The Church and the Commonwealth here at home hath more need of your best ability in these dangerous times than any remote plantation. Plantations are for young men (Winthrop was then 42) that can endure all pains and hunger. How hard it will be for one brought up amongst books and learned men to live in a barbarous place, where there is no learning and less civility."

But Winthrop, having put his hand to the plough, was not a man to turn back, and, after various meetings, he with eleven others put their names to an agreement at Cambridge on the 26th August 1629, which bound them under a penalty to proceed with the adventure, and to be ready with their families to pass the seas and to inhabit and continue in New England.

The names of the signatories were as follows, and many of them doubtless have descendants still living in the United States:—

Richard Saltonstall.
Thomas Dudley.
William Vassall.
Nicholas West.
Isaac Johnson.
John Humfrey.
Thomas Sharpe.
Jervase Nowell.
John Winthrop.
William Pinchon.
Kellan Browne.
William Colborn.

The document, signed probably within the precincts of the University to which New England owes, as we have seen, so many of its brightest luminaries and noblest benefactors, is set out *in extenso* in the *Life of John Winthrop*, vol. i. p. 345. No particular place in New England is mentioned in this document, but it is clear that the signatories had Massachusetts in their mind, for we find that both before and immediately after its execution several of them had been in communication with the Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, that being a regularly constituted Corporation ; in fact, within three months, namely, on the 20th October 1629, John Winthrop, "for his integrity and sufficiency as being one every way well fitted and accomplished for the place of Governor, was by erection of hands chosen to that office for the ensuing year" of that Company.

No greater testimony to his worth could be adduced than this, for he was a new-comer into the enterprise and several worthy men among the signatories had been included in the original charter granted by Charles I. in March 1628-9.

It took six months after his election for the new Governor and his companions to fit out the voyage. Winthrop left Groton, his old home, the scene of his earlier as well as his mature years, the place where the relics of mother, father, and others near and

dear to him rested, in the last days of February 1630. He embarked at Southampton on the 22nd of March, but wind and weather detained the vessels, the *Arbella*, the *Ambrose*, the *Jewel*, and the *Talbot*, at Cowes and Yarmouth until the 8th April.

Amongst the emigrants who accompanied him we find the names of William Gager Brand of Polstead Hall, Robert Sampson of Sampson's Hall in Kersey, Lady Arbella Johnson (after whom the Admiral's ship was named), daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, Sir Richard Saltonstall (with three sons and two daughters), the Rev. George Phillips and his wife, William Coddington (afterwards Governor of Rhode Island) and his wife, Thomas Dudley, Deputy Governor of Massachusetts (see page 162), Simon Bradstreet, William Vassall and Increase Nowell and their wives, and Charles Fines of the family of Fiennes. Governor Winthrop had with him his sons Stephen and Adam (aged respectively 12 and 10 years).

The voyage was unusually wet, cold, and stormy, and it was only on the seventieth day out that land was descried, and "there came a smell of the shore like the smell of a garden." On the 22nd of June, the seventy-second day, the harbour of Salem was reached, and most of the people went on shore at Cape Ann and gathered a store of fine strawberries.

Here we leave Governor Winthrop and his expedition. It was the sixth of that nature in point of time to attempt the colonisation of New England.[1]

[1] Its forerunners were the Pilgrims' Settlement at Plymouth in 1620; the Wessagusset or Weymouth Settlement in 1622, which only lasted a year, the site being occupied later on by a second company, which abandoned it; the Nantasket attempt in 1624, also abandoned for a

Groton, the home of the Winthrops, is in Suffolk, and in the least get-at-able part of that county, where, however, it is by no means unusual for a village to lie as much as seven miles from a railway station. That is the distance that separates Groton from Sudbury.[1]

To the majority of persons a drive of seven miles in Suffolk will probably not sound exhilarating, the county having no reputation for that aspect of scenery that they most affect; but to those who are sufficiently educated in landscape to admire the phases of landscape depicted in Constable's pictures the journey will be not only something to look forward to, but to delight in—always provided that the day and the season favour it, and, if a bicycle be the means of transport, that the roads are not, as they frequently are, newly mended with broken flints. In few parts of England is the foliage more luxuriant than in this woodland county, whether it be of the oak, elm, or Lombardy poplar, which latter grows to a great height and size in these parts. The country-side is still unspoilt, and the villages are rather aggregations of tenements set out at random in the fields than clustered in streets: not only they, but the churches, appear as if they had been either purposely hidden amongst the trees, or been placed in unexpected lanes, or to fringe unkempt pieces of common land.

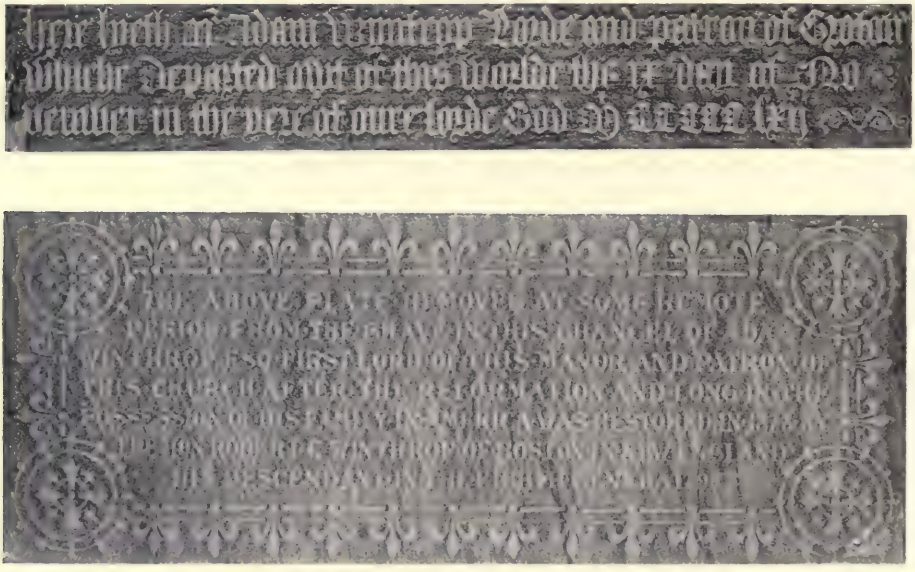
Groton, with its church, is an instance in point. A road

fishing settlement at Cape Ann; the Merry-Mount in 1625, which was disgraced and dispersed in 1630; lastly, the plantation at Naumkeag, now Salem, commenced in 1626, reinforced by Endicott in 1628, and by Higginson in 1629, and now by Winthrop.

[1] Sudbury may be reached from London in about two hours, and the journey to Groton and back can be easily accomplished in a summer day. Should it be desired to make the journey there and back by different routes, this can be effected by going from Liverpool Street *via* Marks Tay and returning by the interesting town of Bury St. Edmunds and Cambridge, or *vice versa*.

certainly leads to it, but it is a narrow winding lane rather than a road, and the usual access to it is either by a puny path amongst the backways of cottages, or one which in autumn wends amidst shoulder-deep corn.

If one may take Groton as an example, it would be well could the pastor of every English church in need of reparation and



ORIGINAL BRASS TO ADAM WINTHROP, AND BRASS RECORDING ITS RESTORATION TO GROTON CHURCH.

adornment discover that it contained the relics of the ancestors of some generous New Englander. For Groton has fared well at the hands of a descendant of the Winthrops—the Honourable Robert, eighth in line from Governor John aforesaid. He has placed stained-glass windows in the chancel, restored and reinstated Adam's tomb, and actually brought back the brass that originally marked it. This, it would appear, was removed in 1636 in favour of a "black marble gravestone," and by some

GROTON, SUFFOLK.

The Home of the WINTHROPS, who were Lords of the Manor.





chance passed into the Hon. Robert Winthrop's possession. The inscription is as follows :—

> Here Lyeth Mr. Adam Wynthrop Lorde and Patron of Groton, whiche departed owt of this worlde the IXth day of November, in the yere of oure Lorde God MCCCCCLXII.

There are two windows in the chancel, placed there by the same hand. The east window bears beneath it the inscription :—

> In Memory of John Winthrop, Lord of the Manor of Groton 1618, First Governor of Massachusetts, and Founder of Boston, New England, 1630. From American Descendants.

A south window above Adam Winthrop's tomb has below it :

> In Memory of Mary Forth, First Wife of Governor John Winthrop. Died June 23rd, 1615, aged 32. Buried in this Chancel.
>
> Her children rise up and called her blessed ;
> Her husband also, and he praiseth her.

A third :—

> In Memory of Thomasine Clopton, Second Wife of Governor Winthrop. Died Decr. 15th, 1616, aged 33. Buried in this Chancel.
>
> Wise, modest, loving, patient ; truth and
> The love of God did lie at her heart.

In windows of the nave and aisles are shields bearing coats-of-arms of the families Winthrop and Tindal, Winthrop and Clopton, Winthrop and Forth, Winthrop and Sears.

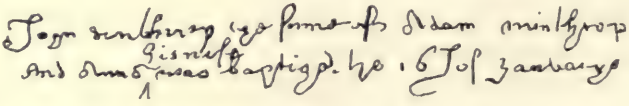
Adam Winthrop's tomb lies, as will be seen from the illustration, outside the church, over against the south wall of the chancel. The inscription, which was restored by the Hon.

Robert Winthrop, is already being rapidly effaced, owing to its exposure to the weather. It reads as follows :—

> In the adjoining Chancel was buried Adam Winthrop, Esq., who died in 1562, aged 64. Master of the Clothworkers' Company of London. First Lord of the Manor and Patron of this Church after the Reformation. And in this Tomb, on which the original inscription is nearly effaced, were buried his son, Adam Winthrop, Esq., who died in 1623, aged 75; also Lord of the Manor and Anne, his Wife, parents of Governor John Winthrop of New England. Near this spot were interred others of the same family.

The brasses that were restored to the church, and of which reproductions are also given, are fixed on a slab over the south chancel door.[1]

The parish register contains an entry of Governor John Winthrop's birth, of which, thanks to the kindness of the vicar, the Rev. John Wayman, we are able to give a tracing. It will be seen that it is written in the fine script which was in vogue in the sixteenth century. A perusal of the register, which



began in 1562, will show how the art of handwriting degenerated during the following centuries, until, at the end of the eighteenth, it became little else than an untidy scrawl. The register also contains entries of the births of several of the Governor's children.

Few traces of the manor-house where the Governor lived,

[1] The annals of the first Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony have been recorded in two volumes (Boston : Little, Brown and Co., 1869) by his illustrious descendant the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Speaker of the House of Representatives.



TOMB IN GROTON CHURCHYARD TO ADAM WINTHROP.

From a Drawing by Miss Chettle.

and where these children were born, remain. The old horse block, which may have assisted the Governor to mount when he "ridde" to Cambridge with his father, or to that more memorable meeting when the expedition over the seas was determined on, may still be seen, but almost buried by the labours of countless generations of earthworms.

A solitary mulberry-tree (illustrated by Miss Chettle) is the sole survivor of the contents of the garden and orchard. It cannot stand alone, and in its decrepitude is only preserved by artificial support.

There are at least nine towns in the United States named after this out-of-the-world village.

Thomas Dudley

I have been able to glean but little information respecting Thomas Dudley, who was elected to the Governorship on two occasions in succession to John Winthrop; and of his domicile in this country I have learned nothing, although I suspect that he came from Lincolnshire, where he is said to have been steward to the Earl of Lincoln.

He must have been a man of some age at the time of his taking his departure for New England, for it is claimed for him that he commanded a troop of horse under Henri III. of France, and when so engaged had cheered upon receiving the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. That he was of some standing, and no doubt of considerable determination, is clear from his having been the second to affix his signature to the

THE OLD MULBERRY-TREE AT GROTON.

All that remains of the Garden of Governor John Winthrop.



Cambridge Agreement on 26th August 1629, following Sir Richard Saltonstall. On the 29th October he was chosen to be an Assistant of the Court of the Massachusetts Company. He went down to the Isle of Wight in good time to join the *Arbella*, having with him probably his whole family, namely, a son, Samuel, and four daughters, Anne, Patience, Sarah, and Mercy. They were but children, but the eldest, Anne, had just become the wife of Simon Bradstreet, who lived to be the Nestor of New England. A letter is extant of his dated from Boston, N.E., 12th March in the following year, to the Countess of Lincoln, explaining the situation of affairs to her, although it makes no mention of her daughter, who had died in August of the previous year.

Sir Henry Vane the Younger

"*The name of Sir Harry Vane is the most appropriate link to bind us to the land of our Fathers.*"—Upham, *Life of Vane.*

It goes almost without saying that, other circumstances being equal, the number of memorials in this country of any person is in proportion to that of the years he spent in it, and so in the case of one who only passed a short period in New England they must be more numerous than in that of one who went there in youth and never returned. A year only was the duration of Sir Henry Vane's absence in America, and for this and other reasons the places which have an intimate connection with him are so out of all comparison with those I have been able to assign to any one of his contemporaries that with the limited space at my disposal it becomes a somewhat difficult matter to select them.

Educated at Westminster School, living at Charing Cross, married at Lambeth, a great figure in Westminster Hall, an orator at the Guildhall, with houses in the Piazza, Covent Garden, and at Hampstead, imprisoned in the Tower and executed on Tower Hill—these memorials relate to London only; whilst farther afield we have his college at Oxford, his residences and burial-place in Kent, and his homes in Lincoln and Durham, and of these the majority remain to this day.

The life of Sir Henry Vane the Younger has been so favourite a subject for authors on both sides of the water that the slightest sketch will be necessary here.

"Harry" Vane (in those days every Henry was called "Harry") was born at his father's seat at Hadlow, Kent, in 1612, and came up from there to Westminster School about 1620. Visitors to the school may see the College hall serving now, as it did then, as a refectory.

From Westminster, Vane went at the age of sixteen as a Gentleman Commoner to Magdalen, Oxford; but he did not graduate there, leaving in 1631 to accept a post in the service of the English Ambassador to Vienna. Having had a judicious if not a meritorious training in the wiles of the craftiest Court in Europe, he passed on to Geneva, whence he came back tainted with the theology of Calvin, with an austerity altogether at variance with his age, and full of embitterment against the Church of England in general and Archbishop Laud in particular.

On his return he took up his abode at Charing Cross, an address at which we hear of him at intervals for practically the



SIR HARRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

From the Picture in the National Portrait Gallery.

rest of his life. Americans who on arrival here set down at one of the Northumberland Avenue Hotels are on the spot which was the centre of the English-speaking world at the time when these events happened. It was then the halting-spot between the two cities of London and Westminster. It had been honoured as the site on which Edward I. raised the first cross to his dear Queen, and it was in the near future to be selected as that where the statue of Charles I. should be erected. In the days when Sir Henry Vane wrote from Charing Cross, the east, where now the Grand and Victoria Hotel stands, was the fashionable side, being occupied mainly by houses of the nobility, and Vane's residence was next to Northumberland House, that is, on what is now the corner of Northumberland Avenue and Whitehall. The western side, which is now Trafalgar Square, was covered with a warren of disreputable houses, and was a sort of no man's land taken up with second-rate shows. It even had names given to it suggestive of unknown lands, such as the Bermudas and the Caribbee Islands. It was only by a chance that Vane was not executed in front of his house, for his friend Peters, Harrison, and other Regicides were hanged, drawn, and quartered on the very spot where they and their fellows had pulled down the Eleanor Cross. Pepys records the event, remarking that "Harrison looked as cheerful as any man could in that condition."

A career at Court under Charles I. was in no way palatable to young Vane. He had tired of the Continent, and no opening appeared to present itself except in the New Country. A friend of his, Roger Williams (see page 204), had gone thither and was

in frequent communication with him; another, the Rev. Hugh Peters, just mentioned, was prepared to accompany him; and so on the 6th October 1635 he took passage in an emigrants' ship, the *Abigail*,[1] then leaving for Boston. It is said that upon his proceeding on board ship his Cavalier-like and well-to-do appearance, with his mass of rich brown flowing locks of hair, in contrast to the close-cropped heads of his fellow-passengers, at once caused him to be viewed with suspicion, and even to be regarded as a spy, but that before Cape Cod was sighted he was the master of all hearts. He evidently possessed a very winsome and ingratiating manner, for his having been born in the purple would hardly have obtained for him within six months of his arrival, and at the age of twenty-four, the supreme headship of the colony, to which he attained on 25th March 1636.

Hooker at this time described him as the three Genevan leaders Farel, Veret, and Calvin rolled into one.

Vane's sojourn in New England was but of short duration. Its Elders could with difficulty brook the impetuosity, and, shall we say, lack of stability, of the aristocratic intruder. Perhaps his tenets then, as later, were too much in advance of their views, and the soil was not ripe for government of the people by the people for the people—a doctrine which he died for, and which was ultimately the backbone of the Constitution of the New Republic, but which was then too advanced even for the English Commonwealth.

However, during his short stay he had the distinction of

[1] Some authorities say the *Defence*.

founding Concord, the first town beyond tide water, and aiding Hooker in founding Hartford, Wathersfield, and Windsor.

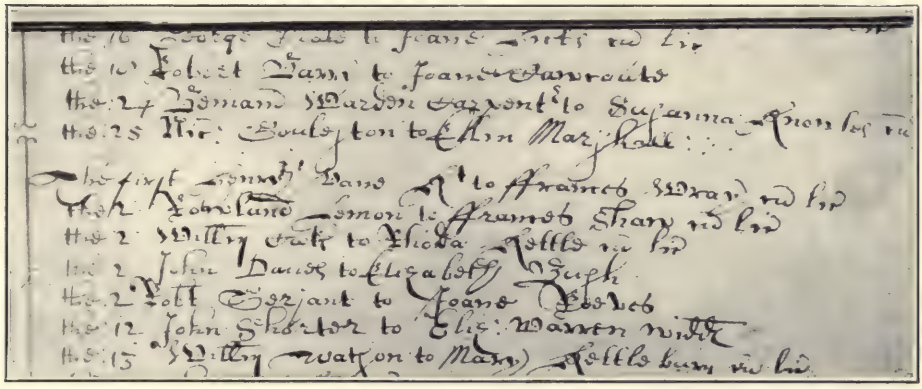
Religious differences, in which the Church at Boston took his side, embittered his stay. At the next year's election of Governor, Winthrop was put up against him and elected, so August 1637 saw him on his way home to England. He never returned, but he continued to be a firm and very useful supporter of the colony for the lengthy period when, next to Cromwell, he was the foremost personage in England.

Upham, his historian, has thus summarised his future life :— "He crossed the ocean which only the boldest hearts dared to face, and on the confines of the world, whilst wrangling daily in the toughest of controversies, headed the settlers against the subtlest and most energetic foes whom the wilderness ever sent against New England. What wonder that he ripened early and that now the astute leaders of England's destinies at this hour made him at once their associate and admitted him to their most secret councils."

On 1st July 1640 he married at St. Mary's, Lambeth, Frances, daughter of Sir Christopher Wray of Ashby, Lincolnshire. I give a facsimile of his marriage certificate.

I have been unable to fathom the reasons for the selection of this church, unless it were his desire to avoid publicity. Lambeth was at that time a country village only accessible from Westminster by boat. The church was under the shadow of Laud's Palace, and to reach it from Charing Cross by the usual route from Westminster Stairs, St. Margaret's, Westminster,

a church with which Vane was connected as a member of the House of Commons, must have been passed. My friend, Mr. H. B. Wheatley, however (than whom there is no greater authority on London), thinks there was nothing out of the way in the selection of Lambeth, as there was no difficulty in getting a large party across the water, for there were plenty of boats, and Lambeth was a popular place for its rurality,



FACSIMILE OF THE ENTRY IN THE REGISTER OF MARRIAGES OF LAMBETH CHURCH—HENRY VANE, KT., TO FRANCES ELLWAY.

South Lambeth being considered a pleasant place in which to spend a holiday.

Vane's father settled upon him on his marriage not only the Manor of Raby in Durham, but Fairlawn in Kent. He also at this time owned a house at Belleau in Lincolnshire.

Of these very considerable estates, Raby Castle was of course the most important. This magnificent seat is of especial interest, as it is substantially in the same condition as it was in Vane's lifetime, except that a wall some thirty feet in height then surrounded it. Its size may be judged from the lines—

Seven hundred knights, retainers all
Of Neville, at their master's call
Had sate together in Raby's Hall.

His father here entertained Charles I. in 1633; but the son's connection with royalty, after he came into possession of the



E. Yeoman, Photo.

RABY CASTLE, DURHAM.

Castle, was not of a nature to render a repetition of this probable; from this time onwards he only encountered his Majesty when acting on behalf of the Commons. As such he waited on him at Theobalds and Newmarket.

Raby was apparently too important a dwelling, and perhaps too far from town, for the younger Vane. In fact, Lord Barnard, whom I take this opportunity of thanking for informa-

tion most kindly tendered, is doubtful whether he ever resided there.

When in 1653 Cromwell quarrelled with Vane and gave vent to the well-known sentence, "Oh Sir Henry Vane, Sir Henry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!" he became a man of leisure for the first time for thirteen years, and it is presumed that he then retired to the Castle, where he was almost a stranger.

But undoubtedly his favourite residence was Belleau,[1] a village near Alford in Lincolnshire. Remains of a large mansion in the shape of a gatehouse still remain. There he was able to enjoy the society of his wife and children as a loving husband and father, which he undoubtedly was.[2] Vane was, however, at Charing Cross when he was arrested by Cromwell and imprisoned in the same Castle of Carisbrooke that had been occupied by his late King.

We have not even now reached the limit of Sir Harry's residences, for in 1647 he was living in the Piazza, Covent Garden, and he had a house at Hampstead, which is still in existence, although altered out of recognition. Vane House (see illustration) stands a little below Greenhill, Hampstead, and is now occupied as the Soldiers' Daughters' Home. It was originally a large square building standing in ample grounds. It was probably visited in Vane's time by Cromwell, Pym, Fairfax, Hampden, Algernon Sydney, Milton, and all the Parliamentarian notables.

[1] So called from a beautiful spring of water, *Belle eau*. It is curious to find a Norman name in a country where every one is either Saxon or Danish.

[2] We hear of him corresponding from Belleau in this year with Roger Williams.

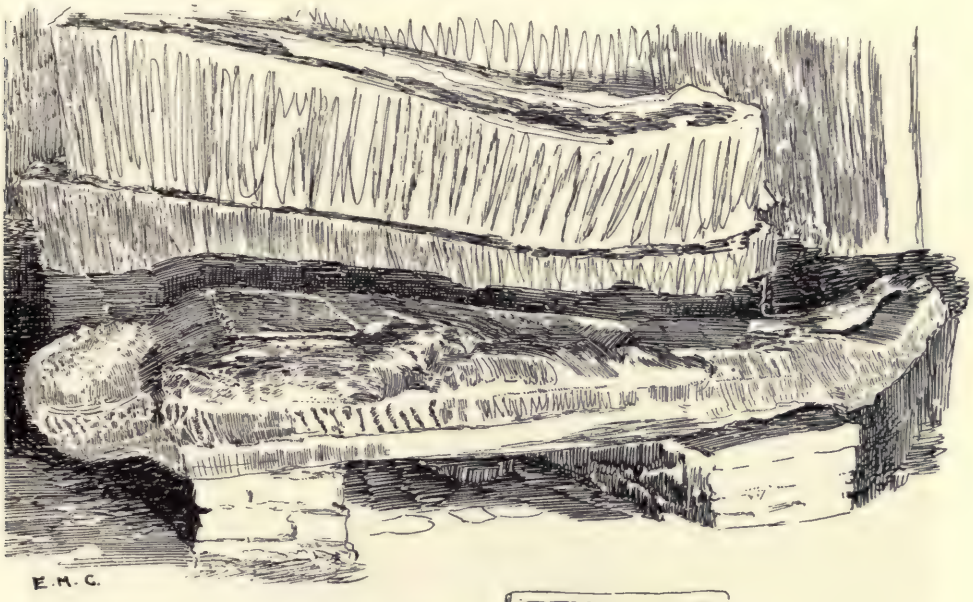
It was afterwards occupied by Bishop Butler, who is said to have written his *Analogy* there. It retained much of its old character until its present owners entered upon its occupancy. It was here that at the Restoration he went to live, assured that he had nothing to fear, as Charles had promised an indemnity to all except those concerned in the trial and death of his father. In



VANE HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD, 1800.

spite of this, his influence was considered too powerful to be given freedom, and in July 1661 he was arrested and sent to the Tower. Here and elsewhere—elsewhere including the Scilly Isles, where Pepys says he was sent suddenly on pretence of a plot—he was kept in confinement for two years before he was brought to trial at Westminster. The injustice of the proceedings which resulted in his execution on Tower Hill resembled in many particulars that in Raleigh's case, and like him he showed

that courageous front on the scaffold which, almost without exception, distinguished those who underwent that terrible ordeal. To the executioner's question, "Shall you raise your head again?" his last words were, "Not till the final resurrection."[1]



SIR HARRY VANE'S COFFIN, IN SHIPBOURNE CHURCH.



He was buried in the family vault at Shipbourne Church, Kent, and his ashes repose there in company with those of nearly a score of his relatives and descendants. Their remains can be seen in every kind of condition, but in most cases with the outer

[1] Pepys went to the execution, "to a room got ready for us, and there over against the scaffold saw Sir Henry Vane brought through a very great press of people. He changed not his colour to the last, and in all things appeared the most resolved man that ever died in that manner. He desired that they would let him die like a gentleman and a Christian, and not crowded and pressed as he was."

coffins decayed, and the leaden ones crumpled up like paper. Miss Chettle's drawing was taken by the light of a candle, and seated on the elder Sir Henry's coffin, but the vaults are very clean and in good order. The church register notes the funeral



SIR HARRY VANE'S SEAT AT FAIRLAWN, KENT.

From an Engraving by Kip, *circa* 1695.

on the 15th of June, the execution having taken place on the 14th.

Fairlawn must have been a fine residence in Sir Harry's time, to judge from Kip's view, which we reproduce. It is now owned by Mr. Cazalet, and Miss Chettle has depicted the walk in which the headless ghost of the great statesman still walks on the night of the 14th of June.

THE AVENUE AT FAIRLAWN, KENT.

Where the ghost of Sir Henry Vane is said to appear.





Captain John Endicott

Of all the notables who figured largely in the early history of the New England States, there is no one whose origin has been so difficult to trace as he whose name heads this section. Starting on the quest, I imagined that the family of one with what appeared to be an uncommon surname should be readily run to ground, for there were apparently numerous data on which to base my search. My inquiries commenced in Dorsetshire; for John Endicott is from the outset connected in all records with the party of colonists which went from Dorchester, and which owed its inception to the influence of the Rev. John White of that town, of whom we have already heard. And although, as I now surmise, he came not from this county at all, he was clearly the head of the expedition, in fact he went out as "Governor of London's Plantation in the Mattachusetts Bay in New England."

That he was sent from there is proved by a letter from Governor Dudley to the Countess of Lincoln, in which he wrote: "And the same year (1628) we sent Mr. John Endicott, and some with him, to begin a plantation, and to strengthen such as he should find there; which we sent hither from Dorchester, and some places adjoining."

Further evidence is to be found in the following extract from *Prince's Chronology*:—

"June 20th, 1628, Captain Endicott with his wife and company this day sails in the ship *Abigail*, Henry Gauden, master,

from Weymouth in England, for Naumkeag (now Salem) in New England, being sent by the Massachusetts Patentees at London, to carry on the plantation there, make way for the settling of a colony, and be their agent to order all affairs till the Patentees themselves come over. Sept. 13th, 1628, Mr. Endicott writes of his safe arrival at Naumkeag (Salem) to Mr. Thomas Cradock in London."

From this it will, however, be noted that his position as "Captain" came not from Dorchester, but from London, the headquarters of the patentees under whose protection the expedition started. Thomas Cradock, to whom he reported his safe arrival, was, as we have seen, the Governor of the Massachusetts Company, a man who so interested himself in its affairs over here that he came to Yarmouth (Isle of Wight) to see the Winthrop expedition start, and probably would do the same with its forerunner from Weymouth.

One can hardly believe that the patentees would put at the head of affairs a man who was an entire stranger to the rest; it would be hazarding the result too much, where cohesion and implicit trust in a leader were *sine qua non*. We can only imagine one of two things—either that he was known in the county, or was intimate with White and recommended by him; and we are thrown back upon the latter surmise, for inquiry in every quarter has elicited responses that the name is unknown in Dorsetshire.

Endicott, however, is by no means an uncommon name in Devonshire, and searches there have resulted in numerous

families of the name being met with, especially in the moorland villages of Dartmoor, Chagford, Throwleigh, Drewsteignton, Godleigh, Bampton, Paignton, and Brixham, where, for instance, families of the name, often spelt Yndecotte, have existed for centuries and still exist.[1] One of the name, Mr. Wallace John Endicott of Ivybridge, can boast a record of John Endicotts extending back for over three hundred years as tenants of one homestead on Dartmoor. It is perhaps unfortunate that the Endicott whose home is in question had also so popular a Christian name as John.

A letter, in existence, written by him from Salem in December 1639, to Governor Winthrop, shows him to have been a God-fearing man, full of sympathy for those in distress, yet fearful of obtruding it.

But his rule as Governor was by no means a popular one. Whittier, who was perhaps somewhat biassed against him, but who would hardly write without a sufficiency of evidence to support his case, has perpetuated the following picture of him :—

> In his council chamber and oaken chair,
> Sat the worshipful Governor Endicott ;
> A grave, strong man, who knew no peer
> In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear
> Of God, not man, and, for good or ill,
> Held his trust with an iron will.
> His brow was clouded, his eye was stern,
> With a look of mingled sorrow and wrath ;
> "Woe's me ! " he murmured, "at every turn
> The pestilent Quakers are in my path.
> Some we have scourged, and banished some,
> Some hanged, more doomed, and still they come,

[1] The Register of the Landed Proprietors of England issued in 1875 showed eight of the name (spelt Endacott) in Devonshire, but none in Cornwall, Somerset, or Dorset.

Fast as the tide on yon bay sets in,
Sowing their heresy's seed of sin.
Did we count on this? Did we leave behind
The grates of our kin, the comfort and ease
Of our English hearths and homes, to find
Troubles of Israel such as these?"

The King's Missive, 1661.

In another poem ("Cassandra Southwick") the story is told of how two young persons of Salem, being unable to pay the fine, were ordered to be sold to any of the English of Virginia or Barbadoes, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them thither. The teller of the tale, who depicts the incident of the refusal of the stout sea-captains, says—

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion-glare of bitter hate and scorn;
Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

Cassandra Southwick, 1658.

Longfellow, in the "New England Tragedy of Endicott," makes Endicott speak—

Four already have been slain;
And others banished upon pain of death.
But they come back again to meet their doom,
Bringing the linen for their winding-sheets.
We must not go too far. In truth I shrink
From shedding of more blood. The people murmur
At our severity.

It was doubtless unfortunate for him that certain untoward occurrences happened whilst he was holding the reins of office—such as the scourging of Baptists in 1651, and the hanging of

Quakers in 1659, the blame for which should, in reality, have been assigned to Wilson or Norton, the spiritual advisers of the Company.

In a catalogue of American silver lately exhibited at Boston, U.S.A., occurs the following entry anent one John Edwards, one of America's most noteworthy silversmiths. He came to Boston from England about 1685, and married the granddaughter of Governor Winthrop and stepdaughter of Governor Endicott's son. In 1722 Edwards made application to the Town Council as follows:—"That whereas there is a Tomb in the South Burying place belonging to the late Governour Endicot, which has bin unimproved for many years, and there being no family in said town nearer related to the said Governour Endicot famaly then his! Desires he may have Liberty granted him to make use of it for his family. It was granted that the said John Edwards has Liberty to Improve the said Tomb until a person of Better Right to it appears to claim it."

This notwithstanding, Endicott's descendants are notables in America, one of them being the wife of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. She also has been unsuccessful in her endeavour to find the English home of her ancestor.



CHAPTER IX

THE LADY ARBELLA JOHNSON

Tattershall—Salem

THE PRINCESS POCAHONTAS

Jamestown—Gravesend

IT has been said sarcastically, but none the less truthfully, that history has made much of the doings of the Pilgrim Fathers, but has altogether overlooked those of the Pilgrim Mothers, who endured trials and hardships that were far more terrible to their weaker constitutions, and far less in consonance with their previous lives, than to those of the sterner sex. This undoubtedly was the case.

There were many ladies of gentle birth who adventured with their husbands, to whom the fracture of home ties, the perils of the sea, and the hardships to be encountered on the farther side must have been all but heartbreaking, and the fact that so many of them succumbed shortly after their arrival is proof, if any were needed, of the heroism of their sacrifices.

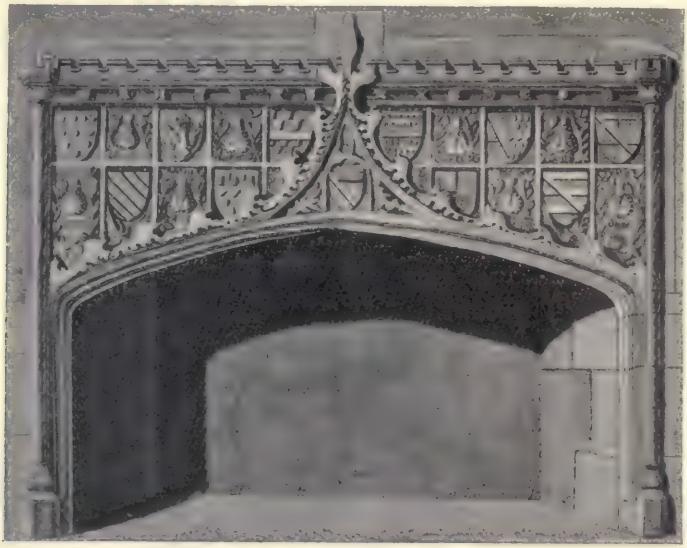
It would be a pleasant task to dwell on the lives of many of these—for instance, of the four daughters of Thomas Dudley, Anne, Patience, Sarah, and Mercy, who have already been mentioned (p. 163), the eldest of whom was but sixteen; but space will only permit me to single out one of the many who went from this side, and to couple it with the name of an unfortunate daughter of the aborigines on the other side, whose ending was equally tragic.



TATTERSHALL CASTLE. (From an Engraving by S. Buck, 1720.)

The Lady Arbella or Arabella Johnson was the daughter of Thomas Churton, third Earl of Lincoln, Lord High Admiral of England, and sister of Theophilus, fourth Earl. Her place of birth and her home have not been previously ascertained, but I believe I am correct in placing the former at

Louth, and the latter with certainty at that magnificent specimen of a brick stronghold, Tattershall Castle, near Woodhall Spa, in Lincolnshire. It is true that doubts have been cast upon this building ever having been tenanted, owing to the absence of any inner doors whilst the outer ones remain, and also the faint traces of the chimneys having been used. But against this there is the improbability of a



FIREPLACE, TATTERSHALL CASTLE.

house having been carried to such an exceptionally finished condition as this was, and as the chimney-piece reproduced here testifies, and not being used; and also the fact that had it not been tenanted it would not have been beset and practically destroyed a few years later in the Civil War.[1] The connection between the lady and her husband is additional evidence in favour of it having been the home of her father, for Isaac Johnson came of an old family living

[1] Mr. R. W. Goulding, the librarian at Welbeck Abbey, has been so good as to ascertain for me that the Earl of Lincoln died and was buried at Tattershall. This was in January 1618-19.

at Clipsham in Rutland, and his father held the living of North Suffenham in the same county. His mother is said to have been a daughter of William Chaderton, the Puritan Bishop of Lincoln, and if so Tattershall would be practically midway between his father's and mother's homes.[1] Isaac Johnson had considerable property, and evidently held a good position, and therefore it is very probable that this and his connection with the Bishop may not only have admitted him to the Earl's castle, but made him a suitable match for his daughter.

Isaac Johnson was "a whelp of a country vicar," to use Mr. Augustine Birrell's appellation of the clergy's offspring in that panegyric of them in his Life of Marvell, in which he says that without them "England would be shorn of half her glory."

Johnson evidently was early infected with Puritanical views, and it is not improbable that these favoured his suit, and that the Lady Arbella may have been induced to become his wife and share his fortunes through the influence these had upon her.

The Lady Arbella is said to have been lovely both in character and person, and these, rather than her rank, seem to have singled her out for note amongst her fellow-passengers when she embarked.

What induced a couple, who had apparently rank, station, everything, in fact, that was needful to make life happy, to seek a home in a far-off country from which no report had come that did not carry with it a message of discomfort,

[1] According to the *Dict. Nat. Biography*, Chaderton had only one daughter, Joan, born 1574, who married Sir R. Brooke, from whom she separated. Their only child, born 1695, married Torel Joseline.

privation, and even death, is difficult to gauge. Here was no case of a minister unable to practise his profession according to his views. Persecution could with difficulty effect an entrance into a peer's domicile, especially that of one who was an adherent to what at that time was the dominant cause. They were not leaving England as seceders from its Church in order that they might as emigrants be able to exercise their profession of faith in what appeared to them the only true way; for in the "Request of his Majesty's Loyall Subjects" signed by the emigrants, including Johnson, on the eve of their sailing, they said, "We cannot part from our native country, where the Church of England, which it is our honour to call our dear mother, specially resideth, without much sadness of heart and many tears in our eyes, ever acknowledging that such hope and part as we have obtained in the common salvation we have received in her bosom and sucked it from her breasts."

It was probably a combination of circumstances that brought about the emigration. The promoters of the project which led to the formation of the Massachusetts Company may well have looked about them for men of affluence, position,[1] and holding the same religious opinion as themselves, who would finance the undertaking, and both these qualifications were to be found in the person of Isaac Johnson, who when enlisted became the largest subscriber to the stock of the Company.

Johnson, so far as we know, was not a University man, but

[1] Johnson's position in the political world may also be seen by his appointing John Hampden one of the executors of his will made at this time.

his name appears as fifth of the twelve signatories of the Cambridge Agreement. His relation with the enterprise has already been set out (p. 155). It only remains for us to follow the recently wedded couple in their journey over sea.

Johnson probably spent some time in London with his wife before leaving, as a letter written by John Winthrop, dated 7th January 1629, to his wife contains the passage—"I prayse God I came safe to London this daye at 12 of the clock, and being alighted at Mr. Johnson's lodgings I must needs scribble these to thee my sweete love." The original is extant, and is on the back of another letter addressed to him at "Mr. Jonsson's lodginge in Sope Lane at the signe of the 3 whitt belles." Winthrop presumably came up to consult with Johnson respecting the fitting-out of the expedition.

The Johnsons' position in the large company that went out in the considerable fleet that set sail in 1630 may be gauged by the fact that the largest of the eleven vessels was before starting renamed, in honour of Lady Johnson, the *Arbella*. It was of three hundred and fifty tons, and carried twenty-eight guns and fifty-two men. The vessel had been called the *Eagle*, and is said to have preserved as its figure-head an effigy of the bird that has since been adopted as the United States' most cherished national emblem. The little fleet sailed on the 8th April 1630, and we know from the journal of Governor Winthrop, who was in the same ship, of the hardships it endured. The voyage was long and stormy. On the very day after leaving it was in danger of meeting some of the Spanish cruisers with which

the Channel swarmed, and an entry in Winthrop's journal records: "The Lady Arbella and the other women and children were removed to the lower deck, that they might be out of danger, but not a woman or child showed fear." The diary contains frequent references to the "sea raging and tossing them exceedingly," and it was not until the seventieth day out "that there came (as we have seen) the smell of the shore, like the smell of a garden," or until the seventy-second that they dropped anchor—to find what? "Three score of their people who had preceded them dead, the rest sick, nothing done, but all complaining and all things contrary to their expectations!"

Within two months the beautiful lady had succumbed. The historian Cotton Mather says, "She took New England on her way to heaven," and Sir Henry Wotton, "She left an earthly paradise, in the family of an earldom, to encounter the sorrows of a wilderness, for the entertainments of a pure worship in the house of God; and then immediately left that wilderness for the heavenly Paradise, whereto the compassionate Jesus, of whom she was a follower, called her."

The day of her death is not chronicled, but Governor Winthrop's journal of the 30th September records: "About two in the morning, Mr. Isaac Johnson died; his wife, the Lady Arbella, of the house of Lincoln, being dead about one month before. He was a holy man and wise, and died in sweet peace."

Mather inverts the lines of a contemporary poet (Sir Henry Wotton)—

She first deceased ; he for a little tried
To live without her, liked it not, and died.

She was presumably buried in Salem, but the spot has not been identified. A family record says that she and her husband "lie both buried in the vault of the Winthrops at Boston," but this is questioned.

If the childhood and bringing-up of the lady that I connect with the Lady Arbella were strangely different, their tragic deaths had much in common.

The so-called "Princess" Pocahontas has become a world-wide celebrity, in part through her alleged surpassing beauty, in part through the notoriety to which she attained through being the first North American Indian to visit this country.

Her father, Powhatan, was an Indian, chief of a tribe which occupied the coast upon which the emigrants landed, and who, when dispossessed, retreated to its Hinterland. We first hear of his daughter as "a childe of tenne yeares old" sent by her father as a hostage to recover "certain saluages" whom the English had detained. Her looks and manners even then captivated everybody, and it is narrated that "the childe not only for feature, countenance, and proportion, much exceeded any of the rest of the people, but for wit and spirit was the only non-pareil of the countrie." The Secretary of the colony even thought sufficiently of her to write home in 1610 that "her name was Pochahantas, which may signifie 'little wanton,' howbeyt she is rightly called Amorate at more ripe years."

She seems to have enjoyed a childish and fearless converse

with the white men, for we are informed that "she was fond of resorting to the fort, being then of the age of ten to twelve yeares, to get the boyes forth with her into the markett place and make them wheele, falling on their handes, turning up their heeles upwards, when she would follow and wheele so herself, naked as she was, all the fort over." This practice she continued until she arrived at an age when it was deemed necessary that she should wear clothes.

It has been ofttimes recorded that she married the notorious Captain John Smith, but this was not the case, for "Master John Rolfe, a gentleman of approved behaviour and honest carriage, had been in love with her, and she with him." Whether or no the latter married her is uncertain, but that she was baptized and went through some ceremony with him on the 5th April 1616 is certain.

Her beauty seems to have been shared by others of her family, for we find the Governor, Sir T. W. Dale, writing to her father, "The bruite of the exquisite perfection of your youngest daughter is famous throughout all your territory," and asking that she might be sent to him. Unfortunately for Dale, but perhaps fortunately for the girl, she had just been sold for two bushels of beads to an Indian.

The next we hear of the lady Pocahontas is contained in a notice in June 1616 that "Sir Thomas Dale has arrived (in England), and one Rolfe has brought his wife."

She seems to have at once created a sensation here—perhaps as much on account of her being the first human product of the



THE PRINCESS POCAHONTAS.

From the Portrait by Simon de Passe.

new colony as for her beauty. Be this as it may, the latter found expression everywhere, especially in the ribald songs of the day.

She was even accorded a place in the Court entertainment, for on the 6th January 1617, on Twelfth Night, when Ben Jonson's *Christmas Mask* was played before the King, "The Virginian woman Pocahantas with her father counsellor was present, and both she and her assistant were pleased at the *Mask*."

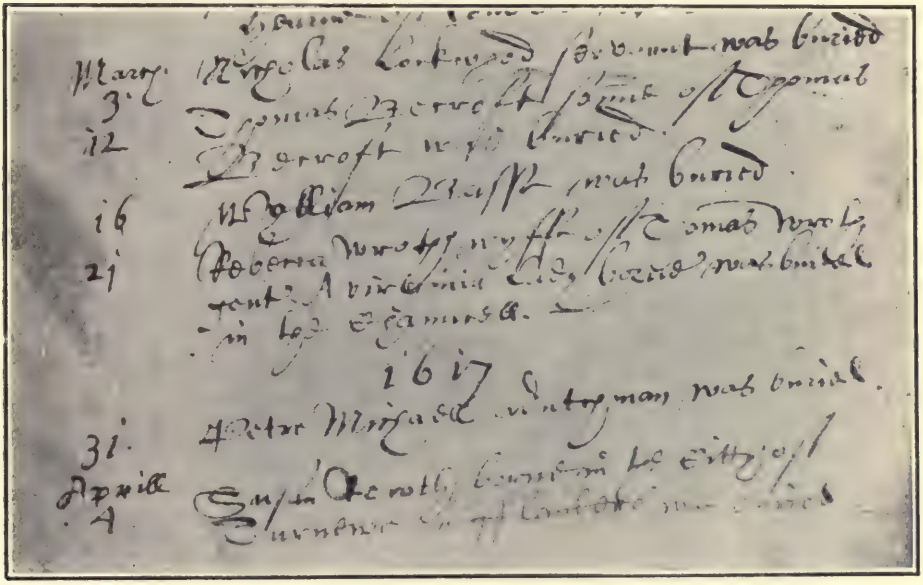
We give a reproduction of her portrait as engraved by Simon de Passe, a noted Dutch artist of the time, and which the inscription says was made in 1616, when aged twenty-one. It certainly can do no justice to her, but it was thought sufficiently well of to be sent abroad, for it is to the transmission of this portrait to the Ambassador at the Hague that we are indebted for particulars of her death, as follows, on 29th March 1617:—

"The Virginian woman whose portrait I sent you died this week at Gravesend, as she was returning homewards."[1]

Poor soul! One can picture what a miserable ending overtook her in a country and climate whose every surrounding must have been foreign to her nature. Brought hither probably against her will, forced to adopt customs and habits altogether opposed to the primitiveness of her wild nature, the cynosure (it is true) of all eyes, but probably the object of many an attention of an equivocal character—what homesickness must have beset her! She had borne a child, christened Thomas, and if we may read

[1] Some accounts allege that she died of smallpox at Plymouth, and that her body was brought back to Gravesend; but this is most improbable.

between the lines, it is probable that she never recovered from this, and that the rigours of a winter in England brought on a mortal illness. Yielding to her entreaties, Rolfe, or Wrothe as he is called on her tombstone, determined to send her back to her own country, but too late, as she was then in a moribund condition. The sands of life ran out amidst all the discomforts

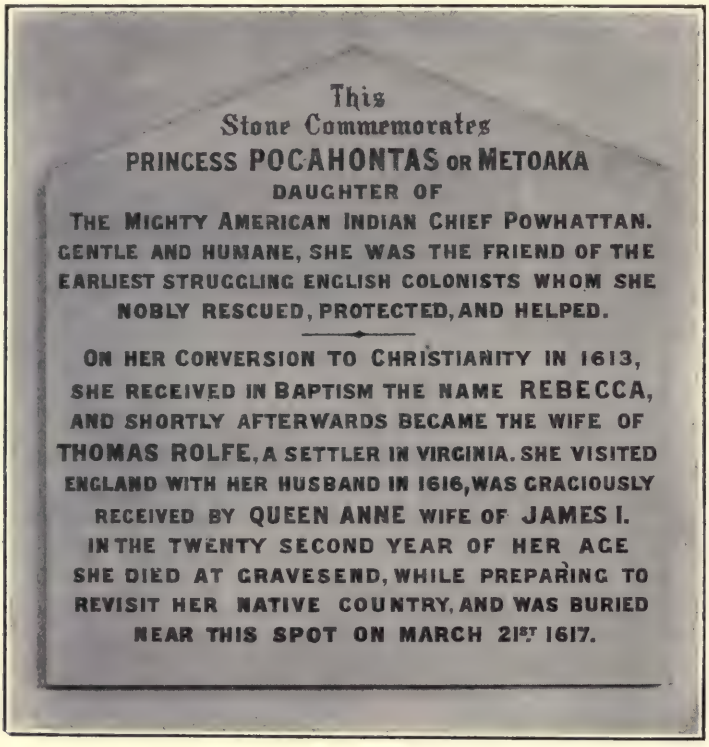


FACSIMILE OF THE BURIAL CERTIFICATE OF THE PRINCESS POCAHONTAS AT GRAVESEND.

inseparable from the departure of a ship bound on such a journey. Gravesend, as its name implies, was the last place on the river where persons who died on board ship were buried, below that they were consigned to the sea, and so she was landed there. That even in her death she was thought of some account is evident from the position of her grave, for we read from her burial certificate that on "1616, May 21. Rebecca Wrothe,

wyffe of Thomas Wrothe, Gent., a Virginia lady borne, here was buried in ye Chauncell."

The later monument, of which we give an illustration, was erected in 1899 by subscription raised by Archdeacon Cheetham, to whose pen the inscription is due.



MONUMENT TO THE PRINCESS POCAHONTAS, GRAVESEND CHURCH.

Rolfe did not long survive her, but the records that note his death are not favourable to his connection with Pocahontas. They are embodied in a petition to the Virginia Company by one H. Rolfe respecting the estate of his brother, which he wishes administered for the best use of his relict wife and children, and

for his own indemnity, "having brought up the child his said brother had by Powhatan's daughter, which said child is yet livynge in his custodie."

The child afterwards went to America, and its descendants have been traced for several generations.



CHAPTER X

A CATHOLIC COLONY

George Calvert, Baron Baltimore

"Thus was laid the foundation of the Colonie of Maryland; and whosoever intends now to go thither shall find the waie so troden that hee may proceed with much more ease and confidence than these first adventurers could."—A Relation of Maryland, 1635.

THERE are some people—I confess to being one of them—to whom the study of a good atlas is quite as pleasurable as the perusal of a good novel. If any of the same opinion will take up the map of the eastern coast-line of North America they will see how the various settlers have left for all time an indelible indication of their country of origin in the nomenclature of its towns and states. It was no fortuitous christening that placed side by side Barnstaple, Weymouth, Taunton, Truro, Somerset, Bridgwater, Gloucester, and Bristol, or Braintree, Dedham, and Essex. West-countrymen and East Anglians must have been to the fore when these names were given. Salem, Concord, Providence also show

the ruling spirits to have been of the Puritan faith. When we get farther south we meet, to our surprise, with places named St. Margaret's, St. Clement's, and St. Mary's coupled with counties named Charles, Prince George, Calvert, Arundel, Howard, Baltimore. These are in Maryland, so called after Charles's Queen, Henrietta Maria, afterwards changed into Terra Mariæ, the colony of St. Mary. What do these names indicate? The foundation of a Roman Catholic colony by Catholics, with Catholic funds.

Such a foundation by English folk was hardly to be expected at that season. Had one followed hard upon the Gunpowder Plot when the Roman Catholics were being harried, it would probably have been a success so far as numbers were concerned, but it was hardly likely when started nearly thirty years later in the midst of Laud's persecutions, and when every one believed that his aim and object was the Establishment of the Romish Church. It has been well said that "colonies are planted by the uneasy," and this was not then the condition of the Catholics, who in fact preferred to stay at home with the much greater possibility of spoils coming their way, than to hazard in a country that had at present shut its gates to any but emigrants either of the strictest Puritan views or of none at all.

But I am somewhat forestalling events, and must go back to the earlier efforts of the founders of Maryland. George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, was a man of energy and determination, not only for his own advancement, but for that of the religion he espoused. So far back as 1609 he had been a member of the

Virginia Company, and later on was made one of the Councillors for New England. In 1620 he was upon a Commission appointed to settle the affairs of a Scottish colony for colonising Newfoundland ; but he desired to have no one else as a partner in an undertaking in which he hoped to find himself a sort of Prince Regnant over a vast territory, so in 1621 he fitted out at his own expense a band of settlers to occupy the south-eastern peninsula of Newfoundland, which he had bought from Sir William Vaughan.

We who, in this twentieth century, know at least enough of the climate of Newfoundland to recognise its bleak and hostile character for the greater part of each twelvemonth, will wonder at its selection in preference to other unoccupied territory in more genial latitudes, and can regard with amazement the credulity of a man who even then had means of better information ; for he accepted without inquiry the stories of a "veteran seaman and weatherbeaten romancer" that the country was one of "Edenic fruitfulness"—stories which were circulated broadcast amongst the public by means of money raised by church collections. The credulity reached such proportions that Calvert called the colony "Avalon," the land of apples, the paradise of the blest, the island over the western seas to which King Arthur was translated. The romancing seaman had already scattered the inhospitable coast with such names as "the Bay of Flowers," "the Bay of Pleasance," "Heartsease Harbour," "the Bay of Bonaventura."

The difficulty was to obtain in a charter which James

granted on the 7th April 1623 a clause which would admit "Papisticall people," as hitherto they had been rigidly excluded in these documents. The King, however, signed it with a clause which opened the door to toleration.

Of course there was tremendous consternation when the Bay of Pleasance was found to be icebound for half the year, and the Bay of Flowers a bleak, inhospitable wilderness. Calvert did not himself visit the island until after Charles's accession. Under James he had held offices of state through which he had amassed a large fortune, and Romanists coming in numbers to London took up any leisure he had. But on Charles's accession he felt himself compelled to retire from the Privy Council, from inability to take the oath of supremacy. This gave him time to consider the growing cost of the adventure, and that so disturbed him that he took ship to the colony, accompanying him being a number of Catholics and two priests. It did not take him long to decide that he must write off the £30,000 he had disbursed, and remove elsewhere the remnants of his colony, half of whom were down with scurvy. Virginia only appeared to be available; so before another winter came round he embarked his colonists and landed them at Jamestown, where, however, his reception was a hostile one. The inhabitants took counsel how to be rid of him, and eventually decided he must take the oath of supremacy. This he naturally would not do, so there was nothing for it but to return to England, which he did, ill in mind and body.

But the colonising spirit and the desire to be the founder of a new kingdom of which he should be prince was still in him,

and he lost no time in setting to work to obtain a charter for some southern land. In this he was successful, and matters had all been settled, the territory being a vast country north of the Potomac, when he died on the 15th April 1632, leaving the project to be brought to fruition by his second son, Leonard, who became ultimately Governor of Maryland.

But, as I have said, times were not propitious to a Catholic emigration, for Laud's action, whilst compelling thousands to leave the country yearly, gave encouragement to the Romanists to come to England rather than depart from it. However, Leonard took as many Catholics as he could muster, and filled up with others, and started on the *Arke*, a vessel of 300 tons, reaching first Port Comfort, then the Patowmack (*sic*) River, where they began to give names to places, and called the southern point of the river St. Gregories and the northern St. Michael's. They sailed along until they came to Heron Island, and anchored under an island near it, which they called St. Clement, where they set up a cross and took possession "in the name of our Saviour and our Sovereign Lord the King of England." Here on Annunciation Day 1634 Mass was solemnised. This is how the towns having a prefix of "Saint" originated. They were the signs of a territorial rapture that soon became openly Catholic, but failed as such. The toleration which enabled Catholics to come there as settlers was used by Quakers and others who passed on thither from settlements less liberal, and by these in course of time they were absorbed.

Thus they "sate downe" in Maryland in a country which is

described as having a "soile generally very rich like that which is about Cheesweeke neare London, where it is worth twenty shillings an acre yeerely to tillage. Of strawberries there are



GEORGE CALVERT, FIRST LORD BALTIMORE.

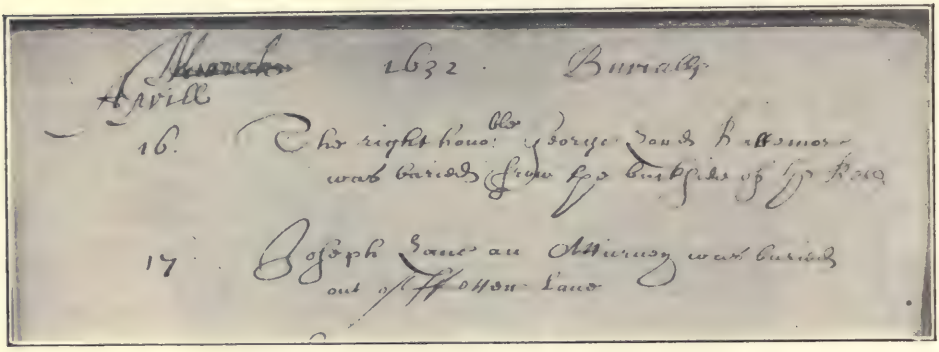
plenty ripe in April, mulberries in May, raspices in June, and maracocks, which are somewhat like a lemon, in August."[1]

Lord Baltimore's is another example of how a well-known name may disappear so far as the records of the places where he passed his life are concerned. He was born in 1582 at Kiplin

[1] *A Relation of Maryland. The Conditions of Plantation. His Majestie's Charter to the Lord Baltemore.* Translated into English, 1635.

in the parish of Catterick, about seven miles from Northallerton in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and he must have been of good family, for he went to Trinity College, Oxford.

Before he was of age he had travelled abroad, and through influence had passed into the service of Robert Cecil, Secretary of State to James. In 1605 he appears to have gone back to Oxford to take his M.A. degree. In 1617 he himself attained to the position of Secretary of State, and was knighted on the



FACSIMILE OF THE BURIAL CERTIFICATE OF LORD BALTIMORE AT ST. DUNSTAN'S, FLEET STREET.

occasion, and in 1625 received his Patent of Nobility. He was therein described as of Danby Wiske, Yorkshire, Knight. Danby Wiske is not far from Kiplin, and so it is clear that he kept up a proprietary connection with that part of the country throughout his life; but inquiries both at Kiplin and Danby Wiske, and of those in the neighbourhood likely to know, have elicited nothing as to his home, his parentage, or his possessions. He took his title from Baltimore in County Longford, Ireland, where undoubtedly he had an estate.

This singular lack of information continues to the end.

He was buried at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West in Fleet Street, but a search amongst the records of monuments fails to discover particulars of any erected to him even amongst the long list of citizens who were buried there in the seventeenth and earlier centuries.[1]

All we have is the record of his burial, and this is tantalising, for, as will be seen from the facsimile, it describes him as having resided "at the backside of ye Bell."

The Bell which gave its name to Bell Yard was (so my friend Mr. H. B. Wheatley informs me) an important tavern formerly belonging to the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, and it was situated between a tenement called the Lamb on the east and a house called the Dolphin on the west, the open fields and pasture called Tickett's Fields being on the north, and the King's Highway on the south. Tickett's Fields are now Lincoln's Inn Fields. London had extended by the time that James I. came to the throne as far as Lincoln's Inn proper, and all west of that was

[1] I cannot refrain from lightening my text with excerpts from two epitaphs here that are quoted by Speed :—"One table with a fair coat-of-arms encompassed with a wreath of laurel runs—

In this fair fragrant maiden moneth of May
When Earth her flowre Embroydery doth display,
Jane Watson, one of Virtue's Flowers most faire
For Beauty, wit, and worth, a Primrose rare,
Adorn'd this Earth, changing Earth's Marriage Bed
To joyne her Virgin Soule to Christ, her Head.

"Another of about the same date (1620) to Margaret Talbot, widow—

By this small statue, Reader, is but showne
That she was buried here.
[12 lines of laudation omitted.]
More Honour hast thou by her Burial here,
Dunstan, than to thee chanc'd this many a yeere,
Earth from her Coffin heave thy ponderous stones
And for thy sacredst Relique keep her bones."

"Fields." Inigo Jones, seeing the value of the adjoining property, and that London must spread westward, obtained, with one or two other members of the Court, a special commission to lay out and improve the ground, and at once the nobility gave orders for houses to be erected round it, the names of the following being some of them—Newcastle, Lindsey, Bristol, Sandwich, Middlesex, Somers, and Baltimore. Some few of the houses planned by the great architect remain, but that in which Lord Baltimore died is not known.

Mr. Wheatley has reminded me of an interesting incident connected with Lord Baltimore. When Barry was painting his picture of Elysium and the law-givers at the Adelphi, he inserted a portrait of Penn giving a charter to the North American Indians. His authority for giving the pride of place to one comparatively near to his own times was called in question, and consequently in the etching he subsequently made of the picture Lord Baltimore takes Penn's place, the latter being relegated to the background.



CHAPTER XI

EMIGRANTS FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE

ROGER WILLIAMS, WILLIAM HATHORNE, JOHN ELIOT, THOMAS HOOKER, PETER BULKLEY, THEOPHILUS EATON, JOHN DAVENPORT.

"A descent from men who sacrificed everything and came hither, not to better their fortunes, but to plant their ideas in virgin soil, should be a good pedigree. There was never a colony save this that went forth, not to seek gold but God."

My Study Window, LOWELL.

IT might well be imagined that by this time the limits of the list of persons who passed over to the other side, either for colonising purposes or in the cause of religion, had been reached. But this is not so, and were I to close it now I should be omitting some of the foremost luminaries in the history of the New England constellation, amongst them names which have been singled out for perpetual lustre with such titles as these, "The Light of the Western Churches," "The Apostle to the Indians," "the irrepressible maintainer of a toleration which his fellows

were not able to endure." I accordingly devote a chapter to seven biographies, placing them in the order in which they left this country—namely, Roger Williams, 1630; William Hathorne, 1630; John Eliot, 1631; Thomas Hooker, 1633; Peter Bulkley, 1635; Theophilus Eaton and John Davenport, 1637.

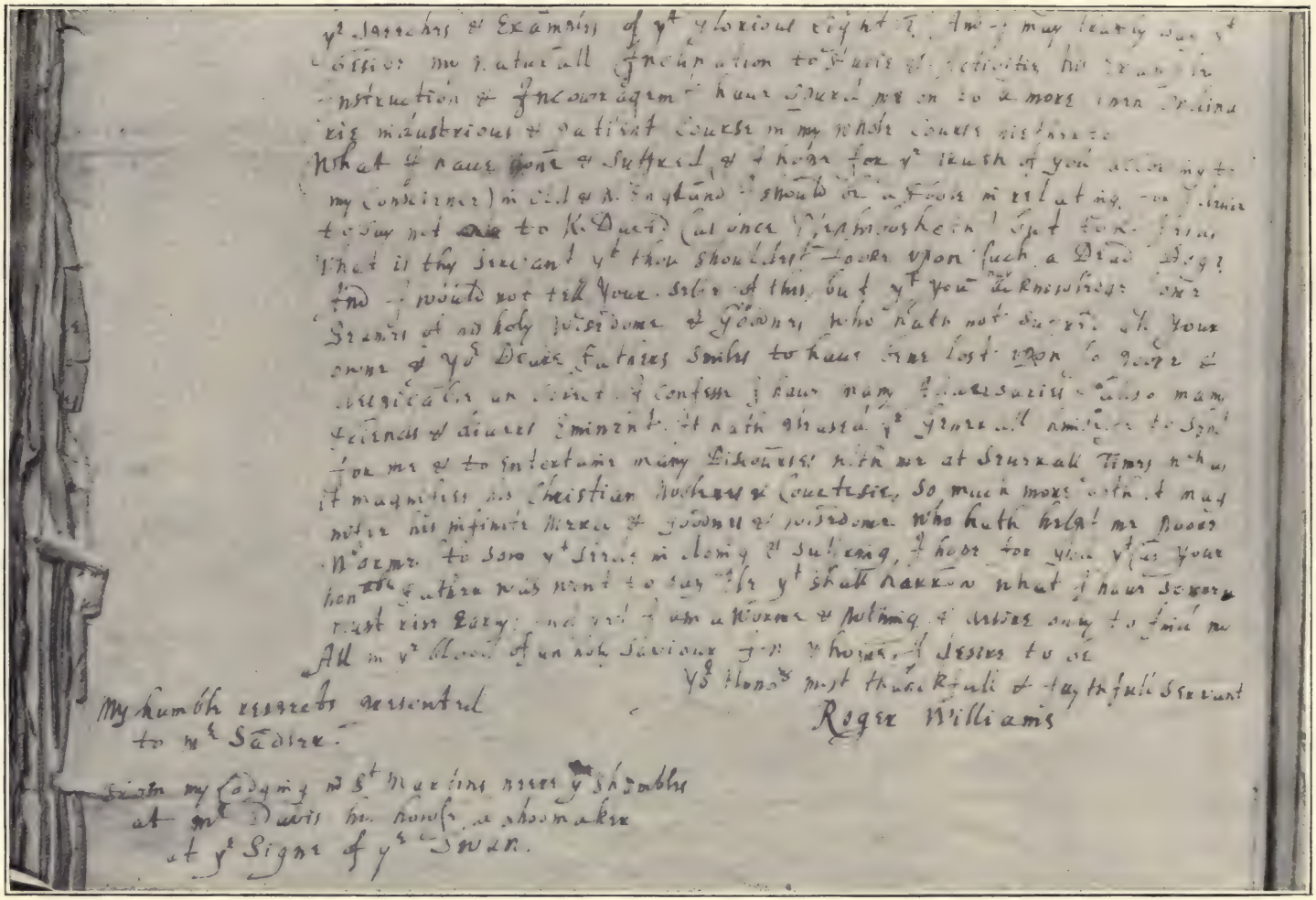
Roger Williams

Charterhouse; Trinity College, Cambridge.

Dwellers in the prosperous city of Providence will assuredly and very properly expect that notice should be taken in this volume of the man who, having fallen under the displeasure of his fellow-refugees for acting in accordance with his religious scruples, was banished from his New England home, an indignity which was the means of his founding the pleasant place which he called Providence, after the measure of good fortune which had been granted to him in his distress.

It is somewhat remarkable that although he lived under the shadow of powerful patronage, the particulars that have come to hand of Roger Williams's life in England are, save in one particular, of an uncertain nature. He is said to have been born in Wales about the year 1599, but where he lived or spent his childhood is not known. It has, however, been ascertained that he became a student at Charterhouse on the 25th June 1621, and obtained a scholarship there on the 9th July 1624, dates which would make that of his birth too early.

He consequently has the distinction of being, with Sir Harry



FACSIMILE OF PORTION OF A LETTER FROM ROGER WILLIAMS TO MRS. SADLER.

From the Original in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Vane, one of the few public-school boys amongst the band of men who took part in the great religious movement of the early seventeenth century to the extent of leaving their country on account of it. I have, in dealing with the Charterhouse in Chapter III. (page 76), drawn attention to the monument now erected there to his memory.

It is not known whether he went to the University, but this is considered probable, and that if he did, Cambridge is entitled to claim him. No great interval can have separated his college life from his leaving England, for he embarked at Bristol in the *Lion* on the 1st December 1630, and arrived at Boston, after a passage of over two months, on the 9th February following. Presumably he had only recently married, for while it is stated that he took with him his wife, no mention is made of children. It was on account of those born afterwards that he came under the ban of the authorities and under the pains and penalties that were so early adopted and enforced by the infant community. In 1635 he was excommunicated and banished for refusing to bring his children to baptism, and in the winter of that year he submitted to the sentence, left Boston, and founded Providence.

It is on this ground that he has received the title of "the Great Assertor of Religious Freedom."

A very interesting correspondence exists in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the collection of letters of Mrs. Ann Sadler, daughter of Sir Edward Coke. Those relating to Roger Williams are of such interest as showing the extreme lengths to which religious partisanship went in those days, that I

have (with the permission of the Council of the College and with the kind assistance of the librarian, Dr. Sinker) set them out *in extenso* in the Appendix, and I give on page 205 a facsimile of the last page and autograph of one of them.

William Hathorne

Wilton, Wilts.

The name of Hathorne has become a venerated one in the United States, not so much for the deeds of the man who first bore it there, as for the descendants that sprang from his loins. William Hathorne himself was an extreme instance of one who, although a determined Separatist who left these shores for conscience' sake and refused to obey the King's summons to return to England, yet signalised his career by the most active and narrow-minded hostility to freedom of conscience in the new country, being, for instance, the man who ordered the whipping through the streets of Salem, Boston, and Dedham, of Anne Coleman and four other Quakers. He has been described by one of his biographers[1] as "a leader in war and peace, trade and politics, with the versatility then required for leadership, being legislator, magistrate, Indian fighter, explorer, and promoter, as well as, occasionally, a preacher, and having withal a temper to sway and incite which made him reputed the most eloquent man in the public assembly." His son John, who attained to prominence in the councils of his State, has left behind him a

[1] *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by George E. Woodbury. Houghton and Co., Cambridge, U.S.A. *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by Julian Hawthorne. Osgood, Boston, U.S.A.

still more unparalleled record and sinister renown of Puritan temperament, which will never be erased from the page of American history. For it was he who, considering himself ordained as judge to deal with Friends and other innocent victims as wild boars in the Lord's vineyard, examined and sentenced to death unfortunate Quakers, and conducted himself so inhumanly in court that one of the sufferers cursed him and his children's children, a curse that was believed to attach itself for generations onwards. All Hathorne's descendants served the State in one way or another, mainly on the sea, privateering against the British. The last of these sailors, the fifth in descent from the Puritan emigrant, left his bones at Surinam in 1808, and three children at Salem, one of whom, born there on 4th July 1804, grew up to bear one of the most noted names in American literature as Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of *The Scarlet Letter*, who, on his mother's side, came from a stout-hearted old Puritan lady, the widow of Richard Manning of St. Petrox Parish, Dartmouth, who crossed to America with her four sons and three daughters in the ship *Hannah and Elizabeth* in 1679.

William Hathorne (the spelling of the name was afterwards altered to Hawthorne) was the son of a gentleman living at Wigcastle near Wilton, in Wiltshire, at the close of the sixteenth century, who must have been of some family eminence, as he bore as "arms," azure a lion's head erased, between three fleurs-de-lis. He was the second of four children, of whom John, his youngest brother, followed him to America. He was born in 1607, and he went over with Winthrop in the *Arbella* in 1630,

being then but twenty-three years of age. He was apparently one of the few leaders who had not had a University career.

John Eliot

Widford, Herts.

England's sons who went out to America for conscience' sake in the seventeenth century were enigmas. One of their historians has said that "they were driven forth by their countrymen to do a great work for human rights and for God's cause in the wilderness," but how did they set about it? By dissensions amongst themselves on small matters of religion—dissensions that had reached fever heat long before some of them left the shores of Europe—which caused a man such as Henry Vane to return within six months although invested with the highest post at the disposition of the colony: by fanaticism which impelled even the sober Quakers to burn recusants at the stake: by a display of callousness and cruelty towards the unfortunate aborigines that might well have called down the judgment of God upon their undertaking; in so doing pursuing a course of action in direct opposition to their Royal Charter, which enacted that "the principal end of the plantation is to win and incite the natives of the country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind, and the Christian faith—such is the Royal intention and the adventurers' free profession."

The Indians that inhabited the land when the colonists first invaded their territory appear to have been a harmless folk.

They were described by an early traveller as "a gentill naturell peepel who frequentt the Englishe vere much, and the countrye is worthye of prayse."

The anomaly of the situation is that the first adventurers, who came to colonise and not to convert, and who had before them the exterminating methods of the Spaniards, appear to have dealt much less harshly and treacherously with the natives than did the Puritans who emigrated twenty years later. There is little doubt that even that short period of intercourse had opened the eyes of the aborigines to the fact that extermination was their ultimate fate, and spoliation of their territory a certainty, and that the word of the invaders was not always to be relied upon. Under these circumstances it is matter for no surprise if those who went out later on found them crafty, treacherous, and ready to take advantage of any opportunity to get the better of an intercourse in which bows and arrows were opposed to powder and shot. But even were everything true that has been put forward against the natives, the attitude of the Christian settlers is incomprehensible. Here, for instance, was their idea of how the aborigines came there—"we may guess that probably the devil decoyed these salvages hither in hopes that the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ would never come here to destroy or disturb his absolute empire over them"; consequently they deemed it no wrong to clear the forests of these "pernicious creatures, to make room for a better growth," and they thought nothing of pretending to trade with the "tawny pagans," "bloody salvages," and "devils," in order that they might more safely

"with prodigious resolution kill divers of their chiefs," and of "astonishing them with the strange effects of such dead doing things as powder and shot."

Baillie, in his *Errors of the Time*, was the first to draw attention to the great neglect in preaching the Kingdom of Christ to the Indians.

But at that very moment "John Eliot, a man of primitive piety, zeal, and mortification, broke through the bondage of the system round him, and treated the red men, whose lands the Pilgrims had now so largely occupied, as having, like themselves, souls for which Christ died."[1] In this spirit Eliot entered on his work, and his name has ever since been held in honour for efforts that were continued over a long and self-denying life. These, and certain tracts known as the "Eliot Tracts," aroused so much interest on this side of the water that even in that most troublous year 1649 the needs of the Indians came before Parliament, and on the 27th of July an Act of Ordinance was passed with the title "A Corporation for the Promoting and Propagating the Gospel of Jesus Christ in New England."

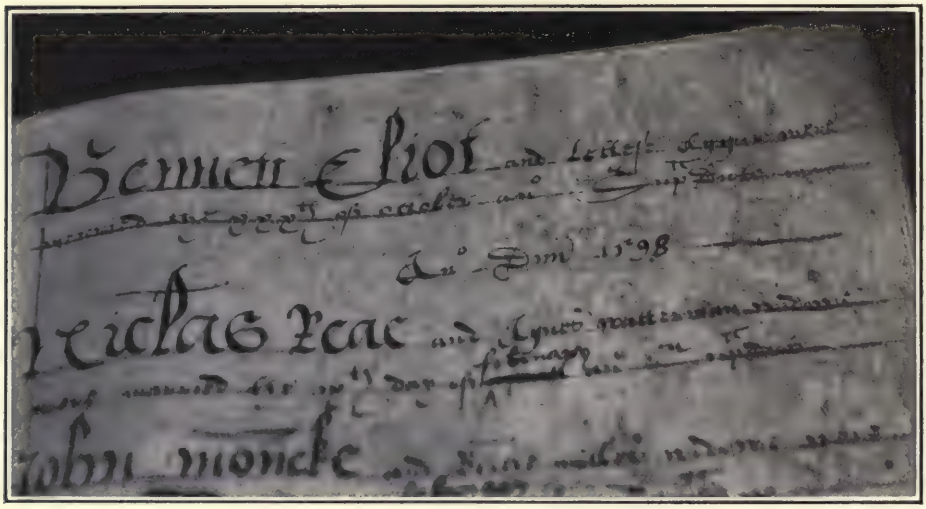
Americans have not been slow to search out the whereabouts in England of the home of "the Apostle of the Red Man." His descendants have also erected memorials to him. One of these has traced his ancestry to one, Sir William de Aliot, who in the time of the Conqueror held distinguished rank in the invading army.[2] I do not purpose to go so far back.

[1] *History of the American Church*—Bishop Wilberforce.

[2] *Genealogy of the Eliot Family*, by William H. Eliot, Jr. Geo. B. Bassett and Co., Newhaven, Conn., 1854.

Bennett Eliot, the father of the subject of this notice, held property in Elizabeth's time at Ware, Widford, Hunsdon, Eastwick, and Nazing, in the county of Herts. It has been ascertained that he was married at Widford, as is proved by an entry in the records there, of which I give a facsimile.

Some time afterwards he removed to Nazing, where he died



FACSIMILE OF THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF JOHN ELIOT'S PARENTS.
From the Register at Widford, Herts.

in 1621, and he and his wife Lettes rest somewhere in the churchyard of that parish. But at the time of John's birth his parents must have been in residence at Widford, as the Baptism Register, of which we give a facsimile, shows.

In due course John Eliot proceeded to Cambridge, where he matriculated at Jesus on 20th March 1619. Whilst there his father died, and by his will directed his executors to pay out of the rents of his lands "the sum of eight pounds a year for his maintenance in the University of Cambridge, where he is a

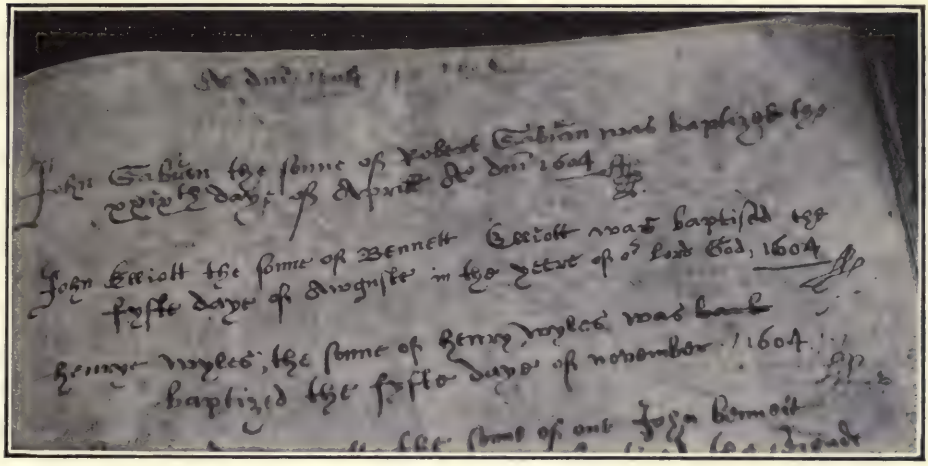
WIDFORD, HERTS.

Where JOHN ELIOT, the Apostle to the Indians, was born.





scholar"—a proof of the difference in the cost of education three hundred years ago and now. The College books contain the following entry :—" 1622 Maii die xv°. Johannes Eliott habuit licentiam sibi concessam petendi gratiam ab universitate ad respondendum quaestioni spondente M^ro Beale," his degree signature being in vol. i. Subscription Book in the University



FACSIMILE OF THE CERTIFICATE OF BAPTISM OF JOHN ELIOT.
From the Register at Widford, Herts.

Registrar's office. Eliot took his B.A. degree in 1623, and obtained College testimonials for ordination in 1625. On leaving he became tutor at a school kept by the Rev. Thomas Hooker, Little Baddow, Chelmsford. Hooker, as we shall see (page 219), had been at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and had achieved some position at Chelmsford as a lecturer; but his repugnance to ceremonies caused him to leave his church and set up a school at Baddow. Eliot clearly came very much under Hooker's influence, and in after years averred that it was at

Baddow that "the Lord said unto my dead soul, Live! live! When I came to this blessed family I saw as never before the power of godliness in its lovely vigour and efficacy." But as he also wrote, "my first years were seasoned with the fear of God, the word, and prayer," it is clear that Hooker only watered and matured seed that had been sown by God-fearing parents.

It is not known whether or no Eliot took orders in England. No allusion is made to it by him in any of his writings, and he would hardly have been silent on the point had he done so. He clearly felt a call to the ministry, but it is probable that Hooker's experience deterred him from doing so in England, and, as in the case of many others, his attention was turned to the field opening up in New England, which at all events promised quietness and peace.

Thither, then, he went in 1631 (two years before his master Hooker), reaching Boston in the ship *Lion*, with sixty other folk, on the 3rd November. His affianced wife, a Miss Hannah Mountford, a woman of rare excellence and virtue, followed in the same ship a year later. She came from Widford or the neighbourhood, where the name is still to be found under its altered form of Mumford.[1] Eliot was then but seven-and-twenty years of age, and full of vigour and strength. An opening was at once found for him at Boston, where it was hoped he would remain, but he was "foreingaiged" by his friends at Rocksbrough

[1] His sister Sarah seems also to have gone over in 1632, with her husband, one William Curtis of Appledore near Canterbury.

(Roxbury), where he was ordained first minister of the Christian congregation, a post he held until he passed away in 1690, "his last breath smelling strong of heaven."

Much might be written concerning his labours, his charity, and especially the liberality of his views in contrast to those of his fellows. One story illustrating them may find a place here. A Jesuit visiting America thus described the Apostle :—"On my way I arrived at Rogsbray where the Minister Master Neliot, who was instructing some salvages, received me to lodge with him, as the night had overtaken me. He treated me with respect and affection, and prayed me to pass the winter with him." It is believed that the invitation was accepted, in which case we can imagine the Puritan household keeping its wonted course of morning and evening devotions, with grace and blessing at each meal, whilst the faithful priest had his oratory, his orisons, and his matin mass before breaking his fast.[1]

Widford, where Eliot first saw light, is at this moment an old-world village in "Pleasant Hertfordshire," and very countrified, considering its propinquity to the metropolis,[2] save on summer Saturdays and Sundays, when motorists and cyclists whirl through it in their hurry to get farther afield. Its quaint street, with its old thatched barns and tiled cottages interspersed with houses of the gentry hedged round with box and yew, is much the same as when Charles Lamb selected it as the scene of his romance of *Rosamond Gray*. The village stands on the brow of a hill

[1] See *The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay*—G. S. Ellis. Boston, 1888.

[2] It is twenty-five miles from Liverpool Street on the branch line to Buntingford. A tidy little inn is the Victoria.

above its church, of which Lamb wrote in his memorial verses on the "Grandam"—

> On the green hill top,
> Hard by the house of prayer—a modest roof,
> And not distinguished from its neighbour barn,
> Save by a slender, tapering length of spire,—
> The Grandam sleeps. A plain stone barely tells
> The name and date to the chance passenger.[1]

The little church, under the loving care of its rector the Rev. J. Traviss Lockwood (to whom both Miss Chettle and myself are much indebted for assistance and information), has been renovated and placed in perfect repair, and the descendants of John Eliot who have beautified the interior by their gifts have entrusted them to very sure custody. The family's gift is the east window of three lights, the figure of our Lord on the cross occupying the centre, and on either side the Virgin Mother and St. John, whilst beneath in panels is St. John baptizing Christ, and the Last Supper; the inscription at the base runs thus :—

> To the Glory of God and in pious remembrance of John Eliot, B.A. Cantab, called the Apostle of the Indians, who was baptized in this Church August 5th 1604, emigrated to New England A.D. 1631, and died in Roxbury, Massachusetts, May 21st, 1690. This window was erected by his descendants A.D. 1894. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

Another American has presented a carved cover to the twelfth-century font in which John Eliot was baptized.

[1] These lines have lately been added by some admirer of Lamb to the inscription on the tombstone, which had been knocked down by a falling tree. The rest reads as follows :—

TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS MARY FIELD,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE JULY 31ST 1792
AGED 79 YEARS.

From the old tree-shaded stile on the north side of the God's Acre the ground descends rapidly and affords a fair view over the little river Ash, which wanders through the meadows at the base of the hill. The name Widford or Wideford was in its Saxon original the "holy ford," or the "ford of the sacred river," and was so called on account of its passing almost its whole course through the lands of the Bishop of London.[1]

No house at present existing can be identified as that occupied by the Eliots, but the house is probably standing where Charles Lamb so often visited his friends the Norrises. Mr. Norris was the R. N. of Elia's Essay *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*, and whose death was so touchingly described in the letter to H. C. Robinson, 20th Jan. 1826 (Bell and Daldy's edition, 1867, p. 145): "To the last he called me Charley. I have no one to call me Charley now: he was the last link that bound me to the Temple."

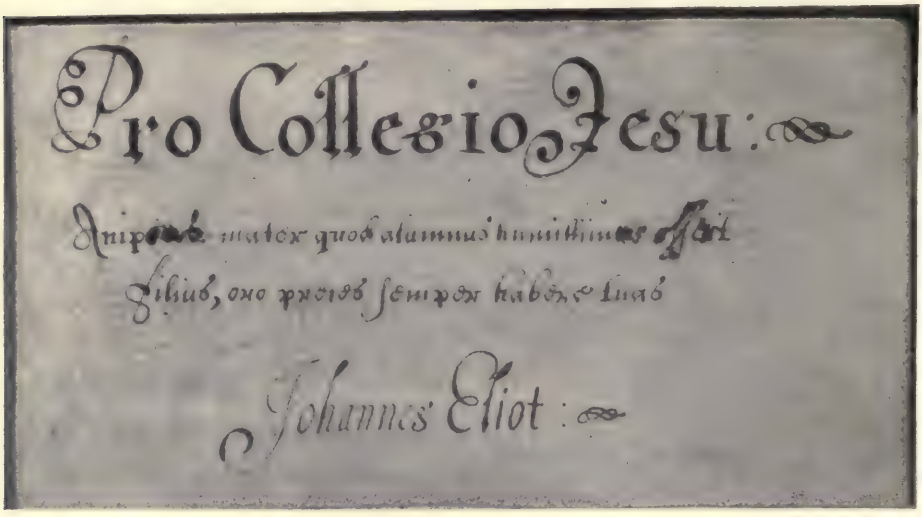
Miss Chettle's view of the church is taken from the north side, where it is seen rising on its hill. It brings in a piece of the old priory wall and manor-house, and some of the singularly graceful and lace-like elms which are such a feature hereabouts. A view of the church on its south side by Mr. Griggs will be found in *Highways and Byways of Herts.*

A copy of Eliot's Bible in the language of the Massachusetts Indians, now a very rare book,[2] is amongst the treasured

[1] Some early nearly obliterated frescoes in the church show the faded figure of an early Bishop of London painted when Widford Church and Priory were served and inhabited by the monks of the Abbey of Bermondsey; Widford was then in the diocese of London.

[2] A copy was sold a year or two ago for £200.

possessions of Jesus College, Cambridge. It was presented by Eliot, and bears his autograph and a dedicatory Latin distich. I give a facsimile of it, which I have been allowed to photograph through the courtesy of the College authorities, obtained for me



INSCRIPTION AND AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN ELIOT IN HIS INDIAN BIBLE, JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

by Mr. Edwin Abbott. The distich, which is somewhat illegible, reads thus :—

Accipias, Mater, quod alumnus humillimus offert ;
Filius, oro preces semper habere tuas.

Americans have recognised Eliot's connection with the College by founding an Eliot prize for theology.

John Eliot was not the only Jesus man who left his country for conscience' sake. Francis Higginson, admitted to the College 1608, took his B.A. from St. John's in 1609, and afterwards went to Salem, where he became minister of the church. He died there in 1630, the year before Eliot's arrival.

Thomas Hooker

Market Bosworth, Leicestershire.

It is undoubtedly right that only the names of the men who became the actual progenitors of the American race should be those to be blazoned on the glory roll of these pages. Yet the deeper one delves into their life-stories the more one comes into contact with predisposing causes without which they would probably never have attained to the celebrity which is now theirs, and to the authors of those causes some of the credit should assuredly be assigned.

Thomas Hooker's is a case in point. He completed his education at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and became a fellow of that College, and from the influences which he encountered there his life flowed into channels which affected one of the noblest lives given to the service of the New Country. But how came it about that Hooker went to Cambridge at all, and especially to that College in which were trained the majority of those who became the "sages and heroes of America's paternal history"?

Even the slight research that the preparation of this volume has demanded into the history of the time of Queen Elizabeth has brought to one's notice how many were the patriotic spirits who, following the noble example of Colet, spent much of their fortunes in aiding education. We have seen that the foundation of Emmanuel College was due to one of these, and Charterhouse, Louth, and Towcester Schools, to others.

In the case before us the cause is still more marked, for we have benefactions to two institutions, each in turn benefiting the individual we are inquiring after.

Thomas Hooker is said to have been born at Markfield, near Leicester, although no such name is found upon the registers of that parish. The date of his birth is put at 1685. Markfield is in the adjacent Hundred to Market Bosworth, being some six miles distant. At that time Sir Wolston Dixie, Lord Mayor of London, was owner of the principal lands in this latter parish, and by an order of Queen Elizabeth power was given to him to found a school to be called "The Grammar School of Wolston Dixie." He further gave £600 to the Master and Governors of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to maintain two scholars and two fellows, the scholars to come forth out of Bosworth School.

The foundation of such a school must have acted as an incentive to the parents in the neighbourhood to give their sons a better education than had hitherto been possible, and the foundation occurring at a time when young Hooker was ripe for training, there is little doubt that he went to this grammar school, and from there availed himself of the benefactor's further liberality at the University. It is true that he matriculated at Queens' College, but this may have been because at the time the two scholarships were full: it is certain that he took his degree from Emmanuel in 1608, and obtained a fellowship in 1611, the latter being almost certainly a Dixie Fellowship.

Little is known of his career during the greater part of his manhood, but we find him at the age of forty occupying a

prominent position as lecturer at Chelmsford, where after a time his determined opposition to ceremonies necessitated his giving up his charge, and retiring to Little Baddow, a village in the neighbourhood, where he started a school. There, as I have said, John Eliot came to him as an assistant. Persecution



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, MARKET BOSWORTH, WHERE HOOKER WAS EDUCATED.

From Nichol's *Leicestershire*, about 1820.

did not cease upon Hooker leaving Chelmsford, but was persisted in to such an extent that after two years he was forced to migrate to Delft, from whence, in company with John Cotton, the Rev. Samuel Stone (both Emmanuel men), and others, he sailed westward in the *Griffin*, arriving at Boston on the 3rd September 1633.

The school at Bosworth which nurtured Hooker, and maybe others who helped to found the great nation of the West, still exists, but it has in late years, like many others, been altered almost out of recognition to suit the sanitary and other exigencies of the time. The view given of it on the preceding page is taken from Nichol's *Leicestershire*, and shows it as it was in 1820, when probably it had changed but little since its foundation. Inquiries at Little Baddow have failed to trace any remains or local knowledge of Hooker's school there.

Peter Bulkley

Odell, Bedfordshire.

If the little village of Odell be taken as a sample of the stores of matter pregnant with interest to Americans that await research, the aggregate of what could be garnered with a little trouble must be enormous. It was only by chance that Odell came for inclusion within this volume, and yet its records, after a surface digging only, have disclosed information concerning more than one family whose descendants occupy a prominent position in America,—the chance being that Miss Chettle, when this volume was projected, received information that a former rector of Odell had been driven over-sea by the persecution of Archbishop Laud in the time of King Charles.

Odell is a typical Midland village situated on high ground to the north of the low-lying meadows through which the Bedfordshire Ouse wends its sinuous way. This waterway has had much to do in the past with the placing of towns and with the roads

that connect them. Its services were required for motive power, and most of the villages in its course possess a mill having rights of damming up the stream and so preventing its use for navigation. The houses for safety's sake spread upwards from the mill, for this seemingly harmless river has a most unpleasant habit of suddenly augmenting its volume, and tradition has long crystallised this into the saying, "The Bailiff of Bedford is coming to distrain" on herds and crops that may be caught by its floods. So also the roads take the higher ground, as the climbing of hills is more easily accomplished than the traversing of morasses.

Odell has, as a matter of course, its squire's house—in this case rising to the dignity of a castle, and naturally occupying the pride of place on the parish lands. To this castle, perhaps, is due a somewhat more voluminous record of its past than other villages possess, a record which I may be pardoned for dipping into in proof of my assertion as to the store of quaint lore that exists concerning some of England's rural districts.

Odell was not originally the name of this parish. In ancient times its name was Wahul, later Woodhull, finally passing into its present form. Its signification is, I believe, "The house of the Wood," a claim to which it is still entitled, as in a recent survey it possessed 590 acres of wood, being more than four times the amount of any neighbouring parish.

Its squires have been men of note since very far-away days. In the fifth year of Edward I. we find a De Wahul, so named after his dwelling, summoned to be at Worcester on the Octave of St. John to join the army there assembled to suppress the

rebellion of Llewellin, Prince of Wales, and we know that he appeared accompanied by two knights; later one was sent for to attend the King so far away as Worcester, and to be well fitted with horse and arms, thence to pass with him into Gascony. Of interest, too, is the information that has come down to us as to the villagers who were even, in those times, almost the slaves of their lords, for they could neither marry nor sell their produce without his leave. Little did they think that their names and holdings would be served up, centuries hence, as items of interest to a nation thousands of miles away, and for persons containing, maybe, some strain of their blood.

Here are some of them: John le Mareshall held a house and three and a half acres in return for one pair of gloves; Simon Likelove, a house for five shillings and four capons; Robert Fire-god, one house and seven acres for one lamp burning in the church for the Lord John; and Joan Mayher, one house and three acres for two pounds of wax for the light for the Blessed Mary in the church. Rose Belle (was she as fair as her name implies?) paid for her cottage three shillings and one halfpenny; while William Prikeavant returned for one a hooded falcon; and William de Hall for the like, one arrow.

The Lord's surname in course of time changed from Wahul to Woodhull, one Nicholas of that ilk holding the lands in the time of the Tudors. From him it is claimed that the family of that name in America is descended, Richard Woodhull having emigrated thither in 1648, the troublous times just prior to Charles I.'s death. The subjoined letter from Lord Crewe of

ODELL CHURCH, BEDFORDSHIRE.

From this living the Rev. Peter Bulkeley was evicted by Archbishop Laud in 1634.

He went to America and founded the town of Concord, Mass. He was the ancestor in the sixth degree of Ralph Waldo Emerson.



Stene is in the possession of the Woodhull family of Stetaukit, Brookhaven, Suffolk Co., New York :—

STEANE, *September* 5, 1687.

SIR,—I was heartily glad to find by yr letter that it hath pleased God so to blesse and prosper your family, and that you received the small present I sent you sometime since, wh. I thought had been lost. For our country's news take this account—My Father departed this life Dec. 12, 1679, and as he lived well soe he had good joy at his death, with a longing to leave this world. I have six children but no sonne, it having pleased God to take him in the fifteenth year of his age, a man growne and very hopeful : God's will be done. Yr Cozen Wodhull lives very well, is a justice of the peace and very well beloved. . . . I have enclosed the papers you desire. My service to all my cousins. Last your loving friend and kinsman, CREWE.

(Superscribed) For my loving kinsman,
RICHARD WODHULL, Esquire.

A contemporary of his, William Odell, had crossed the seas nine years earlier (viz. in 1639) and settled at Concord, Massachusetts, and from him are said to be derived the Odells of West Chester County, State of New York.

The ancient castle was "strangely ruinous" so far back as Henry VIII.'s time, and in 1787 but little remained of it save the keep. A more modernised building has been reared on its site, much being added to it by the Alstons, to whom it passed by purchase early in the seventeenth century.

But it is time that I passed to a notice of the man whose doings first attracted us to Odell.

Peter Bulkley was born on the 31st January 1582 at Odell, being the son of Edward Bulkley, rector of the parish. The

Bulkleys came originally from Chester, where they were lords of the manor of that name. In due course Peter proceeded to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he became a fellow. He succeeded his father in the living in 1620, inheriting a considerable estate at the same time. Where he imbibed his Puritanical tendencies is not known—probably at the University, for there is little doubt that they were in evidence all through his clerical career, as we hear, for instance, of Sir Thomas Alston having been much influenced this way by his teaching. It was not, however, until 1634 that he came under the censure of his Archbishop. In the previous year *The Declaration of Sports* had been republished, many of the tenets of which he would not assent to. On the 27th August 1634 the following entry appears in the Parish Register: "The Archbishop's Visitation—Peter Bulkley, Odell, ejected for refusing to wear a surplice and to use the sign of the cross in Baptism." Although, probably, the visitation was not made by Archbishop Laud, but by his Vicar-General, Sir Nathaniel Brent, it was his rigorous interpretation of the Act that forced Bulkley out of the Church. Within a year we find him selling his estate and embarking for America. This he did not do without much difficulty, as undoubtedly he would have been stopped had his going been discovered. As it was, he embarked in one vessel and his wife in another, and his three sons were entered in the ship's papers at such intervals and in such a way as to escape attention.

His first sojourn in a strange land was at Cambridge, whence he passed over to Concord, laying out his money in land and improve-

ments, which were not so successful as those of his fellow-planters. He lived at Concord and ministered in a church he had built, until his death, at the age of 76, on the 9th March 1658 O.S.

From the offspring of this Calvinistic divine has issued one of America's most distinguished sons, Ralph Waldo Emerson, known in this country not only for his literary attainments, but as the friend of Carlyle, Tennyson, and many of our Victorian celebrities.

The connection between Peter Bulkley and Emerson is as follows :—

Peter Bulkley
|
Edward Bulkley
|
Elizabeth Bulkley—Joseph Emerson
|
Edward Emerson
|
Joseph Emerson
|
William Emerson
|
Ralph Waldo Emerson.

And now for some notice of the church within which Peter Bulkley preached and from which he was evicted.

The tower of "All Saints," Odell, will be descried some time before we reach the village, as we journey along the fair wide turnpike road, the ample grass on either side of which shows the small value that was attached to land at the time of its enclosure. The church occupies a higher elevation even than the castle, and contains many objects of interest which were certainly there in Peter Bulkley's time.

There is little doubt that he preached from the pulpit, which dates at least into the sixteenth century. The old hour-glass

affixed to it (and which bears witness to an era when the length of a sermon was the criterion of its excellence) is said to have been imported from a neighbouring church in Commonwealth times. Many of the pews, however, are still as they were when Bulkley ministered; but an exception must be made to the quaint ones for children, to make which, economic churchwardens, at some time or another, utilised the woodwork upon which were painted the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and Ten Commandments. And he must have passed to church under the sound of one at least of the bells that summon the parishioners to service—the fourth bearing the inscription "God Save the King, 1618."

The church has, it is said, received visitors from farther afield than the New World. Either side of the west door bears the finger-marks of his Satanic Majesty, who impressed them in his wrath at being baulked of the body of one of the Alstons, to which he deemed himself entitled through some compact which was broken, when that poor man's remains were brought to holy ground for interment.

Pilgrims to Odell should not omit to visit the picturesque thatched-roofed village which lies beyond the church; and some may be inclined to pass on to Olney, seven miles farther away, where they will find a town, a dwelling, and scenes almost as they were when Cowper, author of "John Gilpin," passed away a hundred years ago. Should they do so, they may be counselled either to go thither by way of Felmersham, if they intend to return by rail direct from Olney to Bedford, or to return that

way to Sharnbrook, for they will see how well situated are Odell's castle and village, the former almost resembling a French chateau ; and from the bridge over the Ouse there is a delightful composition of winding river, umbrageous woods, and the distant tower of Odell.[1]

THE FOUNDERS OF NEWHAVEN

Theophilus Eaton and John Davenport

Of those who crossed the Atlantic for conscience' sake, the two whose names head this notice must not be omitted, if only for the fact that they founded a colony which soon rose to an importance altogether disproportionate to its size.

Both were men of good birth and position in this country, and for the last-named even Laud had a good word, describing him as "a most religious man who fled to New England for the sake of a good conscience."

Coventry may claim the credit of having educated Eaton and Davenport, both having been at its grammar school, and, it is said, there formed a lifelong friendship. Eaton's father was from 1590 to 1604 vicar of the beautiful church of Holy Trinity in that town, but his son was born at Stony Stratford, Bucks, whilst he was curate there. Davenport was born at Coventry,

[1] Further information respecting Odell will be found in Cooper's *History and Antiquities of Odell* ; Harvey's *History and Antiquities of the Hundred of Willey*, p. 365 ; and respecting Peter Bulkley, in Mather's *History of New England*, vol. iii. p. 96 ; *Nonconformists' Memorial* (ed. 1778), vol. i. p. 505 ; Calanny, *Ejected Ministers*, p. 311. An engraving of Odell Castle in 1811 appears in Fisher's *Collection of Castles*.

Access to Odell from London is by Midland Railway to Sharnbrook, one and a quarter hours ; conveyances thence to Odell can be obtained by writing to the Railway Inn.

where his father was Mayor; this is stated in the *Dictionary of National Biography* not to have been until 1597, which would make it difficult to reconcile the statement that the two youths were at school together. Davenport, for instance, went up to Merton College, Oxford, in 1613,[1] at the age of sixteen, at which date Eaton would on this supposition be three-and-twenty.[2]

It is certain that both their parents having occupied important offices in Coventry, they began an acquaintance there which ripened after they came to dwell in the city of London, where Eaton became a prosperous merchant, and Davenport held the living of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, where he gained the respect of his parishioners through his courageous conduct during the Plague, which was rampant at that time. Amongst these was Eaton, who was a Freeman of the City, and Deputy Governor of the East Land Company, for whom he visited Northern Europe. He was also employed by Charles I. as his representative at the Court of Denmark.

The two were interested in the Massachusetts Charter, Eaton, as a layman engaged in ventures beyond the seas, naturally taking the more prominent part. He was, in fact, one of the original patentees in 1629, and an assistant, subscribing £100.

It was not, however, until some years after the first expedition embarked that they emigrated. Then the persecution of Laud not only compelled Davenport to resign his living, but to escape

[1] He took his degree from Magdalen.

[2] The *Dictionary of National Biography* is incorrect in two particulars, and may well be in a third. It gives the birth of Samuel Eaton, younger brother of Theophilus, as at Great Budworth in 1596. Now, his father was not instituted to Budworth until 1604, and Samuel's baptism appears in the Coventry registers on 21st January 1602-3.

to Holland, where he was at once given a position in the Dutch Reformed Church. But upon the advice of the Rev. John Cotton of Boston (see page 119) he turned his thoughts to the West, and having persuaded his friend Eaton to entertain the project, they embarked together (the latter having also induced



THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL, COVENTRY, WHERE THEOPHILUS EATON AND JOHN DAVENPORT WERE EDUCATED.

several fellow-merchants to join in the enterprise), reaching Boston in June 1637.

In the autumn of the same year, whilst exploring the Hudson, their attention was attracted by the beautiful bay of Quinnipiack, with the result that they made a commencement of Newhaven by the erection of a single log hut. Eaton became its first Governor.

There he lived until 1658, and his grave is to be seen in the cemetery. He was a connection by marriage with the founder of Yale, his second wife being Ann, the widow of David Yale and daughter of Dr. Morton, Bishop of Chester.

I give an illustration of the old grammar school at Coventry, which is now in practically the same condition as when the two boys were educated there. In 1885 new buildings were erected, and the school was purchased by Canon Beaumont and the townsmen of Coventry, with assistance from Newhaven, U.S.A., and thus preserved.

St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, being in the midst of the Great Fire area, was one of the many churches destroyed, but several monuments to persons who were parishioners at the time when John Davenport was vicar escaped destruction and still occupy the walls.



CHAPTER XII

THE FOUNDERS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

John Harvard, Thomas Sheperd, Henry Demster, Charles Chauncey

Harvard your daughter.—Prof. Eliot Norton.

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.
Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.
The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise.

AN apology, I am sure, is not needed for devoting a chapter in this volume to the four Cambridge men, John Harvard, Thomas Sheperd, Henry Demster, and Charles Chauncey, to whom not only the foundation of Harvard University, but its early establishment on a thoroughly sound basis, was due. Harvard University comprises at the present time a roll of students that number over 4000, almost that of Oxford and Cambridge combined, and it is practically certain that of the Americans who visit these shores only a very small proportion can be without some connection with, or interest in, that now venerable institution.

John Harvard

This worthiest of worthies has been already introduced to my readers in connection with the memorials that have been raised to his memory in Southwark Cathedral and in Emmanuel College by sons of the Alma Mater that bears his name. But in any account of the founders of the earliest American University, John Harvard must assuredly have the pride of place, even though there is but little to add to what has already been said. His connection with Stratford-on-Avon will be noted later on, so that here we can but record a few additional details of his short and uneventful life, for it was both of these.

He was one of numberless instances of the proverb that those whom the gods love are early taken by them — an instance of the fate expressed in the lines—

> That low man seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it:
> This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it.

There is little doubt that he was one of a delicate stock, although his father's avocation of a butcher is not usually followed by feeble men, but he was carried off in 1625, whilst in his prime, by the plague, that swept away almost all the family. The mother also predeceased her son, dying in 1635, she having married twice in the interval.[1] His brother Thomas succumbed to consumption

[1] On her remarriage she went to live at Tower Hill, and this accounts for her son having entered college as from Middlesex. Her third marriage was with Richard Yearwood, a friend of her first husband, and she then returned to Southwark.

in 1637, and it has been stated that John sailed for America with the fell disease in his system, and in the vain hope that the New World might rid him of it. If this were so, the attempt was useless. For, landing in August 1637, he only lived for thirteen months, dying on the 14th September 1638. This brief sojourn he probably passed in possession of a sad certainty that his time was short. We know that he ministered in the first church at Charlestown, where "he preached and prayed with tears and evidence of strong affection." Nor did his growing infirmities prevent his engaging in other matters for the good of the community. Especially was this so with regard to education. He pushed forward a scheme which had been started by the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1636 for a College at Newtown, across the Charles River, for the education of the younger generation, Indians (be it noted) as well as colonists, in "knowledge and godlynes," and to its foundation and furtherance he left, as we have stated, £779, and a library of three hundred and twenty volumes—a rare possession in those days, when probably the freight alone from Old to New England was a very serious matter. That the bequest was appreciated is shown by the fact that the colonists determined to honour his memory by changing the name of Newtown to that of his University, Cambridge, and calling the "Colledge to be built Harvard College." They did so out of gratitude to this "godly gentleman and lover of learning."

No descendants passed on his name. He had married, a short while before he left England, Ann Sadler, the daughter

of a Sussex clergyman, but there was no fruit of the union. Nevertheless few men have had a larger or more distinguished family, and of few can it be so truly written—

His sons shall grow up and call him blessed.

As the latest historian of Emmanuel College has written, "He was a man who won no distinction in life, and died at thirty-one, far from us, but he nevertheless constitutes one of our most enduring and most valued memorials."

His contemporaries have left scanty notice of him, but there are two references to him of early date, in which the words seem chosen with peculiar felicity. In a little tract, called *New England's First Fruit*, printed in London in 1643, the author says: "After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and to perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust. And as we were thinking and consulting how to effect this great work, it pleased God to stir up the heart of one Mr. Harvard (a godly gentleman and a lover of learning then living amongst us) to give the one-half of his estate towards the erecting of a College. . . . The College was by common consent appointed to be at Cambridge, a place very pleasant and accommodate, and is called (according to the name of its first founder) Harvard College."

The other contemporary record is in an account of his own life by Thomas Sheperd. He says: "The Lord put into the heart of one Mr. Harvard, who died with £1600, to give half his estate toward the erecting of the School. The man was a scholar, and pious in his life, and enlarged toward the country, and the great good of it, in life and death."

Thomas Sheperd

An unusual incident is connected with the birth and rearing of Thomas Sheperd. It was told by the man himself in these words: "I was born on the Powder Treason Day, and at that very hour of the day wherein Parliament should have been blown up by Popish priests, which occasioned my father to give me the name of Thomas, because, he said, I would hardly believe that ever such wickedness should be attempted by men against so religious and good a Parliament."

It is an interesting story, if true, for it instances the speed with which news travelled in those days. The register of Towcester, Northamptonshire, six miles from the county town, contains the entry of the baptism of "Thomas, sonn to William Sheperd, on the 9th November 1605," so that in less than four days after the occurrence the news had reached this out-of-the-way Midland village. I ought not, perhaps, to query the truth of the story, but internal evidence exists that Thomas was not an uncommon name in connection with Sheperd at that date, the registers of the charity under which the grammar school at

Towcester was maintained showing that William Sheppard was its acting feoffee in 1607 and 1613, and Thomas Sheppard in the years 1614, 1620, and 1624; so it would look as if Thomas was a family name, and probably that of the boy's uncle.

The Sheperd family (the name appears to have been spelt also Sheppard and Shepherd) would appear from this connection and other evidences to have been well-to-do yeomen[1] living on their own lands at Foxcote, a small hamlet, and at Abthorpe, a village near Towcester, lands which they held throughout the seventeenth century. The Thomas of our notice tells us that when he was of the age of three years "a great plague ravaged through Towcester, which swept away many in my father's family, both sisters and servants; and I being the youngest and best-beloved of my mother was sent away when the plague broke out, to live with my aged grand-f^{r} and gr-m^{r} in Fosscut, a most blind town and corner, and those I lived with also being very well to live, yet very ignorant; and there was I put to keepe geese, and other such country work, all that time being much neglected of them. From there I was sent to Adthrop [Abthorpe], an adjoining town, to reside with an uncle, where I remained until the epidemic had disappeared; when I returned home, my dear mother having meanwhile died, but not of the plague."

Young Sheperd would as a matter of course receive his early education at the grammar school[2] of which his father was one of the officers, and thence he proceeded in 1619 to Emmanuel

[1] The *Dict. Nat. Biography* says William Sheperd was a grocer. It also spells the name Shepard.

[2] I have to thank Mr. Hammond, the head-master of the school, for many of these details.

College, Cambridge. Professor Eliot Norton, in his speech at the Tercentenary of that College, set down "the godly Thomas Sheperd" as a fellow-student of Harvard's; but this is not so, for Harvard did not come up until 1627. Sheperd took both his



TOWCESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
From a Drawing by Miss E. Chettle.

B.A. and M.A. degrees, and, being ordained, became minister at Earls Colne, Essex. This was at the time of Laud's most active repressive measures, and it was not long before (in 1630) he was summoned and prohibited from further ministering. He thereupon had no other alternative but to follow the example

of Hooker and become a master, a post in which he would probably have quite as much influence on impressive youth as in the pulpit. It is said, although no records exist to prove it, that he served as master at his old school at Towcester until 1635, when he passed over to Boston. There he soon became, as Professor Norton says, "one of the most eminent and useful of the Fathers of the State." That he took an active part in the foundation of Harvard is certain; in fact, its being placed at Cambridge is said to have been due to him.

The tie that binds school and university men together, especially when far away from their native soil, would very certainly knit Sheperd to the failing Harvard, and we may very readily assume that the two, attracted to one another by the desire to further the foundation of a seat of learning, would be united in very firm bonds of friendship during the short period that Harvard lived. Sheperd was the first minister of the new College, and no doubt his experience as a master at an English school would be of service. That he was a man of talent and culture is proved by the writings that he left behind him. He died in 1649. His descendants are still living in America, and a *Genealogical History of William Sheppard and his Descendants* has been written by Geo. L. Shepard of Boston, Mass.

Henry Demster

We have at last to break the long line of Emmanuel men to whom New England owes so much, for Henry Demster, who had the honour of being the first President of the new

University, claims Magdalene College, Cambridge, as the Domus where he completed his education.

Little is known of his parentage or youth, save that he was the son of Henry Demster of Balehoult near Bury, Lancashire. He went to Cambridge about 1628, and took his B.A. in 1630 and his M.A. in 1634, thus being a year senior to Harvard in both. It is not known whether they were acquainted; probably the members of the older Colleges (Magdalene dates from 1519) would consort but little with those of an upstart at the farther end of the town. Members of Emmanuel, on the other hand, might be inclined at that time to give Magdalene a wide berth, for, situated as it was over what was probably then, as now, the foulest part of the Cam, it was in 1630 the centre of a terrible outbreak of plague which "in a manner wholly dissolved the University, so that in many Colleges none were left," the result being 350 deaths out of a population of 3000.

Demster took orders, but it is not known where he ministered; but it is the same tale in his case as in others—he could not stand the tyranny of the High Church party, and in 1640 he crossed the seas, arriving two years after Harvard's death.

That he was a man of exceptional abilities, and probably presence, is certain, for he was at once elected first President of Harvard College, an office which he filled for fourteen years with, it is said, "rare distinction, owing to his piety, learning, and administrative ability." Although a poor man he contributed 300 acres of land to the University, and his influential connection in this country enabled him to obtain for it, probably the

charter of 1642, and certainly that of 1650. He resigned office owing to religious differences over the then crucial question of pædo-baptism.

Charles Chauncey

The quaint old town of Ware is, I am afraid, better known for its Great Bed, and for John Gilpin's ride, than for any of the ministers who have ever occupied its rectory or its church; and yet one of these had a far higher title to recognition by posterity than a piece of furniture (only noteworthy on account of its size and its having found recognition by Shakespeare in *Twelfth Night*), or a London citizen, who came thither against his will, because the owner of the nag he bestrode

> had a house
> Full ten miles off at Ware.

But thus it fares, and it is indeed an illustration of "the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion" that the second President of Harvard College, and the beloved of his parishioners, should have sunk into oblivion in the town which should have been proud to perpetuate his name in their midst.

Charles Chauncey was Hertfordshire bred, being the youngest son of George Chauncey of Yardley Bury and New Place in Gilston, and one of a family a member of which in later times did service to the county by compiling a history of its antiquities.

Charles was baptized at Yardley on the 5th November 1592, and is said to have been educated at Westminster and Trinity, Cambridge, where he was distinguished by his oriental and

classical scholarship, which obtained for him a fellowship in due course. He took several degrees—B.A. in 1613, M.A. 1617, and at Oxford M.A. in 1619 and B.D. 1624. He obtained the living at Ware in 1627, the presentation being in the gift of his College, but his non-practice of the precepts enjoined in the *Book of Sports* very soon brought him under the ban of



THE VICARAGE AND CHURCH, WARE.

Archbishop Laud. He endeavoured to counteract what he considered to be the desecration of the Sabbath enjoined by that edict by catechising and instructing his parishioners on Sabbath afternoons, and thus evading the law which forbade preaching. But the Archbishop would have none of this, and he was summoned before the Court in London in 1630, maybe at the same time as Sheperd. A severe reprimand was followed by his resigning his living and accepting in 1633 another at Marston

St. Lawrence, Northants. Continuing his opposition to the regulations, he was in the following year again summoned, and on this occasion was suspended and imprisoned. This appears to have crushed his spirit for a time, for after some months in durance he petitioned the Court, stating he was ready to make submission, and this he did on bended knee before his episcopal tormentors. His name appears as Vicar of Marston St. Lawrence until 1637, but his temporary lapse from allegiance to his principles, and what he called his "scandalous submission," made him sore at heart, and he determined to quit the country, which he did in 1641, leaving behind him a solemn retractation of his submission. In needy circumstances he laboured for many years in the ministry of New England. On the downfall of the Church Establishment in England his old parishioners at Ware begged him to return to them, and this call he was about to accept when in 1654 the Presidentship of Harvard College fell vacant, and he was elected to that office. This he held until his death in 1674, at a ripe old age, leaving behind him six sons, the offspring of a wife he wedded whilst at Ware (by name Catherine Eyre).

The old vicarage which John Chauncey occupied at Ware is now tenanted by a doctor. It stands hard by the church in a fair garden. The church is a fine flint and stone building, very much restored, and contains some interesting memorials, but none to Charles Chauncey.[1]

[1] Since the foregoing was penned I learn that a tablet, presented by Miss Ellen Chase, an American lady and a descendant of Chauncey, has been erected in the church.



CHAPTER XIII

THE FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA: WILLIAM PENN

London—Sussex—Herts—Bucks

The name of Penn is destined to ring down through the changes of time, for generation after generation, as long as a great nation shall exist, upheld on the firm foundation of a free and mighty people.

"GREAT events move on little things as a heavy door moves on small hinges." Bickerings and backtalk between two owners, a father's victory over the Dutch, a balance due to him from the Crown, and his death of gout before settlement—to these disjointed and disconnected happenings is due "the ringing down through all time as long as a great nation shall exist" of the name of William Penn.

The events happened thus. The naval war between England and Holland, which came to an end with the latter's defeat in 1665, resulted in the Dutch provinces in America

passing into the possession of Great Britain. The Duke of York, who had commanded in the battle which brought about this successful issue, received from the King, his brother, a present of the whole of these vast territories, presumably as a recompense for his ability, more probably because they were not considered of any great value. Evidently the Duke himself did not attach any great store by them, for he at once granted what is now the State of New Jersey to his friends Lord Berkeley and Sir George Cartaret. Of the whole province only the north-eastern portion had been touched by the Dutch, and of that the capital, Elizabethtown, had but four houses, and the only other settlements that could lay claim to being called towns were Middletown and Shrewsbury. Away west on the Delaware River and Bay the country was tenanted by a few scattered Finns and Swedes.

Lord Berkeley did not long retain his share, but sold it for a thousand pounds to two Quakers, Edward Byllinges, a London merchant, and John Fenwick of Buckinghamshire. Upon this the province was divided, by agreement with Sir George Cartaret, by a line drawn from Little Egg Harbour to a point on the Delaware River, the Quakers getting the best of it by having the sea-coast on one side and a broad river on the other. But in spite of this advantage the "Friends" could not agree, Fenwick being of a litigious, cantankerous disposition; and as neither he nor his partner could, by the rules of their sect, settle their differences in court, they had to call in an arbitrator, and William Penn was the person selected as such. He decided the

contention to the partners' satisfaction, but not before they were involved in financial difficulties that resulted in West Jersey passing into the hands of trustees, of whom again William Penn was one. Being a man of business habits he recognised at once the vast possibilities of the country, and determined to organise



WILLIAM PENN. AT THE AGE OF 22.
From a Portrait painted in Ireland.

a colony, not in the unsystematic way hitherto adopted, but with a sound internal government.

Meanwhile Penn's father had died, and his son found himself heir to (amongst other items) the before-mentioned claim against the Crown for £16,000, which the impecunious Charles had not the wherewithal to meet.

Hereupon Penn saw his opportunity; he had inquired into

the geographical extent of Charles's grant to the Duke of York, and found it far more extensive than was supposed, for it included not only New Jersey, but all the territory now known as the States of New York and Delaware. Between the southern boundary of New York and the northern boundaries of Maryland and Delaware lay a vast country west of the Delaware River. On its eastern side it had a magnificent waterway navigable for the largest ships, and giving access to the ocean, a hundred miles below. Although covered with an impenetrable virgin forest it was fertile in the extreme. After many delays Penn obtained this in settlement of his claim.

Such being the chances that resulted in this Quaker finding himself the most considerable private proprietor the world had ever seen, I will now hark back and give some account of the man and his belongings.

His father, Admiral Sir William Penn,[1] was a gallant sailor who, treating governments as matters that did not concern him, rendered honourable service to his country both under Commonwealth and King. His career can hardly be better set out than in the following inscription which figures upon a monument erected to his memory in St. Mary Redcliffe's, Bristol, and above which still hang his suit of armour and certain flags said to have been captured by him from the Dutch :—

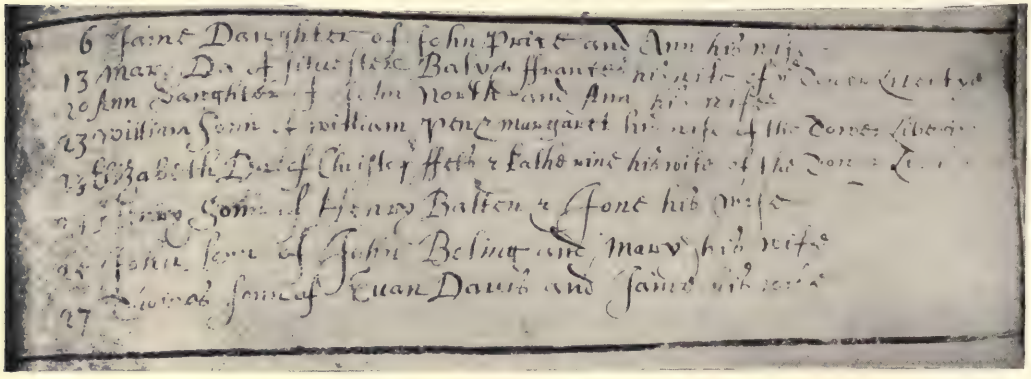
[1] The Penns were an old yeoman family living at Myntie or Minety, Gloucestershire, and at Penn's Lodge, Wilts. Wills of the family may be found as far back as A.D. 1383. His great-great-grandfather lies buried before the altar at Minety, which is a station on the Great Western Railway, about eight miles west of Swindon.

To ye Just Memory of Sr Will Penn Kt and Sometimes Generall, borne at Bristol An 1621, son of Captain Giles Penn severall years Consull for ye English in ye Mediterranean of ye Penns of Penn's Lodge in the County of Wilts and those Penns of Penn in ye C. of Bucks and by his Mother from ye Gilberts in ye County of Somerset. Originally from Yorkshire. Adicted from his youth to Maritime affairs. He was made Captain at ye years of 21; Rear-Admiral of Ireland at 23; Vice-Admirall of Ireland at 25; Admiral to ye Streights at 29; Vice-Admiral of England at 31; and Generall in ye first Dutch Warres at 32; whence retiring in Ano 1665; He was Chosen a Parliament man for ye Town of Weymouth 1660; made Commisioner of ye Admiralty, and Navy Governor of ye Towne and forts of King-Sail, Vice-Admirall of Munster and a member of that Provinciall Counseill and in Anno 1664 Was Chosen Great Captain-Commander under his Royal Highnesse In ye Signall and Most Evidently successful fight against ye Dutch Fleet. Thus He Took Leave of the Sea, His old Element, But Continued stil his other Employs Till 1669 at what Time, Through bodely Infirmitys (Contracted by ye Care and fatigue of Public Affairs) He Withdrew Prepared and Made for his End: and With a Gentle and Even Gale in much Peace Arived and Ancord In his Last and Best Port, At Wanstead In ye County of Essex ye 16 Sept. 1670 being then but 49 and 4 Months old, To whose Name and Merit His surviving Lady hath erected this Remembrance.

William Penn the younger was born on Tower Hill, 14th October 1644, his father's house being on the "east side within a court adjoining to London Wall." His certificate of baptism in the Register of St. Peter's, Tower Hill, is facsimiled on the next page.

It was in this house and the neighbourhood that young Penn

passed what cannot have been an uneventful youth, considering the days and times in which he lived, for in his fifth year occurred the execution of Charles I., in his eleventh he would see his father depart from the Thames (which ran within sight of the house) as "General in the Dutch Wars"; in his seventeenth year Charles II. executed his vengeance on the Regicides, some part of which, including the beheading of Sir H. Vane (see page 172), was enacted on Tower Hill.



FACSIMILE OF THE CERTIFICATE OF THE BAPTISM OF WILLIAM PENN.

It was probably at the house on Tower Hill that, as Penn states, "the Lord first appeared to him about the twelfth year of his age," and there also that, between that and his fifteenth year, the Lord visited him and gave him divine impressions of Himself. He went to the Grammar School at Chigwell in Essex, which had been founded in 1629 by Archbishop Harsnett, and of which the original buildings still exist (see illustration). There one day, alone in his chamber, he "was suddenly surprised with an inward comfort, and surrounded by a visible external

glory," that convinced the youth's excited imagination that he had obtained the seal of immortality.

That the effect of these hallucinations, if such they may be called, was permanent is doubtful, although we hear of them again in *Pepys's Diary* in 1662 when he was eighteen. There would



CHIGWELL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WHERE WILLIAM PENN WAS EDUCATED.

From an old Print.

certainly appear to have been a reaction during the early years of his manhood, especially after his lengthy sojourn in France.

Fortunately we get many glimpses of this period of his life in the pages of Pepys, and these are so entertaining that I may be pardoned for giving them at length, especially as many of them do not appear in the editions of the Diary that are usually presented to the public.

The entries extend over nearly the whole of the Diary, namely, from 1661 to 1668, that is from Penn's leaving Oxford to his finally accepting Quakerism, and up to a short time before his marriage. Pepys lived near the Penns in Seething Lane, Tower Street, in order to be near his work.

1661. *Nov.*—Pepys had a very mirthful day with Penn's father, Sir William, and after a theatre "home and at my house, we were very merry till late, having sent for his son Mr. William Pen, lately come from Oxford."

New Year's Day 1661-2.—"Up and went forth with Sir W. Pen by coach towards Westminster, and in my way seeing that the Spanish Curate[1] was acted to-day, I light and let him go alone, and I home again and sent to young Mr. Pen and his sister[2] to go anon with my wife and me to the theatre. That done Mr. Pen came to me and he and I walked out, and to the stationers, and looked over some pictures and maps for my house, and so home to dinner, and by-and-by came the two young Pens, and after we had eat a barrel of oysters we went by coach to the play, and there saw it well acted, and a good play it is. From thence home, and they sat with us till late at night at cards very merry, but the jest was Mr. W. Pen had left his sword in the coach, and so my boy and he ran out after the coach, and by very great chance did at the Exchange meet with the coach and got his sword again."

Sir William Penn in this month consulted Pepys as to moving

[1] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[2] Elsewhere called his "fayre sister."

his son from Oxford to Cambridge, and Pepys of course recommended his own College, Magdalene.

On the 17th of March 1662 we read that Pepys, when he went to supper at the Penns', "found his son at home not well." "All things, I fear, do not go well with them; they look discontentedly, but I know not what ails them."

What it was is evident by a later entry, April 27:— "Sir W. Penn much troubled upon letters come last night. Showed me one from Dr. Owen[1] to his son, whereby it appears his son is much perverted in his opinion by him; which I now see is the thing that has put Sir William so long off the hooks."

Penn shortly after this went to France, and we hear nothing of him until 27th August 1664, when Pepys's wife informs Pepys that "Mr. Pen is come back from France, and come to visit her—a most modish person, grown, she says, a fine gentleman."

At this time William Penn was apparently living in the Navy Office, as Gibson writes to this effect, and mentions seeing William Penn there "when he newly came out of France, and wore pantaloon breeches," which were an innovation.

Three days after Penn called on Pepys and "staid an houre talking." "I perceive something of learning he hath got, but a great deale, if not too much, of the vanity of the French garbe and affected manner of speech and gait. I fear all real profit he hath made of his travel will signify nothing."

[1] Dr. Owen had been Dean of Christ Church during the Commonwealth, but now lived at Ealing.

On the fifth of the next month Pepys finds young Penn calling on his wife. "Coming home it is strange to see how I was troubled to find my wife expecting Mr. Pen to see her, who had been there and was by her people denied, which he having been three times, she thought not fit he should be any more. But yet even this did raise my jealousy presently, and much vex me. However, he did not come, which pleased me."

On the 14th he came home and found Mr. William come to visit his wife, "and against my will left them together, but God knows, without any reason of fear in my conscience of any evil, but such is my natural folly." Pepys had to go to a Mr. Bland's to supper, and he managed to have his wife and Mr. Penn sent for, and they supped "nobly and very merry."

In 1665 Penn was still a visitor at the house, for we read on 5th September, "Home pretty betimes and found W. Pen, and he staid supper with us, and mighty merry talking of his travells and the French manners, etc."

The next day's entries are full of items of the plague—"the weekly bill of mortality being 8252 dead in all, and of them 6978 of the plague."

A fortnight later Pepys met Penn near Greenwich, and they walked together, "and for discourse I put him into talk of France, when he took delight to tell me of his observations, some good, some impertinent, and all ill told, but it served for want of better."

Later in the evening he met Penn at supper, and he near lost his temper to him, offering to bet him twenty to one he would not side with him and disputing an hour or more.

It was in this year that the victory over the Dutch occurred, and the arrival of the news is thus narrated by Pepys :—

"Then to my Lady Pen's, where they are all joyed, and not a little puffed up, at the good success of their father : and good service indeed is said to have been done by him. Had a great bonfire at the gate" (this is in accord with the house being within a court) ; "and I with my Lady Pen's people and others to Mrs. Turner's great room and then down into the street. I did give the boys four shillings among them, and mighty merry ; so home to bed, with my heart full of great rest and quiet, saving that the consideration of the victory is too great for me presently to comprehend."

An interval of over two years now elapses, much of which Penn evidently spent in Ireland. The next news is on the 27th December 1667 :—

"Mr. Turner tells me that Mr. W. Pen, who is lately come over from Ireland, is a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing ; that he cares for no company, nor comes with any, which is a pleasant thing, after his being abroad so long, and his father such a very practical rogue and at this time an atheist."

The next entry of any note is late in the following year, and with this we conclude our extracts from Pepys :—

Oct. 12, 1668.—"After supper to read a ridiculous nonsensical book set out by Will. Pen for the Quakers,[1] but so full of nothing but nonsense that I was ashamed to read in it."

[1] "Truth Exalted, in a short but sure testimony against all those religions, faiths, and worships, that have been formed and followed, in the darkness of Apostasy, and for that glorious light which is now risen, and shines forth, in the Life and Doctrine of the Despised Quakers, by W. Penn, whom

The Penns, father and son, appear to have attracted to themselves about this period a notoriety that can hardly have been to their benefit with the powers that be—although in both cases they issued from the proceedings with untarnished characters.

In 1668, two years only before his death, Sir William had to suffer the indignity of having proceedings taken against him by an impeachment for the embezzlement of prize money, and was required to answer at the Bar of the House of Commons.[1] After hearing his answer to the charge a Committee was ordered to consider the articles of impeachment and report. Presumably they were satisfied that there was no case, for they made no report and the matter dropped.

The proceedings against William Penn were more vexatious, and were conducted with a brutality and disregard of justice that has hardly a parallel even in the State Trials. It is true that the version that has come down was furnished by the prisoners, but, knowing Penn's character, we cannot believe that it was garbled. The charge against him, and one, William Mead, a draper, was that on the 14th August 1670, about eleven in the morning, they, with divers others persons to the number of 300, did with force and arms in Gracechurch Street preach and speak to the great terror of the King's liege people. The trial took place at the Old Bailey, before the Lord Mayor, Recorder, and Aldermen. At the outset Penn and his companion were

divine love constrains in holy contempt to trample on Egypt's Glory, not passing the King's wrath, nay, beheld the Majesty of Him who is invisible." London, 1668.

[1] Was Pepys hinting at this when he called him in the previous year "a very practical rogue"?

fined 40 marks for contempt of Court in keeping their hats on, although Penn ingeniously pleaded that their hats had first been pulled off and then put on again by order of the Mayor.[1]

No words were strong enough for the Recorder on charging Penn. He in turn called him a "saucy," "impertinent," "troublesome," "pestilent," and "prating fellow."

The jury found him guilty of speaking, but not to an unlawful assembly. This verdict the Recorder refused to accept, sending the jury back for the night and denying them either food or tobacco. On the following morning, Sunday, he had them brought up at 7 A.M., and on their persisting in their verdict he sent them back for another four-and-twenty hours. But they still not only adhered to their verdict, but altered it to "not guilty." Whereupon the Recorder addressed one of them thus: "You are a fractious fellow, I will set a mark upon you, and whilst I have anything to do with the city I will have an eye upon you." On Penn's protesting against the jury being thus menaced, the Lord Mayor called out, "Stop his mouth, gaoler, bring fetters and stake him to the ground." Penn's reply was, "Do your pleasure, I matter not your fetters." Whereupon the Recorder finished up by stating that justice would never be well administered until they had something like the Spanish Inquisition in England; and he fined the jury forty marks a man, and imprisonment until paid, for not following the good and wholesome advice given. Penn, who during this

[1] The incident of the hat was re-enacted with more felicitous results at a later date before Charles II.

time had been confined for his contempt in the worst cell in the Old Bailey, known as the "stink hole," was carried off to Newgate with the jury for non-payment. It is satisfactory to know that this commitment was, as regards the jury, afterwards declared by the Common Pleas to be illegal.

Is it little wonder if Penn's mind was soured towards his country after such treatment?

We now come to the time when Penn took to himself as wife a lady, whose name has come down to us as a model of all that was desirable, whether as regards mind, body, or estate.

Pepys's Chronicle had, unfortunately, come to an end in 1669, and so we have no record of what one so susceptible as he thought of the lady, or of any of the circumstances of the courtship which his gossiping disposition would dearly have loved to dwell upon.

The young lady was Guilielma Maria, daughter of Sir William Springett, of Broyle Place, Ringmer, Sussex. Her father had died (as will be seen by the inscription on the monument of which we give an illustration)[1] of a sickness

[1] Here lyeth the body of Sr William Springett Knt Eldest Sonne and heire of Herbert Springett de Sussex Esq: He married Mary Prued the only daughter and Heire of Sr John Prued Knt (Collonell in the Service of The United Provinces under the command of ye Prince of Orange) and of Anne Fagge his wife, one of the Co-Heires of Edward Fagge of Ewell near Feversham in the county of Kent Esq: He had issue by Mary his Wife one sonne John Springett and one daughter Guilielma Maria Posthuma Springett: He (being a Collonell in ye service of ye Parliament at ye taking in of Arundell Castle in Sussex there) contracted a sickness whereof he died February ye 3th Ano Dni: 1643: being 23 Yeares of age. His wife in testimony of her deare affection to him hath erected this monument to his memory.



SIR WILLIAM SPRINGETT'S MONUMENT,
RINGMER CHURCH, SUSSEX.

From a Drawing by Miss Chettle.

contracted at the taking of Arundel Castle in 1643, being at that early age a Colonel in the Parliamentary Army, and his daughter was born after his death.

Broyle Place was in the seventeenth century a house of some distinction, in fact a moated grange, and a drawing of it made in 1785 shows that it was then still of considerable size. Miss Chettle's water-colour, taken from the side of the moat, gives all that now remains.

Sir William's widow was not long in taking to herself another husband, a well-to-do alderman of the City of London, named Isaac Pennington, who had a house in what we have seen to be the fashionable quarter of Lincoln's Inn Fields. We learn from the biography of Thomas Ellwood,[1] who was early inspired with an affection for her daughter Guilielma, that he was an early play-fellow of Guli (as he calls her), and was admitted as such to ride about with her in her little coach, drawn by her footman, in these Fields; that when she and her mother went to their country lodgings at Datchet and Caversham Lodge near Reading, he went down there with his father. He gives an amusing account of a further visit to them in 1659, when they were come to live at their own estate, The Grange, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks:—"Very much surprised we were to hear that they were become Quakers, a people we had no knowledge of, and a name we had till then scarce heard of. So great a change from a free, debonair, and courtly sort of behaviour, and so strict a 'gravity' as they now assumed, did not a little amuse and disappoint our expecta-

[1] *History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood*, 1714.

BROYLE PLACE, NEAR RINGMER, SUSSEX.

The Residence of SIR WILLIAM SPRINGETT, the father of GUILIELMA, wife of WILLIAM PENN.



tion of a pleasant visit. For my part I sought and at length found means to cast myself into the company of the daughter, who I found gathering some flowers in the garden, attended by her maid. Though she treated me with a courteous mien, the gravity of her look struck such awe upon me, that having asked pardon for my boldness in having intruded myself into her private walks, I withdrew, not without some disorder of mind. We stayed dinner, which was very handsome." Ellwood was then twenty years of age, and Mistress Springett sixteen, and he was evidently much enamoured of her, for he followed her hither and thither, ultimately adopting her religion. The attachment appears for some time to have been mutual. He was rash enough to visit the family when she had smallpox, and, in spite of warning, stayed after supper, when "she came down with marks of the distemper fresh upon her. Yet they made no marks upon me, faith keeping out fear." Faith, however, did not prevent his catching the complaint, and the young lady thereupon nursed him. For some years afterwards their intimacy continued, he accompanying her on more than one occasion into Sussex to inspect her properties.

The following is Ellwood's description of her :—

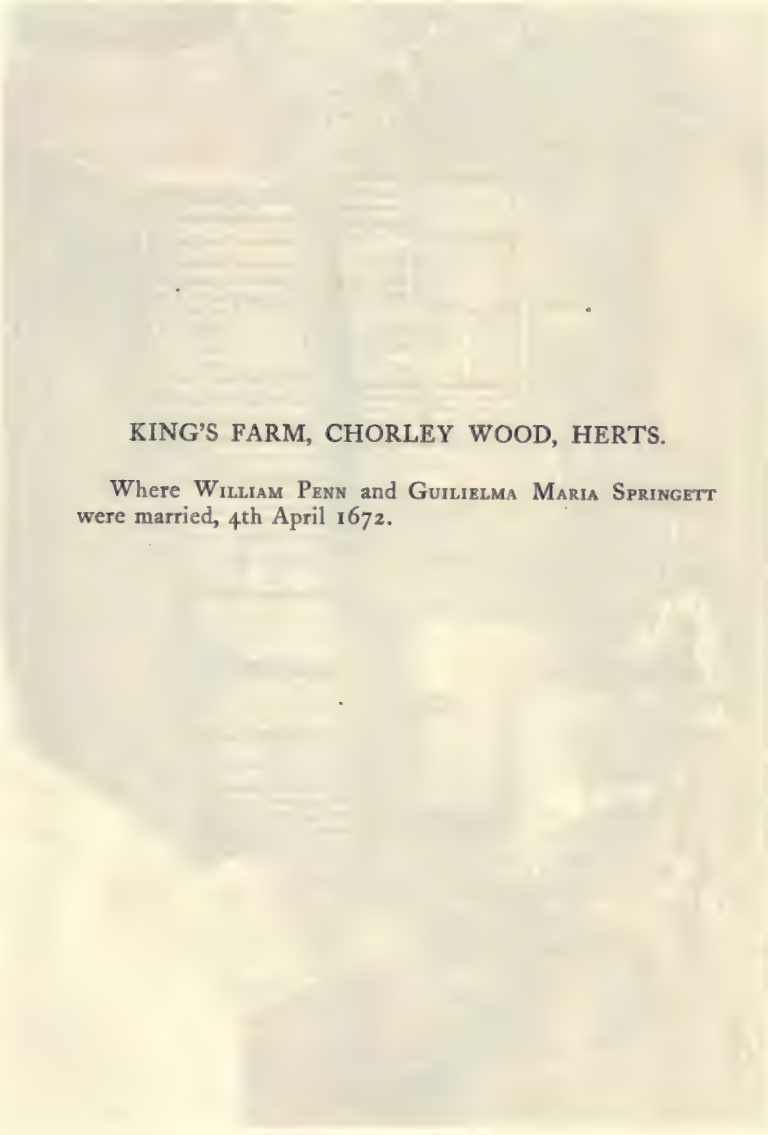
"For she having now arrived at a marriageable age, and being in all respects a very desirable woman—whether regard was had to her outward person, which wanted nothing to render her completely comely ; or to the endowments of her mind, which were every way extraordinary and highly obliging ; or to her outward fortune, which was fair, and which with some

hath not the last nor the least place in consideration. She was openly and secretly sought and solicited by many, and some of them almost of every rank and condition, good and bad, rich and poor, friend and foe. To whom, in their respective turns, till he at length came for whom she was reserved, she carried herself with so much evenness of temper, such covetous freedom, guarded with the strictest modesty, that as it gave encouragement or ground of hopes to none, so neither did it administer any matter of offence or just cause of complaint to any."[1]

The "one who at length came" was William Penn, and it is more than probable that it was due to his future wife that he too became a Quaker. If this be so, his courtship was a somewhat lengthy one, for this event happened some five years before his marriage. We learn from Ellwood that Penn was about this time engaging in religious "public disputes at High Wiccomb."

A union between two members of the new sect was in those days hedged round with many preliminaries, apparently imposed so that the exclusive body should not be damaged by the intrusion of outsiders. Particulars concerning the Penn marriage

[1] *History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood*, 1714. Ellwood will be remembered for his associations with Milton. When Milton fled to Chalfont St. Giles to avoid the plague in 1665 (Chalfont is the next station on the Metropolitan to Chorley Wood), it was there he put into Ellwood's hands his completed *Paradise Lost*. There it was that Ellwood gave his well-known verdict, "Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise regained?" This insight into the man's usual frame of mind renders the above opinion concerning Penn's bride so much the more valuable. Milton's "pretty box" at Chalfont may well be visited by Pilgrims to Chorley Wood and Jordans. How picturesque it is may be seen from the reproduction of Mrs. Allingham's water-colour in my volume *Happy England*, p. 22.



KING'S FARM, CHORLEY WOOD, HERTS.

Where WILLIAM PENN and GUILIELMA MARIA SPRINGETT were married, 4th April 1672.



are still preserved in the archives of the chapel. In the Monthly Meeting Book, under the date of 12th month 1671 (7th February 1672, New Style) there is an entry :—

"William Penn of Walthamstow and Guilielma Maria Springett of Tilers End Green, in the Parish of Penn, in the County of Bucks, proposed their intention of taking each other in marriage"—whereupon it was referred to Thomas Zachry and Thomas Ellwood "to enquire into the clearness of their proceedings and give an account to the next meeting."

At the next meeting (held 6th March 1672) "the consent and approbation of Friends was obtained thereunto."

No note of the marriage occurs in the minutes, but from a MS. in existence, made by one Rebekah Butterfield in the next century, the date is fixed as 4th April 1672. The MS. says, "They took each other in marriage at Chorley Wood, at a farm-house called King's, where Friends' Meeting was then kept, being in the parish of Rickmansworth, in the county of Hertford."

The King's Farm-house at this well-known resort of hunting men and golfers still exists under that name, and Miss Chettle has given us a water-colour of it. Tradition asserts that it was so called from its having belonged to King John, and been used by him as a hunting-box. The house, which is to be found a short half-mile from the Chorley Wood station on the Metropolitan Extension Railway, dates from the fifteenth century. Its front is timber-framed, and shows an old door and window similar in style. The former was probably that by which Penn

and his bride entered, and the latter lights the room in which the ceremony would take place. The walls of the big barn to be seen on the left of the picture bear traces of having been pierced with loopholes, and the structure is said to have been used during the Civil War for military purposes.

We shall have to come back to this neighbourhood later on in the history of William Penn, for he was, curiously enough, brought nearly half a century later to a neighbouring parish for burial. Meanwhile there were to be many happenings in his eventful career, and I will ask the reader to come with me to Sussex, to a spot in the western portion of the county, where Penn spent probably the happiest days of his life.

His wife, as the heiress of her father, had inherited an estate at Warminghurst, a village in the Weald, at that time containing a mansion of no mean order. The situation where the house stood is a fine one, even for a county of beautiful sites. It is high enough to command a view on every side; to the north the Surrey Hills, Hindhead, the Hog's Back, the Tower in Tilgate Forest, and its companion on Leith Hill; southward the whole range of the Downs, from Ditchling Beacon to Goodwood, unroll themselves before the eye. The property, too, was in other respects well favoured, being situate on a sandy loam, the most fertile soil in Sussex.

To all these advantages the house would now have had an added interest from having been for thirty years at least the home to which the founder of Pennsylvania returned to recruit himself after his troubles in that colony—where he wrote those contro-

WARMINGHURST, SUSSEX.

The buildings are all that remain of WILLIAM PENN's Mansion. The trees are said to have been part of the garden. GUILIELMA PENN died here.



versial pamphlets in which his argumentative spirit took such a delight—and which no doubt he cared for as the apple of his eye. Unfortunately not one stone stands upon another to mark even its site. When Penn in 1702 was compelled, by the drain upon his resources that the colony demanded, and the faithlessness of the English Government to keep its pledges, to sell all that he had, the property went into the possession of a clerical magnate, who was determined to destroy every trace of the house of the mischievous old Quaker. So down it came, to be replaced by another pile, which, when it passed half a century later into the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, suffered the same fate as Penn's residence; and not only so, but the lake was drained, and the pleasure-grounds and park were turned into pasture and corn land. For such base uses the stables of the original mansion were retained: these have been converted into farm buildings, and their massiveness, their oaken fittings, and the wide portals of what was once the coach-house testify to the considerable importance of the mansion to which they were adjuncts. Penn, we know, in spite of the tenets of his sect, lived in accordance with the times. It is said that he used to drive a coach to service at Coolham with a team of oxen, and there are still alive at Brighton those who remember an old dame to whom an old lady, by name Tryphena Holloway, narrated that as a little girl she was treated by William Penn to a ride in his coach drawn in this manner. Penn was an intimate friend of Evelyn, and Whittier mentions—

A Gift to William Penn,
From the rare gardens of John Evelyn.

The probability is that gifts from one to the other were frequent, Penn perhaps bringing to Evelyn some rare growths of the virgin forests in New England, and Evelyn responding by adornments for the Warminghurst shrubberies ; but of these nothing remains, save an ancient cedar of Lebanon, its sole companion, a tulip tree, a native of North America, having died of old age a few years ago.

Much of Penn's time during the period that the long negotiations for the acquisition of Pennsylvania went forward must have been of necessity spent in or near the Court. Some we know had been spent in Newgate, but ten years elapsed between the death of his father, when his claims arose, and the 4th of March 1681, when the patent conferring Pennsylvania upon him was signed by the King, and it was not until the 1st September 1682 that he sailed from Deal in the ship *Welcome*, of 300 tons burden, with one hundred emigrants, that were reduced by smallpox to seventy in the two months that elapsed before the "proprietor," as he was called, arrived before the town of New Castle,[1] bearing in his hands deeds of feoffment from "Ye illustrious Prince James Duke of York and Albany for this Towne of New Castle and twelve myles about it and also for ye two lower Counties Whoorekill and St. James."

But assuredly it would be at Warminghurst that he spent as

[1] New Castle still bears some relics of the seventeenth century, and is perhaps as old-world-like and reminiscent of bygone days as any town to be found in Pennsylvania. In 1682 it was a flourishing little town of Swedish and Dutch settlers, with a few English from over the Delaware River and the neighbouring colony of Maryland ; in fact, it is claimed for one house that Penn passed there his first night in this colony. Round about there are many place-names out of Sussex, Berks, and Kent, which his colonists must have named after the villages they had come from in the old country.

much of his time as could be spared from the important business of framing the notable Constitution of his new colony, in which he set forth that the people should be governed entirely by laws of their own making (a Constitution which has practically remained unchanged from that date in the State of Pennsylvania), and in obtaining subscriptions for and fitting out his expedition.[1]

It was from Warminghurst that he wrote that lover's letter on the eve of his departure which, if nothing else remained of Penn, is an immortal testimony to his worth as a husband :—

"My dear wife, remember that thou wast the love of my youth, and the joy of my life—the most beloved and most worthy of all my earthly comforts ; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellences, which yet are many. God knows, and thou knowest, I can say it was a match of His making." And as to his children, after directing them to be brought up plainly, but with good manners, he wrote : "For their learning be liberal. Spare no cost, for, by such parsimony, all is lost that is saved ; but let it be useful knowledge they are taught—such as is consistent with truth and godliness. Be sure to observe their genius, and do not cross it. Let all their diversions have some little bodily labour in them."

For two years the Atlantic was to separate husband and wife—a space which must have prohibited much correspondence by letter,—and during that time we know that his wife lived and carried out his wishes at Warminghurst.

[1] Penn is said to have rented Holland House, Kensington, at or about this time, probably whilst he was detained in London. From the Restoration to the time of the Georges it was let on short leases, and even in apartments.

Warminghurst was clearly the first object in view on his return to England, for he caused the vessel to put in either at Shoreham or Worthing, whence his journey would be a short one, and on which he would pass the little village Washington, that bears the name of one akin to his in the estimation of the New World.

In spite of his vast possessions Penn spent little of his time in America, making only two voyages thither. They brought to him only trouble of mind, body, and estate, although they fulfilled the Quaker's hopes that

> They who sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He probably passed at Warminghurst much of the period between 1684 and 1702, in which last-named year he was obliged to part with it.[1]

Penn naturally did not use the church within the grounds at Warminghurst, but went to a tiny meeting-house some four miles away, a distance which the slow ox-teams must have taken some time to compass. Pilgrims from the other side of the Atlantic to the shrine where Penn worshipped are by no means infrequent, in spite of difficulties that have not been lessened by misleading statements in County Guides. Even

[1] I am indebted for some of the particulars of Warminghurst and the Blue Idol to articles in the *Sussex Daily News* and the *Crowborough Weekly*, and of Jordans, to *Memories of Jordans*, by W. H. Simmons (London: Headley Brothers). Warminghurst Parish lies six miles north-west from Steyning Station, on the Horsham and Shoreham branch of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. It can also be reached by a motor omnibus which runs from Pulborough Station to Storrington, where there is a good inn, The White Horse, Storrington being three miles from Warminghurst and four from Pulborough.

THE BLUE IDOL, COOLHAM, SUSSEX.

By this curious name the Quaker Meeting-house near Coolham in Sussex is known.

It was adapted from an old farm-house by WILLIAM PENN.



the latest, Mr. E. V. Lucas's *Highways and Byways in Sussex*, carried our artist many miles out of her way by apparently misquoting Cootham for Coolham, the former being Parham way and many miles to the south-west.

The meeting-house at Coolham is as difficult of access as it is difficult to find. It may be reached, however, from either of two stations on the Brighton Railway, namely, Billinghurst or West Grinstead, between which places it lies about midway, the former being the nearer as the crow flies, but the approach being tortuous, whereas the road from West Grinstead is a straight one. Some care must be taken not to pass the lane which leads to the meeting-house, as, although a county highway, it is enclosed by gates, and is pastured just as are the meadows adjoining. Nor will many peasants be found to answer inquiries. How a place dedicated to such an use came by its name is an unsolved mystery: one tradition asserts that it was once a tavern of that name; another, that it was painted that colour, and so idolised by the Friends, that it attracted to itself that nickname.

It was not until 1682, the year of Penn's first visit to America, that the Friends in this district had grown sufficiently in numbers to call for a place of worship. In that year we read that "William Penn and Benjamin Huyler were appointed by their brethren to 'enquire for a convenient place for that purpose,' and in consequence they acquired by purchase a farm-house in the parish of Thakeham,[1] which admitted of alteration

[1] The Idol stands almost at the junction of three parishes, Thakeham, Shipley, and West

for their purpose. It therefore ranks as one of the oldest existing meeting-houses belonging to the Friends. Even at the time of its acquisition it was spoken of as "ye olde house," and the beams in the meeting-room show where a floor was cut away to give the necessary height. The outer walls are of the Sussex formation known as "brick-nogging"—that is, a framework of oaken beams filled in with bricks and plaster. The roof is covered with the heavy Horsham slabs, now so difficult to get that on the destruction of an old building they command a price almost equal to the rest of the carcase. In this instance they are mellowed with moss and covered with rust-red and grey lichens. Casements filled with tiny square and diamond-shaped panes light up an interior fitted with oaken seats made, it is said, from one of Penn's ships. Much of the woodwork is dark and polished through contact with the raiment of centuries of worshippers. The room is entered by a low, wide door, and it is said that Penn, contrary to present custom, removed his hat as he entered, and began to speak to the assembled congregation as he walked to his seat in the minister's gallery. This oaken seat, high and narrow, still remains. From the gallery a wooden stairway leads to two small garrets, which are furnished as bedrooms, and are still used by the visiting Friend who journeys hither on the seventh day to preside over the first-day meeting. They come from all parts, and take their meals with the care-

Chiltington ; but Thakeham Parish is such a large one that Thakeham Street, the village, lies nearly five miles away, being one of the long parishes that were carved out of the Weald Forest as the cutting into it progressed farther and farther inland from the South Downs. Quakers still exist at Thakeham, and the Friends maintain a tiny school and a village nurse.

taker and his family in one of the two little sitting-rooms on the ground floor. The caretaker was not only born in the house, but has lived for threescore years and ten under its roof—a remarkable record, but not unusual until of late years with Sussex peasants. A shepherd of eighty on the Ditchling Downs, hard by the writer's house, made much to him of his travels, which had only extended to various sheep-farms in the "west country, Arundel way," and yet made him quite a notability in his family's estimation.

A tiny farm is attached to the meeting-house, and this, with exceptional accomplishments on the caretaker's part,[1] enables him to live in comparative comfort, which can otherwise be hardly obtained so far from a market for produce grown on a land which is a poor, harsh clay.

The house is surrounded by garden and orchard, the former gay with old-world flowers, maiden-blush roses, flox and the fuchsia "Mother o' Millions," the latter containing at one corner a tiny enclosure, where a few small tombstones and mounds mark the unpretentious resting-places of members of the Society, and where, it is said, were laid the remains of one of Penn's children who died at Warminghurst. A few fields away is another small God's acre, inaccessible by road or path, and where the graves are marked by neither mound nor stone. But, undoubtedly, in one or other of these rest many of Penn's contemporaries, for in neither of them has burial taken place for a

[1] He shears sheep, catches moles and rabbits, thatches, cuts timber, and prepares oak bark for his neighbours.

century at least. To such small dimensions had the community grown that for many years the chapel was closed, but since 1869 it has been regularly used twice every Sunday by a scanty congregation.

One further place of pilgrimage connected with the name of Penn remains. It is assuredly the most hallowed of all. Retracing our way down the line of railway by which we travelled to the scene of his marriage with Guilielma Springett, one station six minutes farther afield, Chalfont Road, brings us into the county of Bucks, and into propinquity with the hamlet of Jordans and the burial-ground that has been called "The Westminster Abbey of the Quakers."

After Penn left Warminghurst he came to live at Ruscombe, near Twyford, in Berkshire. The house he occupied belonged to a Mr. Foster, to whom he paid rent. After Penn's death it was either rebuilt or enlarged by Sir James Eyre at the end of the eighteenth century. Later it became the property of the Leveson-Gowers of Bill Hill, and was finally pulled down in 1830 by General Leveson-Gower. In dry seasons the foundations may still be traced among the grass in a field on the south side of the railway near Southbury Farm. Tradition says it was pulled down to make way for the railway, but this is not correct, as the railway was not made till several years after, and was originally planned not to go near the site at all. Penn's residence at Ruscombe seems to have left no trace behind in the history of the parish, except that some members of his second family, children of his wife Hannah, continued to live in the neighbourhood. In

JORDANS, BUCKS.

The Quaker Meeting-house, in the graveyard of which WILLIAM PENN is buried.



the registers of Ruscombe, Hurst, and Sonning there are entries of John, William, and Philadelphia Penn. One of his descendants —Mr. Henry Penn—still lives at Ruscombe. Penn died there on Wednesday, the 30th July 1718, and thence he was carried on the following Tuesday (5th August) to the burying-ground at Jordans, "where twenty or thirty public friends and vast number of Friends and others" were present at his interment.

The country round Jordans consists of valleys—"bottoms" they are locally called—carved out of the chalk of the Chilterns, and which are a feature between the Thames and the Colne. In the hollow of one of these four roads meet, coming from Chalfont St. Peter, Chalfont St. Giles, Beaconsfield, and Penn.[1] In the angle formed by the lanes that converge from the Chalfonts, Pilgrims will find the piece of ground figured in Miss Chettle's picture, and an unobtrusive red brick building hidden away in what looks like a little orchard, overshadowed by a framework of limes. The eye will hardly recognise it as a burial-place, for it is with difficulty that the few lowly gravestones are distinguished above the grass. Save when the noise of a motor tearing down one of the roads jars upon the ear, nothing disturbs the solitude of this resting-place of the members of a Society who made peace their watchword. In one corner of the ground stands the meeting-house, with a small cottage attached to it. Its interior is singularly alike to that we have described at Coolham —wooden benches, a raised platform at one end, bedrooms above

[1] Said to be the birthplace of the Penn family—mentioned by Penn in his pronouncement on the name Pennsylvania.

and meeting-rooms below, and at the rear, where the ground falls away, stabling for a score of horses, a useful adjunct when the congregation had to be garnered from a large and scattered area. The property, as at Coolham, is not confined to the precincts of the meeting-house, but includes a wood at the back, with a beech-grown dell and a small field.



INTERIOR OF THE MEETING-HOUSE AT JORDANS.

Penn's grave is the left of those figured in Miss Chettle's drawing, and it is said that, unlike his fellows, he was buried with his feet to the north. Butterfield relates that the grave was opened some years after his interment to admit the body of his second wife, and that he then saw the leaden coffin lying in that position.

A few years ago the State of Pennsylvania wished to remove Penn's remains to a mausoleum to be erected in Philadelphia,

PENN'S BURIAL-PLACE AT JORDANS.

The Westminster Abbey of the Quakers.





but, to the credit of the trustees with whom the matter rested, the proposition was not entertained. It would have indeed been sacrilege to remove the ashes of a man who has shed so great a lustre on his own country from the place where they lie side by



WILLIAM PENN.

side with his companions Pennington, Ellwood, and others, and from ground that has been trodden by all the great names appertaining to the Society of Friends, including "the apostolic George Fox, the fervent George Whitehead, the courtly Thomas Story, and that great tribune of the people John Bright"—*Sacer est, ite profani.*

Independently of the object of the pilgrimage, an excursion to Jordans, whenever undertaken, will be a pleasure to those who interest themselves in the sylvan beauties of English scenery. In spring the woodlands are white with cherry blossom, and the hedgerows gay with primrose and bluebells; in summer they are covered with the blooms of dog rose and clematis; whilst in autumn the whole countryside puts on still brighter apparel, beech-wood vying with cherry orchard as to which shall present its dying foliage with the gayer appearance.

I am enabled to give two portraits of William Penn, one of which is of unusual interest. The first, representing him in armour, was painted at the age of twenty-two when he was in Ireland. Of this, four so-called originals exist. Of Penn, after his conversion to Quakerism, no authenticated painting exists, as the Friends cut themselves off from both painting and music, and there is no doubt that the representations of him in, for instance, West's picture of the Treaty with the Indians, and Inman's mezzotint, bear little resemblance to him. The second likeness, of which I give a reproduction, came into existence in this way. When Lord Cobham was setting up statues of famous persons in his garden at Stowe, he made inquiry for a likeness of Penn, but could find none. Sylvanus Bevan, a Quaker who had a talent for carving busts of persons, hearing of Lord Cobham's desire, set himself to reproduce Penn's face, with which he was well acquainted. When completed he sent it Lord Cobham without any name, and his lordship, who had personally known Penn,

immediately exclaimed, "It is William Penn himself." This ivory has always been religiously preserved in the Bevan family, the head of whom was the late Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., and it is by the kindness of his widow that I am able to give a reproduction of it.

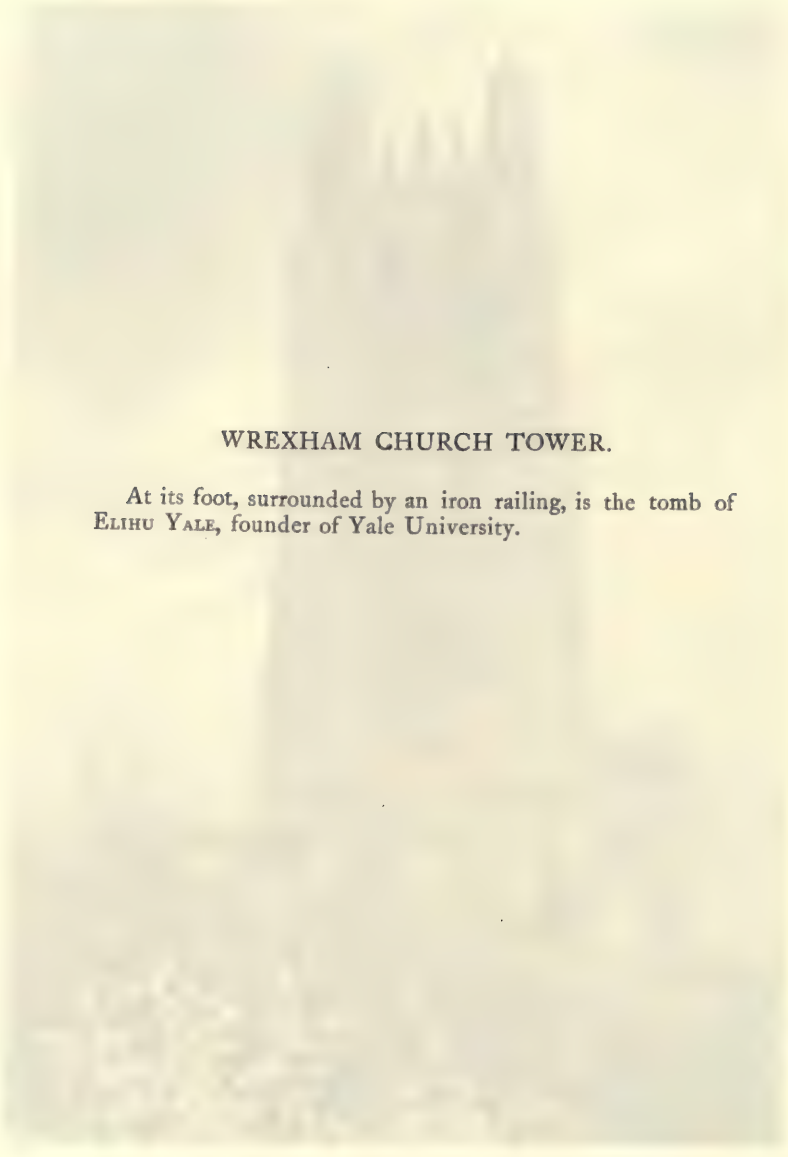
CHAPTER XIV

THE FOUNDER OF YALE COLLEGE: ELIHU YALE

Wrexham, North Wales

WALES to the minds of most Englishmen recalls nothing else than holiday touring amidst picturesque scenery. A vague idea, of course, exists that the southern part produces coal of so smokeless a nature that the German and the Frenchman have a mind to commandeer the Principality; but that minerals should be sought after and won in Central Wales is indeed incomprehensible to the tourist and the pilgrim. So it came to pass that it was indeed an offence to the writer, climbing the hills from the fair vale of Llangollen, and reaching a summit on the heather-clad moors whence the tower of Wrexham Church came into view, to see it emerging from a pall of grimy smoke, the shameless outpouring of coal-pit and factory chimneys.

The more's the pity, for this noble tower, accounted one of the "Seven Glories of Wales," and at the foot of which lie



WREXHAM CHURCH TOWER.

At its foot, surrounded by an iron railing, is the tomb of ELIHU YALE, founder of Yale University.



the remains of Elihu Yale, is too fine a piece of decoration to be given over in this wise to destruction. The attacks of weather are sufficiently assertive in watery Wales without man aiding them. That this is so is patent from the fact that an inscription on the west side of Yale's tomb, and which reads—

Restored by the Authorities of
Yale College, U.S., 1870 and 1895,

is already all but illegible.

The Yales, whose name is now of world-wide reputation, were people of good repute in the sixteenth century, David Yale, the great-great-grandfather of Elihu, being Chancellor of Chester. Their pedigree illustrates an uncommon fact, but one of interest, namely, an early emigration to America, a return after three generations, and subsequent benefactions to New England.

The emigration to America was not due to a Yale. Thomas Yale, son of the Chancellor of Chester, lived and died in that city, leaving a widow, the daughter of Bishop Lloyd, also of Chester, and three sons. She remarried Theophilus Eaton, a merchant of London, who, as we have seen (p. 232), went as one of the earliest settlers to Newhaven, taking with him not only his wife, but her family by her first husband, namely, David, Thomas, and Ann, the last-named marrying Edward Hopkins, one of the first Governors of Connecticut (1639-1656).

David, the eldest son, seems to have fared well in the new country. In 1640, the second year after the settlement of Newhaven, we find him in his twenty-sixth year set down as possessed of an estate appraised at £300, which, however, he

disposed of in 1641, upon his leaving Newhaven and settling as a merchant in Boston. There he married, and had as issue three sons, of whom Elihu was the second. He apparently did not get on with the authorities in New England, for in 1651 or 1652 he sold his Boston estate and returned to England, living and dying in London, but being buried at Wrexham Church, where a brass to his memory states that he deceased January 1690, aged seventy-six.

A similar brass to his eldest son, styled David Yale Armiger, records that he lived at Plas Grono, died in 1693, aged forty-five, and was buried at Wrexham.

Elihu, the younger son, after whom Yale University was named, passed a life of unusual activity and adventure, as his epitaph records :—

> Born in America, in Europe bred,
> In Africa travelled, and in Asia wed,
> Where long he liv'd and thriv'd ; in London dead.

Of much of this wandering no record exists. We know the date of his birth, namely, 1649, at Boston, New England, so that he must have been an infant when his father returned across the seas in 1651-2, and his father having inherited Plas Grono, probably much of his childhood was spent there, and affectionate memories must have grown up around it. Of his travels in Africa nothing, unfortunately, is known. Records would have been of surpassing value had they been preserved. Nor has much been discovered as to his sojourn in Asia, save that he married there and became Governor of Madras, whence he was removed in 1692.

On his return to England in 1693 he found both his father and mother dead, and himself the owner of Plas Grono, where he at once went into residence, taking his place in Welsh society and becoming High Sheriff of the County of Denbigh in 1704.

That he was generously disposed beyond the ordinary run of men is evident by certain gifts that have come down to us, such as to the church, a gallery and two pictures, one of which still hangs there. That he was also of a literary turn of mind is shown by a gift of books to a school at Gaybrook in New England. It was this, probably, that originated the appeal made to him on behalf of the school at Newhaven (where the school at Gaybrook had been removed) by Cotton Mather, and containing the suggestion that assistance of a material kind might be recognised in perpetuity by his name being given to the institution. This may or may not have flattered his vanity. His other benefactions would lead us to suppose that it did not. On the other hand, a man who had travelled the world at an epoch when its nomenclature was being based on the surnames of those who had discovered or annexed it must have experienced a certain satisfaction at such a proposal. Be it as it may, we find him shipping to Boston stuffs, probably acquired during his sojourn in the East, of the value of £562, an amount which was trebled by a successful sale on arrival. In addition he sent a portrait of George I. by Kneller, and books, and the authorities followed up their hint by naming the budding university Yale College. His desire to benefit the institution

did not end there, for in 1721 he forwarded further goods to the value of £100, and promised the agent in London for the colony of Connecticut that he would subscribe £200 a year during his life, and settle a provision after his decease. Unfortunately death overtook him before he had carried this last-named disposition into legal effect, his will being unsigned. He left no sons; David, his only one, had died an infant at Madras. The husbands of his daughters refused to carry out his wishes.

Elihu Yale died at his house in Queen Square, London, but his remains lie at the foot of the noble Tower of Wrexham, beneath a cenotaph containing the following inscription :—

On the North side.

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travelled, and in Asia wed,
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd; in London dead.
Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even
And that his soul thro' mercy's gone to heaven.
You that survive and read this tale take care
For this most certain exit to prepare,
Where blest in peace the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust.

The last two lines are taken from Shirley's *Death's Final Conquest.*

On the West side.

Restored by the Authorities of Yale
College, U.S., 1870 and 1895.

On the South side.

M.S.
ELIUGH YALE, Esq.,
WAS BURIED THE TWENTY-SECOND OF JULY,
THE YEAR OF OUR LORD
MDCCXXI.

An inscription on the west side, which was to the following effect, was removed in 1870 to make way for the American notice :—

> In the year of our Lord MDCCCXX this tomb underwent a general repair by the Parish, to commemorate the memory of him who so liberally contributed to the improvement of this church.

Plas Grono, an abbreviation of Plas Goronwy (*i.e.* Goronwy's Hall), the home of the Yales, was a couple of short miles west of Wrexham. What it was in Elihu's days has been preserved to us in a description written by "Nimrod" (Charles James Apperley), whose father tenanted it in 1774 :—

"The house is one of humble pretensions, consisting of four sitting-rooms with other suitable accommodation for a household of twenty—for such we were ; but its situation was delightful. It stands in what, in days of yore, was called a court ; that is, a space surrounded on some sides by shrubberies and buildings, ornamented on others by lawns and flower-beds, and divided by a ha-ha from very park-like-looking grounds of some extent and formed by the confluence of two limpid brooks. I have never seen such noble sycamores or horse-chestnut trees as those which sheltered Plas Grono from the fury of the south-western blast direct from the Welsh hills, nor tasted such fine fruit as its garden produced, nor drunk such cream, nor tasted such butter."

He writes affectionately also of the pleasant surroundings of his old home, which he recollected so well ; of the pretty cottages covered with honeysuckle, of the lovely lanes, of the noble woods of Erddig, and of the tall and beautiful Tower of

Wrexham Church, two miles off. He tells how he remembers Bishop Percy and his wife visiting Plas Grono on their way from Ireland to London, and hearing the Bishop sing the beautiful song written by himself—"O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?"[1]

Either its state of decay, or the encroachment of the town, caused the owner to decree its destruction in the year 1876. Cottages now stand on its site, the kitchen garden alone remaining. Fortunately before the old house was razed to the ground a photograph of it was taken, and from this, by the kindness of Mr. Philip Yorke, Erddig Park, Wrexham, Miss Chettle has made a water-colour drawing.

The parish church is worthy of a visit independently of its Yale associations. The open space beneath the tower has been formed into a chapel, dedicated to the use of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, whose headquarters are the borough. The nucleus of the regiment attends service here every Sunday, and in so doing must be inspired to emulate the deeds of their leaders and comrades in this regiment which are commemorated on the monuments which cover the walls. The church is evidently held in much esteem by the inhabitants of this county town, as it is full of benefactions, from stained-glass windows to electric-light fittings. It is seldom that one sees a house of God so well cared for, and so scrupulously clean, everything, even to the old brasses, being polished to a pitch that makes one timorous as to their being rubbed out of existence.

[1] I am indebted for this and other information to a *History of Thirteen County Townships*, by Alfred N. Palmer.

PLÂS GRONO, NEAR WREXHAM.

The residence of ELIHU YALE.

(Now pulled down.)





CHAPTER XV

THE CONQUEROR OF CANADA: GENERAL WOLFE

Westerham—Kent

IT was my wish, from the inception of this volume onward, to include within it any memorials that exist in these isles of Englishmen who have rendered service to that large portion of North America which is still comprised within the British Empire. But, for reasons that will be apparent as soon as the subject is studied, these must be few in number, for England had but little to do with the colonisation of what is now her most loyal dependency.

Sebastian Cabot, whose name is most intimately associated with its discovery, described himself to Henry VII. as a "citizen of Venes," although in his successor's reign he styled himself proudly "the King of England's subject." Existing memorials of his life are hardly to be looked for, the only one to which any claim can be put forward being the "Dun Cow" bone at

St. Mary Redcliffe's, Bristol, respecting which the title of the Earl of Warwick has been dissipated in favour of its being the jawbone of one of Cabot's whales. But no recognition has, to my knowledge, been extended to this remarkable man, the founder of a new era in the history of merchant shipping, by the city to which his energy brought so much gain.

Englishmen had a chance of being the earliest settlers in Canada—they were, in fact, its earliest explorers. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, of whom we read in our first chapter, landed at St. John's, Newfoundland, and with much parade erected a pillar with the Royal Arms of Elizabeth, but the Gilberts either had no gift of colonising, or did not persevere, and the attempt was abortive. Weymouth, Pring, and Goswold, also from Bristol, explored the coast as far as Kennebec at the end of the sixteenth century; but it was a Biscayan, Samuel Champlain, who in 1608, three hundred years ago save one, founded Quebec at a time when the only foreigners in North America were a few English at Jamestown and a few Spaniards at St. Augustine; and the French, having once got foothold, maintained it for nearly a century and a half.

But we have to come down to the last days of the reign of George II. before we meet with the single figure which dominates his fellows, and whose meteoric career flashes across a country that had until then no great names of Englishmen to distinguish it.

Of the hero of Quebec many memorials exist, especially at the place of his birth, and these are cherished with a reverence that increases as years go by.

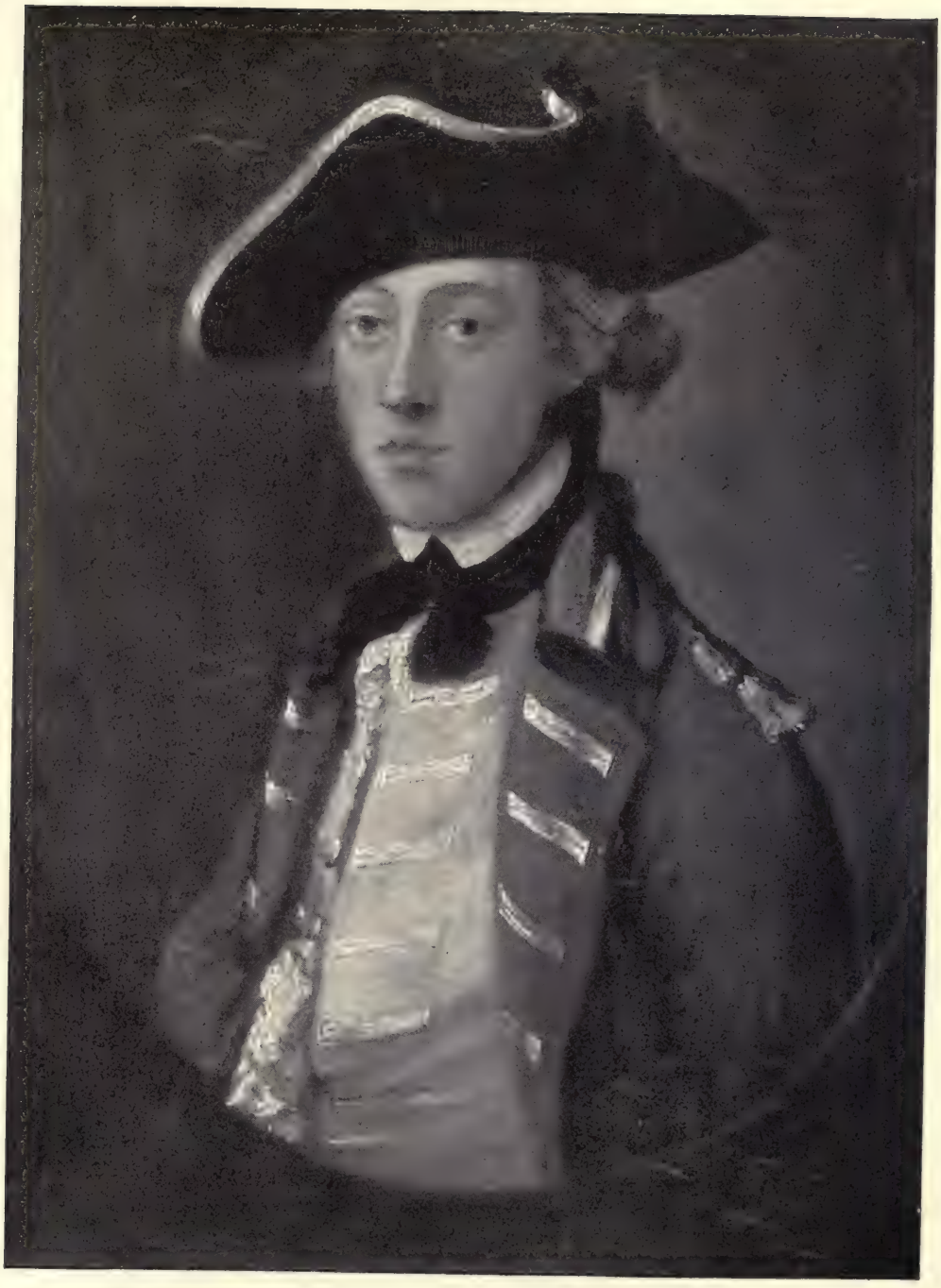


WOLFE'S BIRTHPLACE: THE VICARAGE, WESTERHAM.

From a Water-colour by Miss Chettle.

Wolfe was born at Westerham, a town in Mid-Kent, situated amongst all the smiling features which that beautiful county presents. His father, a colonel in the army, had but recently come there when his son James was born on the 22nd December 1727 O.S. The family were temporarily occupying the vicarage, an old Jacobean building, and the room is still in existence in which the General first saw the light. Within a short while the family removed to Quebec House, where Colonel Wolfe lived until 1738. The house was at that period a good specimen of an Elizabethan manor-house, and so it remained until the nineteenth century, when an unlovely face of flat stucco was given to it. Fortunately, after many vicissitudes it passed into the hands of Colonel Warde, the owner of Squerries Court. He has had it restored, taking down the stucco, and rebuilding the front and gables according to the old plans. The interior, although it has been occupied by numerous tenants, and even as a girls' school, retains its original character. True it is that panelled walls and oaken rafters had been covered by layer upon layer of wall-papers and whitewash, but the rooms, the chimney corners, the passages, and stairways remain as they were when young Wolfe passed his first twelve years among them, and under reverent hands the oak-panelled entrance hall, the staircase, and other parts have been restored to their pristine condition. The restoration was a most interesting one, for amidst many unexpected finds a stone fireplace with the arms of Henry VIII. was discovered in the dining-room.

Those who have read Thackeray's *Virginians*—and what



GENERAL WOLFE.

After a Picture by Gainsborough.
In the possession of Mrs. Pym, Foxwold Chase.

over-sea cultured person has not—will remember that Colonel Lambert and Harry Warrington rode over to Quebec House, where they were welcomed by "a stately matron, an old soldier, and the son of this gentleman and lady, the Lieutenant-Colonel of Kingsley's Regiment. Harry looked with some curiosity at this officer, who, young as he was, had seen so much service, and obtained a character so high. There was little of the beautiful in his face. He was very lean and very pale; his hair was red, his nose and cheekbones were high; but he had a fine courtesy towards his elders, a cordial greeting towards his friends, and an animation in conversation which caused those who heard him to forget, even to admire, his homely looks."

Unfortunately for the veracity of this episode, Colonel Wolfe left Westerham for Greenwich in or about 1738, when, as we have said, Wolfe was only a boy of twelve. But this did not sever Wolfe's connection with Westerham, for much of the time during which he was at home during his short career was spent at Squerries Court, where the ancestors of its present owner lived. It was whilst there at Christmas 1741-42, in the garden with his friend George Warde, that a package containing a commission to his father's regiment of Marines was handed to him. A cenotaph has been erected at the spot, which bears the following lines, said to have been composed by George Warde :—

> Here first was Wolfe with martial ardour fired,
> Here first with Glory's highest flame inspired;
> This spot so sacred will for ever claim
> A proud alliance with its hero's name.

QUEBEC HOUSE, WESTERHAM, KENT.

Where General Wolfe lived as a boy.





THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

From the Engraving by W. Woollett after the Picture by Benjamin West, P.R.A.

Squerries Court, said to have been so called from the squirrels that still abound (the animal was the device of the De Squeries so far back as Henry VII.'s reign), contains a multitude of Wolfe relics—his posthumous portrait by West, his commission, the last letter he wrote before sailing on his journey to death, as well as hundreds of others.

Squerries was described in 1658 as a "pretty, finely wooded, well-water'd seate"; those who are privileged (a privilege which is practically accorded to all) to drive through its finely timbered park in the month when the rhododendrons are out, will think that sufficient praise has certainly not been accorded to it by Evelyn, who penned that description.

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour:
> The paths of Glory lead but to the grave,—

Wolfe is said to have repeated these lines from Gray's "Elegy" to his officers when advancing to the last attack on Quebec, and to have added, "I would sooner have written that poem than take Quebec."

This was on the morning of the glorious 13th September 1759. Less than three months afterwards, on the 16th November, his remains had been landed at Spithead, and been carried to Greenwich, where they were, at his mother's wish, laid beside his father's, who had predeceased him, in the parish church.

My readers will hardly require to be reminded of the colossal monument which exists in Westminster Abbey (see illustration).



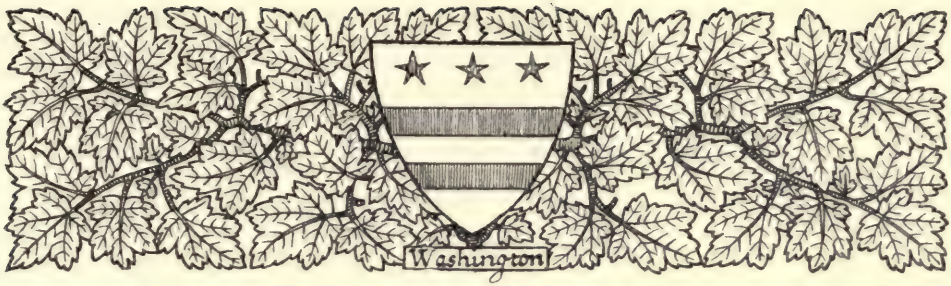
MONUMENT TO GENERAL WOLFE, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

There are others throughout the country—a lofty column, for instance, at Stowe ; but at Westerham there is only an unpretentious tablet over the south door of the church, which was erected by his old friends and neighbours. The inscription runs thus :—

JAMES,
SON OF COLONEL EDWARD WOLFE AND HENRIETTA HIS WIFE,
WAS BORN IN THIS PARISH, JANUARY 2ND,
MDCCXXVII,
AND DIED IN AMERICA, SEPTEMBER 13TH,
MDCCLIX.
CONQUEROR OF QUEBEC.

While GEORGE in sorrow bows his laurel'd head,
And bids the Artist grace the Soldier dead,
We raise no sculptured trophy to thy name,
Brave Youth ! the fairest in the list of fame.
Proud of thy Birth, we boast th' auspicious year ;
Struck with thy Fall, we shed a general tear ;
With humble grief inscribe our artless stone,
And from thy matchless Honours date our own.
I Decus I Nostrum.

A movement is on foot to place in the church a handsome window as a more worthy monument to the man whom Westerham should delight to honour, and the energy of the present vicar, the Rev. D. Le Mesurier, to whom I am beholden for much information, will, it is hoped, bring about this much-desired consummation.



CHAPTER XVI

THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: GEORGE WASHINGTON

YORKSHIRE—LANCASHIRE—NORTHANTS—ESSEX

IT has hitherto oftentimes been a somewhat difficult matter to discover the ancestry, or the English homes, of the American worthies whose names are included in this volume; but when we take up the threads of the Washington pedigree the difficulty is reversed, for almost as many places claim to have reared the forebears of the first President of the United States as did those that parented Homer. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that until recent years genealogists' researches have been altogether on the wrong track.

Both in Durham and in Sussex there are townships bearing the name of Washington, which, being interpreted, means in Saxon, according to some, "the town by the shallow part of a river," or "arm of the sea," or "fen," or Wascen-ing-ton, "the town of the chief who lived by the river"; according to others, "the town

of the chief of the tribe of Wasa." It is further said that the Sussex village has no claim to the name, as in the Calendarium Inquisitorium Post Mortem it is invariably spelt without the W.

In the first-named of these Washingtons there were Wessyntons or Washingtons resident as far back as the twelfth century,



COAT-OF-ARMS OF SIR JOHN WASHINGTON,
THRAPSTONE CHURCH, NORTHANTS.

when a William de Hertburn is said to have assumed the name borne by his manor. The claim of ancestry to these mainly rests on the fact that the coat-of-arms borne by the family is identical with that of George Washington, and that it has been in use since the fourteenth century, as is proved by the seal of William de Wessington attached to a deed dated 1360, and which is

similar to that on George Washington's book-plate. It is said that it is from this coat-of-arms that the American Stars and Stripes are derived. That may be so, but there is this difficulty, that it is questionable whether the Washington stars are heraldic. They are certainly described as such, "Argent two bars gules in chief thrice mullets of the second," or, in English, shield white, crossed horizontally by two red bars, three red five-pointed stars



COAT-OF-ARMS ON LAURENCE WASHINGTON'S TOMB (WASHINGTON IMPALED WITH BUTLER), GREAT BRINGTON CHURCH.

in a row above the second bar. But the stars are said not to be stars at all, but spurs, as is proved by the central circle, which is the pin attaching the spur to the rowel.

Washington himself is said to have had but little ambition to trace his ancestry. His family for three generations had lived in America, and that appeared sufficient for him. But when Sir Isaac Heard, the then Garter King-at-Arms, requested information from him with a view to tracing his pedigree, he stated

his belief that his forebears came from the North of England. Starting on this clue, Sir Isaac first went to Northamptonshire, where he found mention in a visitation made in 1618 of a John and Laurence Washington, sons of a Laurence Washington of Sulgrave who had died in 1616, these being the Christian names of two of the President's ancestors who had emigrated to Virginia, the one about 1658, the other about 1667, but these dates were considered to be doubtful. Sir Isaac Heard then traced these Northamptonshire Washingtons to an older branch in Lancashire, but he did not consider it proven that the two Johns and Laurences were identical.

Others that followed him, however, were more readily convinced, and they derived the emigrant John from South Cave, Yorkshire, and Laurence as a student at Oxford in 1622; and this was accepted for nearly a century, until a deed signed by Laurence Washington was found and the connection with Sulgrave was established by the discovery of a missing generation. The clue was followed up, and the family has now been traced for five generations beyond the emigrants.[1]

To my mind it would certainly seem as if the foundation of the family was laid in Durham, and that its descendants gradually migrated southwards.

One branch certainly was at Adwick le Street, a village near Doncaster, on the line between that place and Leeds. From

[1] It is not within the province of this work to set out all the pro's and con's that have been brought forward. The matter appears to have been settled to everybody's satisfaction within the past few years, and further information can, if desired, be obtained from a pamphlet entitled *English Ancestry of Washington*, Henry F. Waters, *New Eng. Hist. and Genl. Reg.*, Oct. 1889, Boston, Mass.

these are descended the Lund Washingtons, to one of which name General Washington wrote letters during the struggle for American Independence.

All that remains at Adwick is the tomb, of which Miss Chettle has given us a drawing, of James Washington in the chancel of the Church of St. Lawrence. The top is a flat marble



TOMB OF JAMES WASHINGTON AT ADWICK-LE-STREET, YORKSHIRE.
From a Water-Colour by Miss Chettle.

slab, broken and defective in parts, and cut away in one place to admit of one of the supports of the altar rail being fixed. On it are incised in rude outline, filled up with a pitchy substance, figures of James, his wife, and twelve children, and an inscription as follows :—

> Hic jacet Jacobus Washingtonus | dominus de Adwycke super Stratam et Margareta uxor ejus | Johannis Adwycke Armiger | qui beatem (?undecem) filii (et) filiarum parentes fuerunt.

But recent authorities decide for us that we must look first to Warton in Lancashire, next to Brington and Sulgrave in Northamptonshire, and then to Purleigh in Essex, so I will take the Pilgrims to these in their order.

Warton stands on Morecambe Bay, a very picturesque corner of Lancashire, but one that is apt to be overlooked by those who are voyaging towards the superior attractions of the Lake District. It is, however, worthy of a visit, if only for the view that is to be obtained by an ascent of the great limestone crag beneath which it is placed. From thence the whole range of the Cumberland and Westmoreland mountains, the Yorkshire hills with Ingleborough, the lower hills of Lancashire, and the beautiful lowlands which fringe Morecambe Bay, unfold themselves. If the ascent be made in spring, no fairer place exists for wild flowers, especially the rock cistus, which colours the slopes of the crag with a delicate yellow; if in the autumn, many of the fells will be found to be snow-capped, although there will be no signs of this in the lowlands.

The Washingtons were large landowners in Warton centuries ago, for we read in a post-mortem inquisition in 1484 that Robert Washington held "tenementum vocat Intwhitefeld" (Tewitfield) in Warton from the King as Duke of Lancaster by military service and fivepence for Castleward; also five burgages in Warton and much land elsewhere. Earlier than this a Robert de Wessington had gone from this parish with Edward the First to the Scottish wars.

All that now remains to mark the tenure of the family is a

WARTON, LANCASHIRE.

A seat of the WASHINGTONS in the fifteenth century.



carved shield on the church tower which bears the same arms as those of the Durham Washingtons. The Tewitfield estate, of which we give a drawing, has upon it a farm-house only, of comparatively modern date. There is, however, in Tewitfield a house called the Washington House, which is said to have been built by a Laurence Washington in 1611.



TEWITFIELD FARM, NEAR WARTON, LANCASHIRE.
This Estate was the Property of the Washington Family in the Fourteenth Century.
From a Drawing by E. Chettle.

The first of many Laurences that we come across in the pedigree was the son of John Washington of Warton, who was an alderman and wool merchant of Gray's Inn, London, and as such was knighted. Laurence evidently acquired money and rank, for he was Mayor of Northampton in 1532, and again in 1545. It was no doubt from his position as such that he was able to secure a share in the spoils of the Northamptonshire

monasteries, for he acquired the grant of a parcel of the dissolved priory of St. Andrew, the Manor of Sulgrave, with all the lands in Sulgrave belonging to the priories of Canons Ashby and Catesby. To Sulgrave he retired, having amassed a fortune, and doubtless he looked forward to his successors occupying as landed gentry a better social position than he had done ; but this hope was only partially fulfilled. The ill luck which was called down upon holders of alienated Church lands, and which certainly did come upon many of them, fell upon the Washingtons, and the third generation, which was always singled out as the fatal one, saw Laurence, the grandson and namesake of the founder, obliged to sell his manor and accept the kindness of the Spencers, with whom the Washingtons had so far advanced in the social scale as to become akin. For him Lord Spencer built a house at Little Brington, to which he gladly retired with his family.

Sulgrave, the Washington connection with which was severed in the third generation, lies in Northants, five miles from Banbury, and can be reached either from Norton Pinkney Station on the East and West Junction Railway, or, better still, if coming from London, from Culworth on the Great Central Railway. The manor-house, which was evidently intended to be of greater importance than it ultimately came to be as built by Laurence the first, is at the farther end of the little out-of-the-world village. When Washington Irving made a pilgrimage to it early in the last century, it still had the family arms in stained glass in the window of the room that is now the kitchen. Outside on the south side the old high-gabled porch, seen in Miss Chettle's

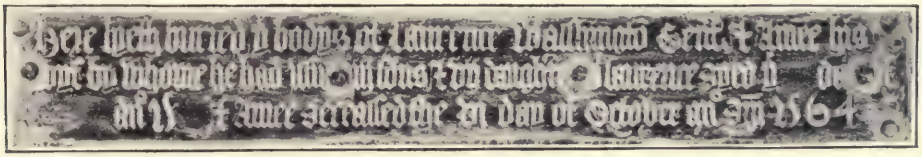
THE WASHINGTON MANOR-HOUSE, SULGRAVE.

Built by LAURENCE WASHINGTON, the founder of the Northamptonshire family. The manor and priory lands of Sulgrave were granted to him by Henry VIII. on the Dissolution of the Monasteries.



drawing, bears in its spandrils the royal arms of Elizabeth, and the mullets and bars of the Washingtons.

Further and yet more interesting remains are to be seen in the church, although, unfortunately, these are not as perfect as they should be. Near the altar in the south aisle is the tomb of Laurence the first. It consists of a stone slab. On this originally were six brasses. Of these, that representing Laurence's wife and a part of his effigy have been long wanting—since 1793 it is said. But the others remained until August 1899, when those representing the sons and daughters were detached and stolen, and



BRASS OF LAURENCE WASHINGTON AND AIMEE, HIS WIFE, IN SULGRAVE CHURCH, NORTHANTS.

have not since been traced. The costumes are those of well-to-do civilians of the middle of the sixteenth century. The inscription, in black letter, of which we give a facsimile, is as follows :—

> Here lyeth buried ye bodys of Laurence Washington Gent and Amee his wyf by whome he had issue iiij sons and vii daughts. Laurence dyed ye day of an 15 and Amee deceassed the vi day of October anº dm̃ 1564.

It would seem that the monument was made on the death of the wife Amy (in the brass spelt Amee), and that she predeceased her husband. The date of his death, which occurred twenty years afterwards, was never inserted. This is a remarkable

instance of lack of filial affection, as he was buried here, and it was not for seventeen years afterwards that his son and grandson sold the property.

We must now transfer our attention to the townships of Brington, where, as we have said, after the sale of Sulgrave, the Washington family betook itself. The best way thither is undoubtedly *via* Northampton.

If one were to take counsel from the man in the street as to whether in making the expedition to Northampton it was worth while leaving the rail for an inspection of that town, he would doubtless inform you that it contained nothing but boot factories. Such is not the case. There is, indeed, a local saying, "You may know when you are within a mile of Northampton by the noise of the cobblers' lapstones," but the town itself is a bright Midland town, with open market-places and public parks, and being in the midst of one of the foremost hunting counties in England, is a centre of county life. To those having any taste for architecture, the Round Church of St. Sepulchre (one of four edifices in England akin to London's Temple Church), the very uncommon and perfect Norman Church of St. Peter's, and Eleanor's Cross, are themselves worthy of a digression. The fact is that treasures both civil and ecclesiastic abound in the county, due, doubtless, to all the materials being ready to hand—building stone easily worked and richly coloured, slate, and limestone for carving. Besides this, lovers of antique lore and history may conjure up scenes to their hearts' content that have been enacted on the

very roads they traverse whilst making the journey to the graves of the Washingtons.

The Bringtons are reached from Northampton by a train journey of a dozen minutes' duration to Althorp Park Station, and a walk of a couple of miles to the farthest point. A beautiful drive through a pastoral country, parks, and woodland may also be made, the day to be selected for this being Thursday, if it is wished to see the interior of Earl Spencer's house at Althorp.[1] No difficulty will be experienced upon leaving the station at Althorp Park in finding the way to Great Brington. The station, as its name implies, is one apparently made, in the first place, to suit the convenience of the Park. No houses are near it, and the road to Great Brington skirts the long wall of the Park almost all the way of its ascent of a short mile before the church is reached. The situation of the village is a good one, so fine in the estimation of the inhabitants that I was proffered, and accepted, the use of a telescope to view the distance. The battlefield of Naseby cannot be seen—it lies due north ; but to the left the landscape extends almost to Fawsley, where the famous Pilgrim Press, that produced the Marprelate tracts, was set up in secret.

It goes without saying that a church that has been built under the shadow almost of the house of the Spencers, and that is the last resting-place of the family, should have been well built and well maintained, and Spencer memorials, that vie in

[1] A line to the obliging stationmaster at Althorp Park will ensure a carriage being obtained from Brington.

splendour with those to be found anywhere, will attract attention before anything else. But as we pass along the nave, having on either hand the black oak benches, with ends carved into soporific poppy-heads, which claim an age of more than four centuries, and which the Washingtons must certainly have occupied, we naturally scan the walls for the memorials of those we came to seek, and who, we imagine, from their social position, may well have claimed a place there; but such is not the case, and it is on the floor of the nave and chancel that we must look. There they are now as well protected as is the marble flooring at Siena's Cathedral—in fact, actually under lock and key. The first to be met is that of Robert Washington and Elizabeth his wife, who died within a few days of one another, and whose burial certificates, in the handwriting of their son Laurence, may be seen in the Register of Burials under date 11th and 20th March 1622. It was not from their seed, however, that the President sprang, but from that of Laurence the brother. His tomb is under the chancel floor near the north chapel. Its place is marked by a stone slab bearing the Washington arms (as already set out) impaled with those of Butler (see illustration, page 297), he having married the eldest daughter of William Butler of Tees in the county of Sussex. He helped to people the world with even a larger family than the four sons and seven daughters of Laurence the first, for he had no less than eight sons and nine daughters, so that there ought not to be lacking descendants who can lay claim to connection with the "Great George." This slab is also protected by a wooden cover.

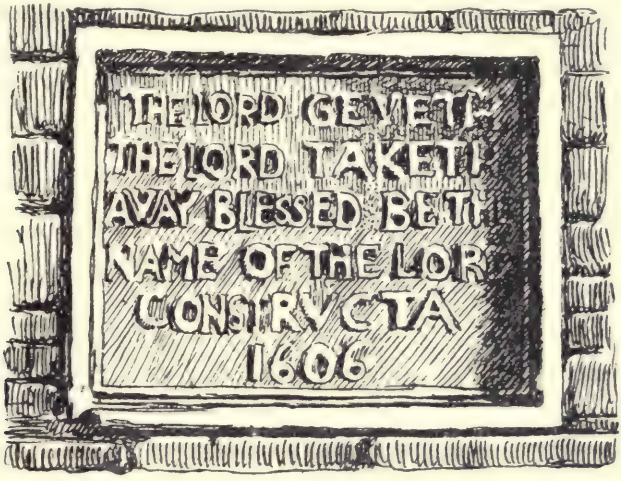
HOUSE AT BRINGTON PARVA,
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Built by LAURENCE WASHINGTON, ancestor in the sixth degree of GEORGE WASHINGTON.



Of these sons two at least obtained knighthood from King Charles, probably through the influence of Baron Spencer,[1] namely, Sir William of Packington and Sir John of Thrapston. The third son, Thomas, had held the office of page in the suite of Charles I. when as Prince he went to Spain in 1623 to see the Spanish Infanta.

From none of these, however, was George Washington



descended, but from the fourth son, Laurence, whose career I shall look at after I have taken my reader to Little Brington to see the memorials of the family that exist there.

A mile only separates Great from Little Brington, the unassuming village in the main street of which stands the cottage, for it is little more, that was built for Laurence the

[1] His tomb is the most beautiful of the Spencer monuments at Brington, having been designed by the celebrated Nicholas Stone. It was erected by his widow at a cost of £600. His and her effigies are of white marble under a canopy supported by black pillars. It was this second Baron that Charles I. and his Queen visited in 1634, when the cost of one banquet exceeded £1500, exclusive of the game, meat, fruit, flowers, etc., provided by the estate. Northampton races date from his foundation.

second by Lord Spencer. It still bears over its porch the carved submission of its occupant to the ill fortune that befell him (as shown in the inscription on the preceding page). This ill fortune was not alone the loss of his property, but of a son, Gregory, who was born to them whilst they were watching the erection of the house, and who only survived his birth a few days.

It will readily be understood from Miss Chettle's picture that the tenement soon became too small for the housing of a family which, as we have seen, ran into double figures, and it is surmised that after four years' residence here Laurence was able to sell Sulgrave, and that he went to London for the better education of his sons at Westminster and elsewhere, the cottage being handed over to his younger brother Robert, the one whose tombstone in Great Brington Church we have just seen. It was probably in this house that the couple who had lived lovingly together died, the husband on the 10th March and the widow of nine days on the 19th of the same month.

The one other Washington relic to be found in Little Brington is a carved stone in Mr. Wykes's garden, hard by Washington House. It is of sandstone and circular, and is evidently a sun-dial. It has the Washington coat-of-arms, and in the centre can be discerned the same crescent, the mark of cadency of a second son, as is on the tomb of Robert Washington which we just left. This and the initials R. W. render it certain that it was made for him whilst he lived here, namely, from 1610 to 1622.[1]

[1] For further information respecting Brington, see *Brington: the Home of the Washingtons and Spencers* (Northampton: The Dryden Press), from which some of the facts given here have been culled.

One more link remains in the chain of the Washington memorials, and that is to be found at Purleigh in Essex.[1]

Maldon, which has to be passed *en route* and in whose quaint old red brick church the Rev. Laurence Washington, the "plundered" rector of Purleigh, is buried, is in summer by no means without attractions, especially to those who enjoy small boat sailing, which can be indulged in to one's heart's content amongst the islands on the wide estuary of the Blackwater. There is also plenty of material for the painter, with the hay and straw barges with their bright sails floating up or down on the tide, or lying at the old wharves below the town.

Purleigh stands above the Essex flats, and the river Blackwater forms a picturesque object winding through them to the distant Thames.

It was to the rectory here that Laurence Washington, son of Laurence of Brington, was inducted on the 17th March 1633. He had graduated at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1619, having been entered there as the son of a gentleman (generosi filius) of Northants. He became a fellow of his College, and continued in residence until his presentation to Purleigh. The living was a good one, and so when the Commonwealth came into power it was passed under the view of those anxious to secure the spoils. Washington's long residence at Oxford had no doubt crystallised in him loyalist views, which he would not be slow to put

[1] Pilgrims to the home of the Winthrops at Groton (see p. 157) may endeavour to combine it with Purleigh, but it is a somewhat difficult matter, much depending upon the train connection. The route is as follows—drive or cycle from Groton to Sudbury, seven miles; from thence to Witham, and train to Maldon; train five miles to Norton, one and a half miles from Purleigh, or drive the distance, four miles.

into words and action. It was not difficult therefore to prove sufficient against him to deprive him of his charge, on the ground, as Walker in his *Sufferings of the Clergy*, written in 1714, puts it, "that he was a loyal person and had one of the best benefices in these parts." This was in 1643, and Walker adds that he was allowed some time afterwards to accept "a Poor and Miserable Living." His wife appeared before the Commissioners at Chelmsford in 1649 claiming a custom, that a fifth part of the living of which her husband was "plundered" (*i.e.* deprived) should be allowed to her, and an order was made accordingly. Neither of them survived their King very long, for we find that Laurence was buried at Maldon on 21st January 1652, and his wife Amphillis at Tring on 19th January 1654. Mrs. Washington's connection with Tring was through Mr. Andrew Knowling, who in his will left £28 each to the children of his step-daughter Amphillis Washington, and he made his godson Laurence Washington the younger his heir and executor. Through this will we curiously enough arrive at the way in which, and the reasons for, the Washingtons going to America, for mention is made in it of his step-child William Roades of Middle Claydon. This man was steward to Sir Edmund Verney, the Squire of Middle Claydon, who was a friend of Thomas Washington, brother of Laurence, when he (Thomas) was a page to Charles I. Now one of the Verneys had an estate in Virginia which was managed by William Roades, who in the course of his management had sent out several young men from Claydon. We know that John Washington, the eldest son of Laurence, the Rector of Purleigh,

PURLEIGH, ESSEX.

From this living the Rev. LAURENCE WASHINGTON was ejected during the Commonwealth for being a Royalist. His two sons emigrated to America, one being the great-great-grandfather of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

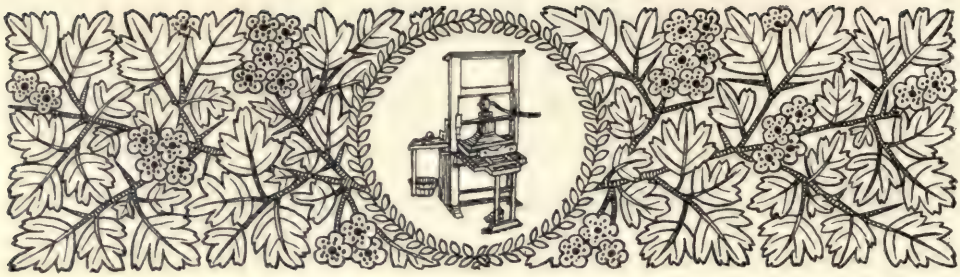


was in Virginia in July 1659. It is therefore more than probable that this was the channel through which he emigrated. The descent of George Washington from this John, who died in 1677, was through a son, the fourth Laurence, who died in 1697, and his son Augustine, who lived till 1743, and was the father of George Washington, born 11th February 1732.

An endeavour is being made to restore the tower of Purleigh Church (which is in such a condition that it is unsafe to ring the bells) in memory of the Washingtons, and a meeting was held a couple of years ago at the Mansion House, London, to further this by an appeal to Americans. The chancel and nave were restored in 1892 at a cost of £1500, which was raised with much difficulty, as the parish is a poor agricultural one and contains no well-to-do landowners. About £600 is needed to do the work thoroughly.



THE BOOK-PLATE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON



CHAPTER XVII

A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE FRANKLIN

This worthy Franklin has a purse of silk
Fixed to his girdle, white as morning milk,
Knight of the Shire, first Justice at the Assize
To help the poor, the doubtful to advise.
In all employments, generous, just he proved,
Renowned for courtesy, by all beloved.

CHAUCER.

AMONGST all the characters that are portrayed in this volume the last that one would expect to find searching out the antecedents of his ancestors would be Benjamin Franklin. Yet curiously enough he is the only one, and more's the pity, who has furnished posterity with any account of his forebears. He apologises for what he evidently considers to have been a weakness by saying that others in his family had had the same kind of curiosity in collecting family anecdotes, and that the notes of one of his uncles have furnished him with several particulars respecting his ancestors. From these and a

journey that he undertook for the purpose, he learned that his family could be traced in the same village, Ecton in Northamptonshire, for three hundred years—that is as long as the name was in use as a surname. Doubtless they were there before that, but then the name denoted an order of people, as we know from Chaucer's *Franklin* or from Fortescue's *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ* of 1412, where he says—

"So small a thorpe cannot be found wherein dwelleth not a knight, an esquire, or such a householder as is there commonly called a Franklin."

On searching the registers at Ecton, Franklin found entries, from their commencement in 1555, of his ancestors' births, marriages, and burials, and from these he learned the curious fact that he was the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations back. His grandfather, Thomas, who was born in 1598 and baptized in Ecton church, owned a freehold of about thirty acres, and carried on the business of a smith, as had several generations before him. He acted as churchwarden, and his signature as such appears in the register in 1653. But growing too old to continue his trade, he left Ecton, and went to live with his son John, a dyer at Banbury, to whom Franklin's father was apprenticed. He died and was buried at Banbury, and Franklin visited his grave in 1758.

His sons were as follows—Thomas, John, Benjamin, and Josias. Thomas was born and baptized at Ecton in 1637, and being the eldest, followed the trade of a blacksmith, until his

good natural understanding being recognised by Palmer, the principal resident of the village, he was induced to cultivate his mind, with the result that he became a country attorney, and a prime mover in every public enterprise as well relative to the county as the town of Northampton. After enjoying the esteem and patronage of, amongst others, Lord Halifax, he died 16th January 1702, and was buried at Ecton, where his gravestone and that of his wife stand, as may be seen by the accompanying illustration.

John, as we have said, became a wool-dyer, and went to Banbury. Benjamin also started as a dyer, but in silk, serving his apprenticeship to one of that trade in London. He went to America, and died there at a great age, and it was from him that Benjamin Franklin was named. He left behind him several volumes of MS. poems, and he is said to have invented a shorthand by which he, being a man of piety, could take down the sermons of the many preachers that he sat under.

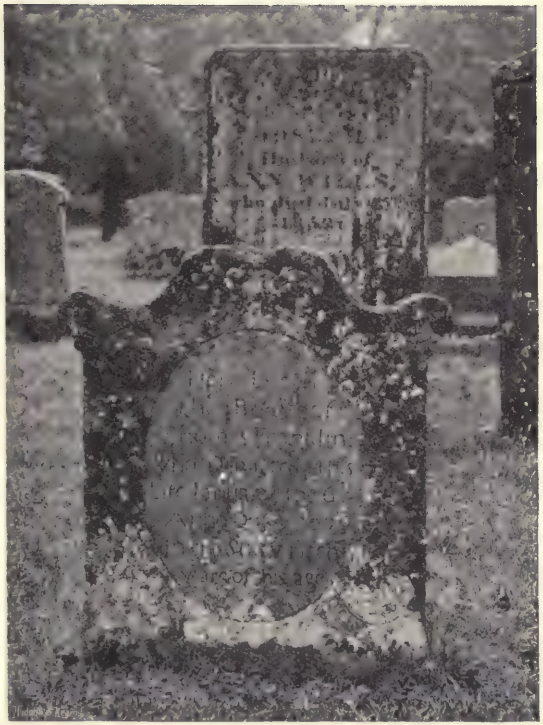
Josias, the youngest son, was apprenticed to his brother John at Banbury, where he is said to have been converted by a Nonconformist minister. He left England for America in or about 1682 with his wife and three children, and settled at Boston in 1708, not as a wool-dyer, but as a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler. It was there that Benjamin Franklin, his youngest son, was born in 1706.

The family house at Ecton, which passed to the eldest of these four sons, Thomas, was bequeathed by him, with the land belonging to it, to his daughter, who, marrying a Mr. Fisher of

ECTON CHURCH, NORTHANTS.

Where FRANKLIN's uncle and aunt are buried.







TOMBSTONES OF THOMAS AND ELEANOR FRANKLIN (BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S UNCLE AND AUNT)
IN ECTON CHURCHYARD, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Wellingborough, sold it to a Mr. Isled. Research has not as yet been successful in tracing the Franklin house, although by some it is stated with confidence to have been the manor farm.

Tradition also says that the chimes of the church, which are over two hundred years old, and which, on the occasion of the writer's visit, played the good old tune, "When Britons strike home," were presented by the Franklins.

Ecton lies about the same distance to the east of Northampton as Brington does to the west, and it can be reached by train to Billing Road, which, however, is some two miles away. But if time permits, the pilgrim is advised to drive from Northampton, for there is plenty besides Ecton to interest any one with a taste for the country : for instance, Earl's Barton, with a church almost without a rival as a specimen of a Saxon building planned on Roman lines, and Castle Ashby, the seat of the Marquis of Northampton.

In the days of John Cole, who wrote the *History and Antiquities of Ecton* in 1825, the village was said "to possess a pure atmosphere and to be approached by a road flanked on either side by venerable elms, whose umbrageous branches overshadow a grassy plain of several yards in width, which forms a delightful place of promenade. Various pleasing presentations of the lofty tower of the church offer themselves picturesquely to view through the aged trees which skirt the domain." Although well-nigh a century has elapsed since these lines were penned, both atmosphere and trees remain, and retain their pristine

ECTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

The village of the FRANKLINS.



freshness, the latter still calling forth the admiration of all who visit the village from their unusual dimensions and fulness of growth.

Benjamin Franklin himself had nothing to do with Ecton, or in fact any place in England save London. But there he worked for several years, and traces of his whereabouts may still be found by those who seek them.

The first place to be connected with him was Little Britain, which, as we have seen (p. 76), had been for a long period not only the producing but the distributing centre of literature. Thither, then, Franklin naturally went upon his arrival from America in 1720, and there he was so fortunate as to obtain work at Palmer's, a famous printing-house in Bartholomew's Close. He was there for a year lodging in the neighbourhood. Thence he migrated to Watts's, a firm of still more eminence, who had their house near Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the eastern end of the south side of Wild Court, three doors from King's Head Yard. Wild Court was a turning out of Great Wild Street near the western end of Great Queen Street. He himself lodged up the two stairs back of an Italian warehouse in Duke Street opposite the Romish Chapel which existed until quite recently. His landlady was a widow, to whose kindly and cheery disposition he was much indebted, for her fund of interesting topics was such that he spent much of his time in the evening listening to her thousand and one tales of people of distinction in the past. How limited were the means of both of them may be gauged from Franklin's remembrance of their suppers, which usually consisted

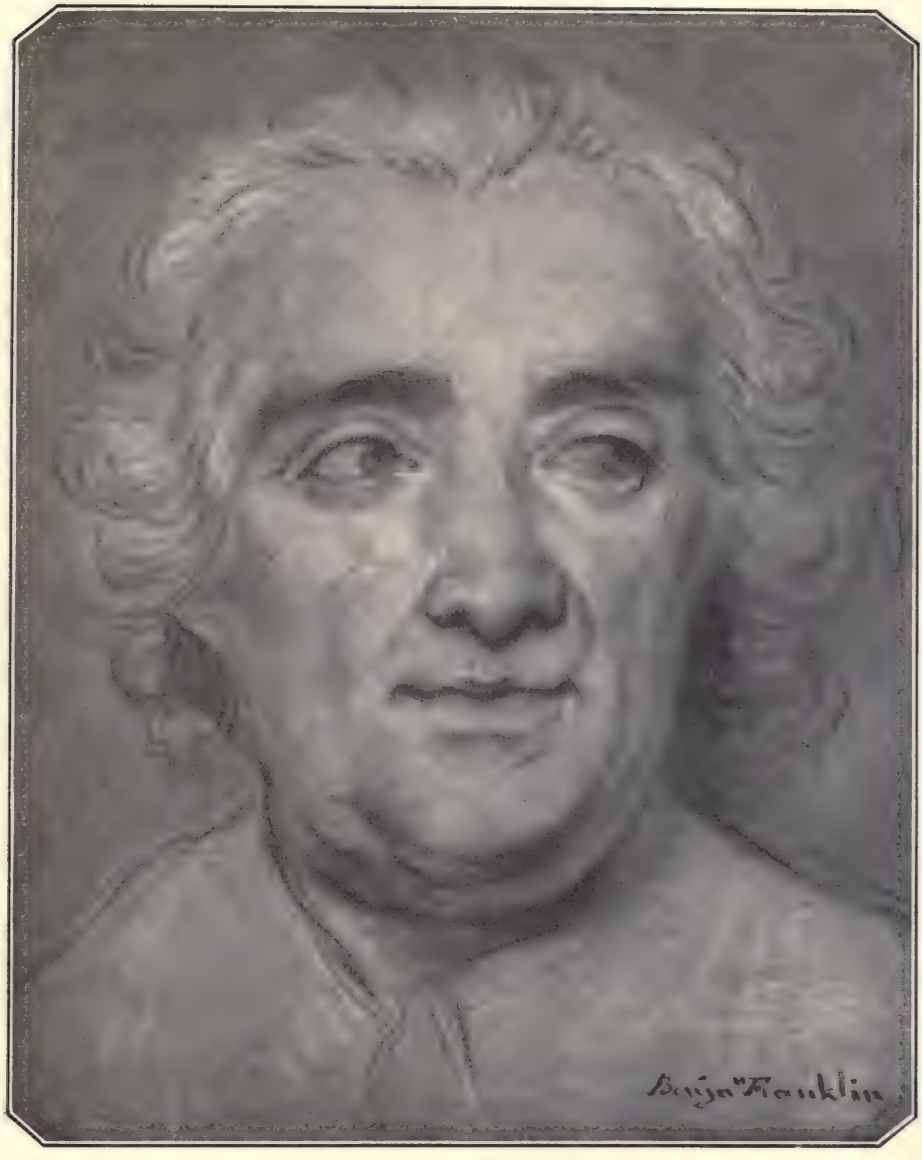
of half an anchovy each on a very little strip of bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between them.

It is also claimed that he worked as a printer at 19 Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn.

Franklin must at this time have been a youth of good physique, which he cultivated by athletic exercises that were probably then but seldom indulged in by the city prentices. His prowess at swimming was such that at one time he seriously considered whether he should not remain in England and take up the profession of a master of natation, in which he had acquired reputation owing to his feats in the Thames, wherein he thought little of swimming from Chelsea to Blackfriars, and edifying the spectators *en route* by diving and "other feats of activity both upon and under the water."

Franklin left England on the 23rd July 1726, in a ship that probably started from Blackwall, for it reached Gravesend on the tide at 11 p.m., and he went ashore to sleep. Time was evidently of not much object to the master of the vessel, for Franklin tells us that in the morning he went for a walk up Windmill Hill, whence he had an agreeable prospect of the country for twenty miles round, and afterwards he went ashore at Portsmouth, Cowes, Newport, and Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, at the last place sleeping for a night under a haystack. It is not surprising to hear that it was eleven weeks from the time of leaving London before he arrived at Philadelphia.

Thirty-one years almost to a day were to elapse before he was back again in London in a very different capacity. On this



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

From an unpublished crayon drawing by François Boucher in the possession of Mr. Wilson Crewdson.

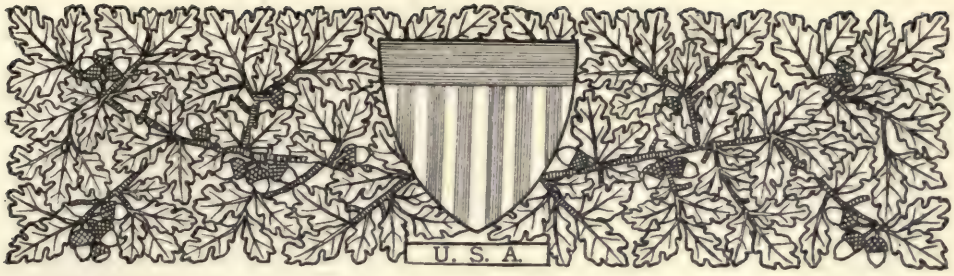
occasion he landed at Falmouth, and came straight to London, only stopping at Stonehenge and to see Lord Pembroke's garden at Wilton.

He returned again in 1768, this time as agent of the State of Massachusetts. It was on this occasion, I believe, that he visited the home of his ancestors. He also sought out his old working haunts at Watts's, and going up to the press at which he had worked, thus addressed the men: "Come, my friends, we will drink together. It is now forty years since I worked like you at this press as a journeyman printer." The Doctor then sent out for a gallon of porter, and he drank with them, "Success to Printing."

In June 1833, one hundred and three years afterwards, an inscription was placed on the press to record this incident, and the attention of the Americans being drawn to it, it was acquired for the Museum at Philadelphia. Before leaving, a copy was made of it. This is in the Patent Department of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the headpiece to this chapter gives a reproduction of it.

The last occasion on which we hear of him in England was in 1775, when he was present at the opening of the once celebrated Unitarian Church which still exists in Essex Street, Strand.

The following works may be consulted respecting Ecton:—*The History and Antiquities of Ecton in the County of Northampton*, by John Cole, Editor of *Harveiana*, etc., Scarborough; published by John Cole, and Longman, London, 1825. *The Shakespeare County, the Washington County, and the Franklin County*, by John Leyland; published by *Country Life*, 1903.



CHAPTER XVIII

THE SEA-FIGHT OFF FLAMBOROUGH

23rd September 1779

SO long as American Naval History lasts, a place will be found in it for the exploits of a British sea-captain which were certainly as soul-stirring as those of John Smith, Admiral of New England. I am the more ready to include amongst my worthies Captain Paul Jones, the capturer of His Majesty's ship *Serapis*, for curiously enough he is the only representative of that race north of the Tweed which in later times has done so much to add lustre to the Empire through its explorers and colonists.

John Paul was the son of a gardener of that name at Kirkbean, Kirkcudbrightshire, and was born on the 6th July 1747. He took to the sea from childhood, and served in many strange crafts and for many masters, slaves and contraband being amongst the cargoes carried in ships under his command. He was brought into touch with America in this wise. His eldest

brother had been adopted by a well-to-do Virginia planter named William Jones, a distant relative of the Pauls, and a native of Kirkbean. On his brother's death he took the name of Jones and a portion of the Virginia property, residing there for some time. But his love for adventure on the blue water was too strong for him, and he applied for and obtained a commission in the American Navy. His intrepidity and courage, inherited perhaps from his mother, who was a Macduff and a Highlander, was shown in engagements against his own country at Sole Bay in 1777, at Belfast Lough against the *Drake* in 1778, and in the sea-fight off Flamborough in 1779. For a dozen years or more after this he served under various masters, the French, the Danes, and the Russians, but an unfortunate shortness of temper caused ruptures with each. He died in France in 1792, whence his body has recently been deported with much honour to America.

The now celebrated encounter in which Paul Jones accomplished the feat of capturing a British man-of-war within sight of Great Britain's shores took place off the coast of Yorkshire. Paul Jones, who had all but sailed round the British Isles, was coming down from the north in his ship *Le Bonhomme Richard*, and at noon on the 28th of September 1779 was going southwards, with Spurn Head standing out boldly across his bows, and Flamborough Head behind him. Suddenly out of Bridlington Bay appeared a fleet of Baltic merchantmen, under convoy of a King's frigate, the *Serapis*, and a smaller vessel, the *Countess of Scarborough*. The sun was setting over the Yorkshire wolds before the fight began, Jones having by a fine piece of



THE FIGHT OFF FLAMBOROUGH HEAD BETWEEN THE *SERAPIS* AND *LE BONHOMME RICHARD*, 23RD SEPTEMBER 1779.

manœuvring got between the English and the land: the merchantmen having retired behind the head, making for shelter at Scarborough or Tynemouth. The contest lasted well into the night, and the harvest moon lit up its termination, which was brought about by an explosion from a hand grenade thrown from the *Bonhomme* down the hatchway of the *Serapis*.

The accounts of the fight naturally vary. According to the American account, Paul Jones's ship, the *Duc de Duras*, a French Indiaman, which he had rechristened *Le Bonhomme Richard*, after Franklin, was so rotten that she was not worth refitting, and of the rest of his fleet of six vessels all but one left him, the *Alliance*, however, turning up on the day of the battle. His own crew of 300 was a most miscellaneous lot, less than a fifth being Americans, and 80 of them being Britishers. The crew of the *Alliance* included an even larger proportion of Englishmen. On the other hand, the dedication set out in the English and French languages at the foot of the rare engraving of which I give a reproduction is, "To Sir Richard Pearson, whose bravery and conduct saved the Baltic Fleet, under his convoy, though obliged to submit to a superior force." The respective combatants are thus enumerated on the print:— "English: *Serapis*, 40 guns and 250 men, of which 49 were killed and 68 wounded; *Countess of Scarborough*, armed ship, 4 killed, 20 wounded. Enemy's forces engaged against the *Serapis*: *Bonhomme Richard*, 40 guns, 375 men; *Alliance*, 40 guns, 300 men. Engaged against the *Countess of Scarborough*: *Pallas*, 32 guns, 275 men; *Vengeance*, 12 guns, 70 men. The

Bonhomme Richard had 300 killed and wounded, and sunk the next day."

The last of the *Bonhomme* was told in these words by her commander: "No one was left on board but our dead: to them I gave the good old ship for coffin, and in her they found a sublime sepulchre. She sank peacefully in about forty fathoms. Our torn and tattered flag was left flying, and the very last vestige mortal eyes saw was the defiant waving of her unconquered flag." This flag had been made by the girls of Portsmouth, Virginia, from slices of their best silk gowns. The thirteen white stars were cut from a bridal dress. Five names still exist of the quilting party that made the flag which was the first Stars and Stripes that Europe ever saw. They are—Mary Langdon, Caroline Chandler, Helen Seavey, Augusta Pierce, and Dorothy Hall.

When Paul Jones returned to America he apologised to the first-named. "But I could not bear to strip it from the poor old ship in her last agony, nor could I deny to my dead, who had given their lives to keep it flying, the glory of taking it with them." "You did exactly right, commodore!" replied the young lady; "the flag is just where we all wish it to be—flying at the bottom of the sea over the only ship that ever sunk in victory. If you had taken it from her and brought it back to us, we would hate you."[1]

If a wish to stand upon the Flamborough cliffs and see the sea beneath which lies Paul Jones's vessel brings Americans to this part of the Yorkshire coast, they will not be disappointed.

[1] *Paul Jones*, by A. C. Buell. Kegan Paul.

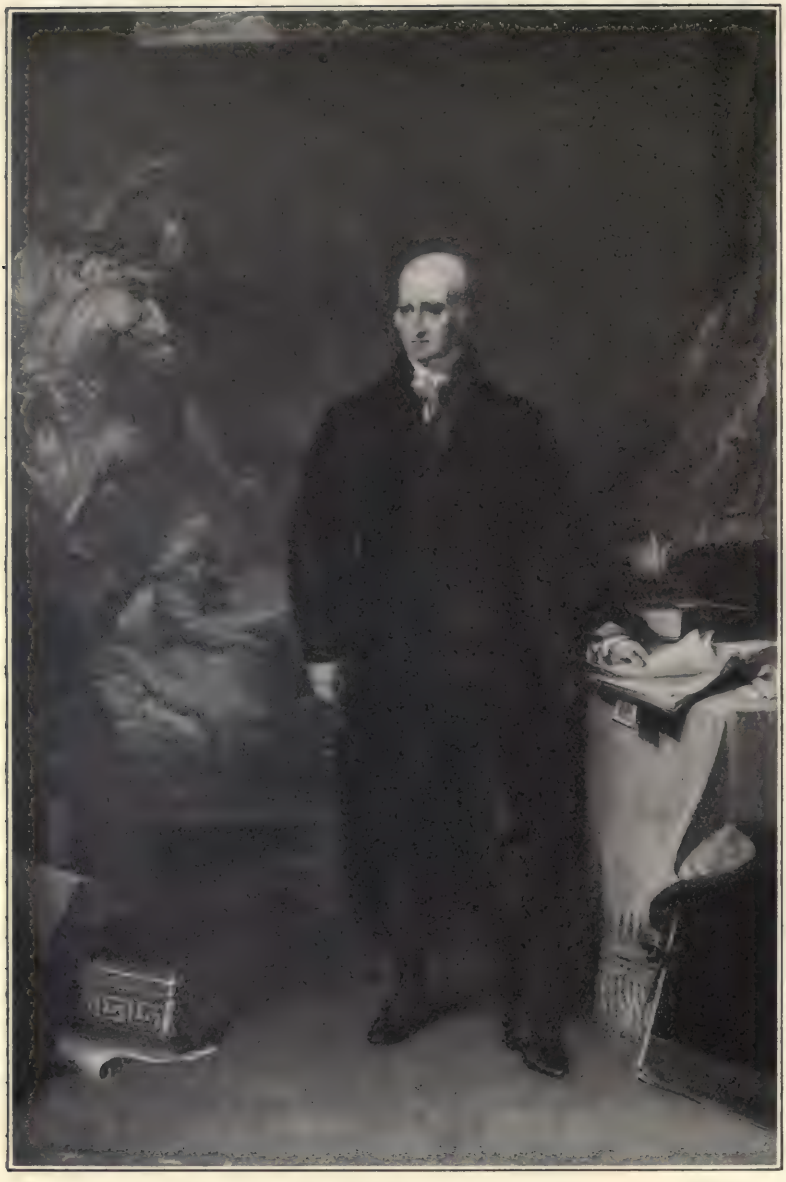
Maybe they will select "The Queen of Watering-places," Scarborough, for their stay; but if they desire quieter quarters they cannot do better than select Filey, with its beautiful sands, its delightful boating and bathing, and its "Brig," where the finest air in Great Britain can be inhaled. From there it is but a half-hour's motor-ride or a couple of hours' sail in a boat to that paradise of sea-fowl, the white cliffs of Flamborough.

CHAPTER XIX

AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF LONDON

IN view of the fact that probably in the near future, and maybe oftentimes afterwards, we shall see an artist with as much American blood in his veins as had Benjamin West occupying the Presidential Chair of the Royal Academy of Arts, I cannot omit a notice of this once celebrated artist from this volume, especially as he has a claim to inclusion beyond that of office, having been the painter who, in the face of the most strenuous opposition, handed down to posterity a pictorial record of the victory of Quebec and the death of Wolfe.

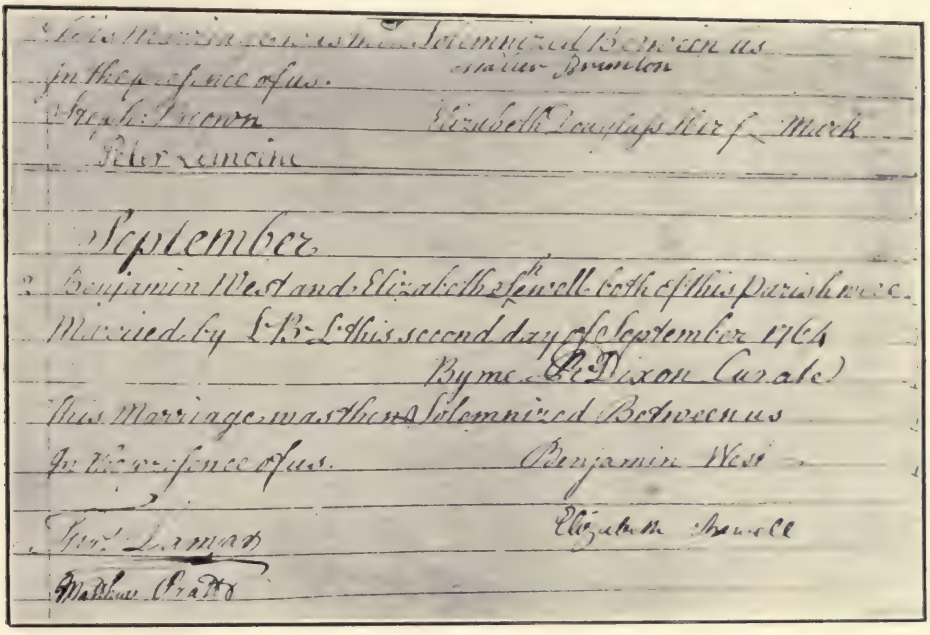
West's ancestors went out with Penn from Buckinghamshire, where they had lived for many generations at Long Crendon. He was born in America in 1738, and having travelled the Continent in furtherance of his art, came over here in 1763, living consecutively in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, and Castle Street. Although a Quaker he was married at St. Martin's-in-



BENJAMIN WEST, P.R.A.

From the Engraving by W. Say after the Picture by James Green.

the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, to a lady to whom he had been betrothed when in America, on the 2nd September 1765, as the facsimile of his marriage certificate shows. His picture of the death of Wolfe[1] made his name, as in it he broke away from the traditions that had hitherto been accepted of painting battles



FACSIMILE OF THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF BENJAMIN WEST AND ELIZABETH SHEWELL, ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS.

with the combatants clothed in Greek, Roman, or classic garb. So strong was the feeling against this innovation that not only Sir Joshua Reynolds but the Archbishop of Canterbury did their utmost to dissuade him. Few pictures have had a greater popularity, due in part to its successful reproduction in line engraving by Woollett. On Sir Joshua's death in 1792 he was

[1] Reproduced in Chapter XV.

elected President of the Royal Academy, an office he held until the age of eighty-two.

The Royal Academy possesses a large picture by H. Singleton, which we reproduce, of the Members of the Royal Academy with West seated as its President. It is mainly noteworthy as an illustration of the few distinguished persons who then adorned that body. Of those of interest to Americans we may note Copley the American artist, with his cane in his hand, in the front row ; Bartolozzi, looking over the President's left shoulder ; Cosway, the third to his left, and Hoppner, to the extreme left of this line. Behind the President's chair will be seen the two ladies who obtained admission within the Academy, Angelica Kauffmann and Mary Lloyd. The Academy also has some of West's sketches, and in the Diploma Gallery some paintings and cartoons of little merit, and a portrait of himself painted by his own hand. The National Portrait Gallery also contains a portrait.

West lived for the last forty-five years of his life at No. 14 Newman Street, Oxford Street, a street then just built, and which had been taken possession of by artists,—Banks and Bacon the sculptor, and in later times Stothard and Copley Fielding, being tenants there—in fact, at one period no less than five Royal Academicians were residents. West's house was in 1832 converted into a chapel by the Rev. Edward Irving after his expulsion from the National Scotch Church. West's grave is to be found amongst those of the great painters in St. Paul's Cathedral.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, LONDON. BENJAMIN WEST, PRESIDENT.

From the Engraving by C. Bestland after the Picture by H. Singleton, now in the Royal Academy.

CHAPTER XX

STRATFORD-ON-AVON AND ASTON HALL

John Harvard and Washington Irving

A PILGRIMAGE through England would certainly not be satisfying to our friends from over the sea unless Stratford-on-Avon came within its compass; for thither their steps always tend at some time or another of their visit to these islands. Fortunately we have some things to show them there quite intimately associated with our subject.

First of all the Harvard House. It is somewhat remarkable that John Harvard should have been connected with Stratford, for he was born and bred at Southwark, within a very short distance of the Globe Theatre, where Shakespeare's plays were mainly produced, and there can be little doubt that there, as well as at Stratford, he may have looked upon Shakespeare's face. It would not be forcing probabilities much to imagine that the Harvards were intimates of the poet. Stratford was only a



HARVARD HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Built in 1596 by the grandparents of JOHN HARVARD, who founded Harvard University.



small town, and Harvard's mother's relatives occupied a good position, Harvard's grandfather, Thomas Rogers, having been an alderman at the time of his death. Few of the inhabitants would in those days find occasion to travel to the metropolis, and those who had connections in the capital would in all likelihood be associated on any journeys to and fro. It is therefore more than likely that Shakespeare may have extended a kindly sympathy to the delicate lad, a lad whose subsequent life proved him to be a bookman, and who would assuredly regard the great dramatist with the intensest veneration.[1]

Harvard House is said to have been built in 1596 by Thomas Rogers, and has on one of its beams the initials T.R. 1596 A.R. It is at the present time the best example of many fine specimens of Elizabethan timber-frame domestic architecture in the place. It was there undoubtedly that Robert Harveye, as he was then called, in 1605 took to wife Thomas Rogers's daughter Katherina. Both daughter and grandson predeceased Thomas Rogers, who was buried at Stratford on the 31st August 1639. The extinction of the line of Harvards caused the property to pass out of the family, and after many ownerships it was offered for sale a few years ago, and acquired for £945 by an Anglo-American syndicate, in whose hands it will be carefully preserved.

Americans will hardly require to be reminded of the connection of their great essayist, Washington Irving, with Stratford.

[1] At Southwark, Harvard's father had for colleagues in the vestry Alleyn, Benefield, and Henslowe, who were intimates of Shakespeare's, being professionally connected with the stage.

He visited it on three occasions, and gave a world-wide fame to one of its old hostelries. The Red Horse Hotel was certainly in existence in Harvard's time, for it is said that on Queen Henrietta Maria's march from York to Oxford in 1643, Prince Rupert advanced from the latter place to meet her, and took up his quarters at this hotel.

Irving gives in his *Sketch Book* the following very happy description of the comfort that awaited a traveller at the Red Horse a century ago :—

"To a homeless man, who has no spot on the wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may ; let kingdoms rise or fall ; so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life ; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy sky ; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of joy. 'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?' I thought, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlour of the Red Horse at Stratford-on-Avon."

THE RED HORSE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The Inn immortalised by WASHINGTON IRVING in his *Sketches*.



He never forgot either his first visit or the charms of the old inn. On the third occasion that he pilgrimaged to Stratford, in December 1831, he did so in company with the American Minister Martin Van Buren. He describes it in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Paris, dated from Newstead Abbey, 20th January 1832, thus :—

"Upwards of a month since I left London with Mr. Van Buren and his son on a tour, to show them some interesting places in the interior, and to give them an idea of English country life and the festivities of an old-fashioned English Christmas. We posted in an open carriage, as the weather was uncommonly mild and beautiful for the season. Our first stopping-place was Oxford—thence we went to Blenheim. We next passed a night and part of the next day at Stratford-on-Avon, visiting the house where Shakespeare was born, and the church where he lies buried. We were quartered at the little inn of the Red Horse, where I found the same obliging little landlady that kept it at the time of the visit recorded in the *Sketch Book*. You cannot imagine what a fuss the little woman made when she found out who I was. She showed me the room I had occupied, in which she had hung up my engraved likeness, and she produced a poker, which was locked up in the archives of the house, on which she had caused to be engraved 'Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre.'"

Space will permit of our doing no more than noting the further pilgrimage of Irving to the scene of the young woolcomber's deer-stealing at Charlcote. Visitors to Shakespeare's country will hardly fail to take the opportunity of seeing such a

typical English residence as its Hall, or the rural scenes which so powerfully affected the essayist. May they be as fortunate as he in hearing the songster who, trilling centuries earlier, drew forth from Shakespeare the exquisite song in *Cymbeline* :—

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise :
Arise, arise.

Bracebridge Hall

From Stratford-on-Avon it is not a very long journey to the home of the Bracebridges, Aston Hall, where Irving placed Bracebridge Hall in his essays on "Christmas." Various localities have claimed the distinction, but there is now but little doubt that Aston has the ownership. Irving's visits came about through his brother-in-law Mr. Van Wart living in Birmingham and being a friend of the Bracebridges.

The Hall, a fine specimen of Jacobean architecture, was begun by Sir Thomas Holte in 1618, and completed in 1635. Charles I. was a guest of the Baronet on the 16th and 17th October 1642, on his way from Shrewsbury to Banbury. Sir Thomas suffered for his loyalty by having the place besieged and taken in 1613 after a considerable loss of life on both sides. The Hall remained in the Holte family until the close of the eighteenth century, when it passed to the Bracebridges.

ASTON HALL, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

The residence, at one time, of the Bracebridges. WASHINGTON IRVING visited them here, and made the house the scene of his *Bracebridge Hall.*



The encroachment of Birmingham having deprived the Hall of its rural surroundings, the property ceased to be amenable as a residence. All the outlying portions were sold, and the groves where the red deer had been wont to shelter were cut down to make room for suburban villas, taverns, and shops. Fortunately



CHARLCOTE HALL.
From a Water-Colour by Miss Chettle.

the Corporation of Birmingham, aided by the generosity of its citizens, was enabled to acquire the Hall and some forty acres of the grounds, and it is now the city's property for ever as a free Museum and Park. Miss Chettle has painted the Hall in the full glow of summer when the ornamental borders are a galaxy of riotous colour, almost too vivid for some gardeners' taste. It would hardly have been fair to have asked her to paint the scene

as Irving first saw it on an extremely frosty morning when every tree and blade of grass was covered with snow crystals. She could not, had she wished, have rendered the scene as it then appeared to Irving looking out over a beautiful landscape of sloping lawn, a fine stream at its farther end, and a tract of park beyond with noble clumps of trees and herds of deer. But the church with its spire is still there, as are the old monuments that attracted his attention during the Christmas-morn service almost as much as the village choir, failing to "sing with one accord," distracted it, sorted out as they were like a pack of hounds, for their "deep solemn mouths, their loud singing mouths," and their "sweet mouths."



CHAPTER XXI

A LAST LOOK ROUND LONDON

TOWARDS the close of the chapter devoted to a Pilgrimage to the City of London, I stated that most of the remaining metropolitan memorials that Americans would wish to visit would be noted in the chapters assigned to those whom they concerned, and this has been to a considerable extent the case; for instance, St. Dunstan's-in-the-West (p. 201), Charing Cross (p. 164), Hampstead (p. 171), Lambeth (p. 168), the Unitarian Church in Essex Street (p. 320), St. Martin's-in-the-Fields (p. 328), the Royal Academy (p. 327), in connection with Lord Baltimore, Sir Harry Vane, Franklin, West, and others.

There remain, however, two places which cannot be passed over without special notice, and with these I now in conclusion propose to deal.

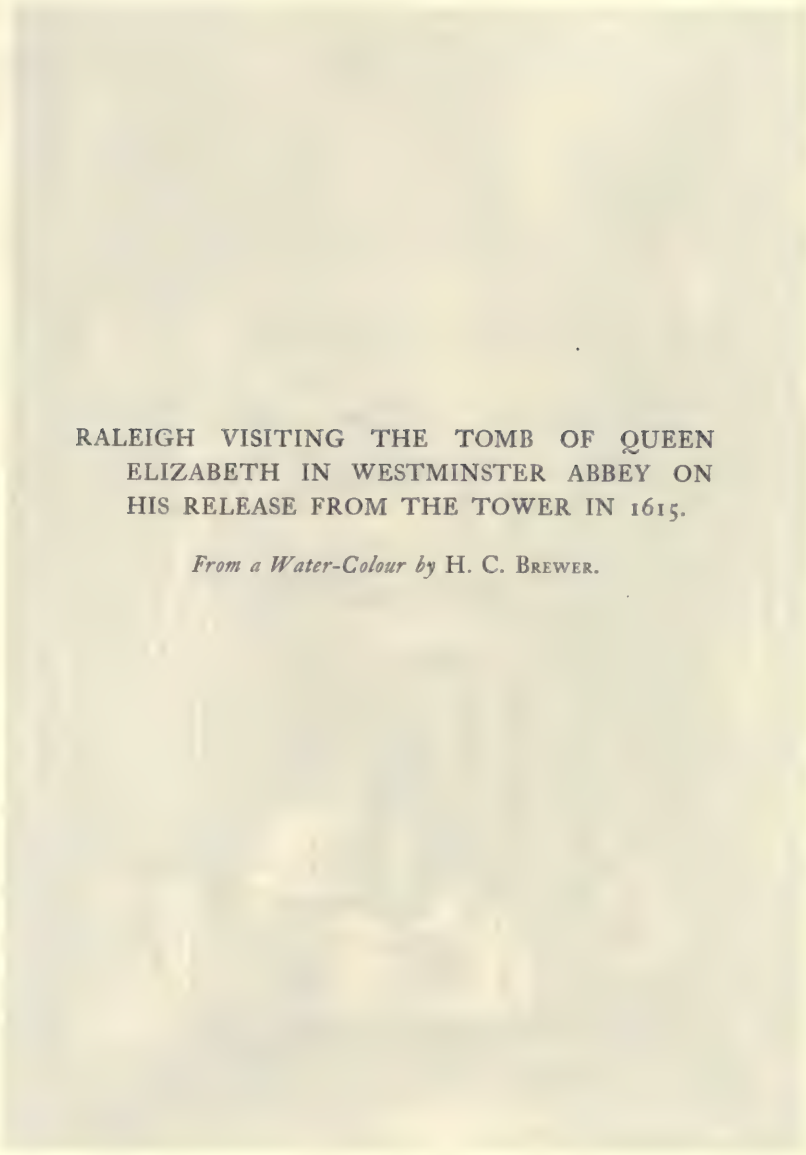
Westminster Abbey has probably changed less than any other building of the middle ages that exists in Western Europe. Revolutions and iconoclasts have fortunately passed it by, and the

hand of the despoiler has in the rare cases of depredation been that of the curio maniac. As an instance, we may almost with



TOMBS OF THE ABBOTS, WESTMINSTER CLOISTERS.

certainty sit on the same stone bench and lean against the same linen-patterned oak panelling as did Raleigh when, after his years of imprisonment in the Tower, his first care was a pilgrim-



RALEIGH VISITING THE TOMB OF QUEEN ELIZABETH IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON HIS RELEASE FROM THE TOWER IN 1615.

From a Water-Colour by H. C. Brewer.





age to the tomb of his great Queen in the Chapel of the Abbey, a shrine to which we have already referred (page 24). Two centuries later Washington Irving singled this tomb out among the few that he mentioned, speaking of it as a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In so doing he did not refer to the two sisters Mary and Elizabeth, but to that other Mary of Scots who lies in an even statelier tomb on the other side of Henry VII.'s Chapel. His sentiments towards the two are expressed in the sentence that "the walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her oppressor."

It was a sober and rather melancholy day in late autumn when Irving paid a visit here, and it was reflected in the mournful magnificence of the old pile. He entered from the inner court of Westminster School, and as he paced the Cloisters his eye was attracted by three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots, whose epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times. He prophesied that a little longer and even these faint records would be obliterated, and the monuments would cease to be memorials: but, as the reproduction shows, they are still to be seen against the south wall of the Cloisters, and the description written concerning them nearly a hundred years ago might have been penned in 1907. The

same bell from the Abbey clock-tower that roused him in his meditations and warned him of the departing time may hurry forward those who tread in his footsteps.

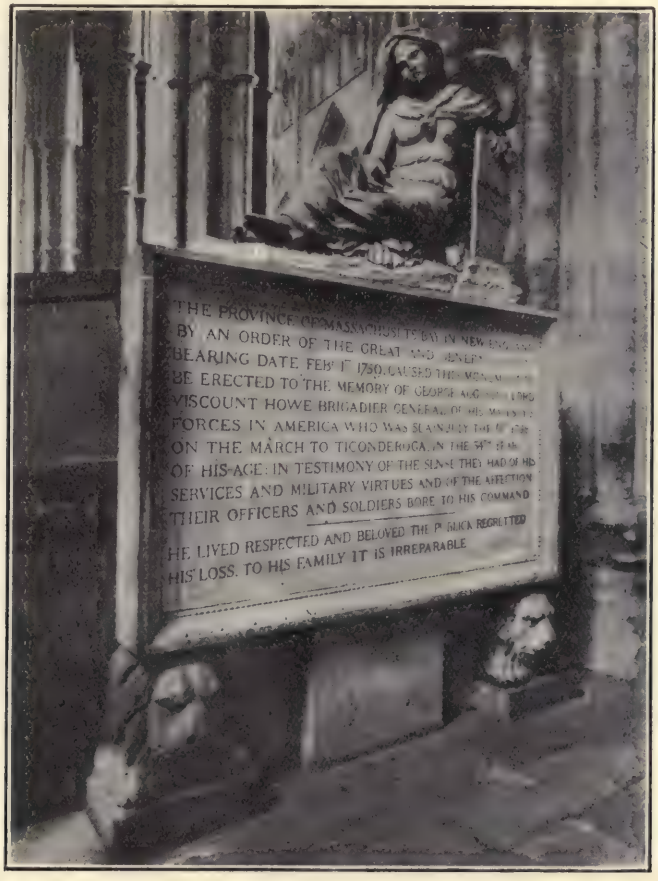
His sympathy with the scene evidently drew him again and



ANDRÉ'S TOMB, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

again to the place. It is therefore somewhat remarkable that he mentioned neither of two monuments having reference to events of recent occurrence in his own country, especially as they were both of an exceptional character such as he could not have overlooked. I refer to those to General Wolfe and Major

André, memorials which will assuredly be singled out by his countrymen of to-day. The mutilation of the latter by the decapitation of the figures of Washington and André had been



MONUMENT TO VISCOUNT HOWE, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

noted by Charles Lamb not many years previously in his *Essays of Elia*, in a phrase which had given dire offence to Southey, and which certainly did not display a very kindly feeling towards Americans, the mutilation being described as that of a "school-boy fired perhaps with raw notions of Transatlantic freedom."

In Irving's days doubtless the autumnal leaves, gifts from America that so often adorn it, were not there as "tokens of reconciliation and peace."[1]

The Abbey contains, curiously enough, but a single memorial to those concerning whom we have written in these pages, and that one is to Richard Hakluyt, who furthered largely, not only with his pen, but his purse, the early Virginian enterprise. He is buried in Poets' Corner, and owes his place there perhaps as much to his having been a Westminster boy and a Prebend as to his being the author of the world-known book of *Voyages and Travels*. A century and a half (one half of America's national existence) passed before any one having any immediate connection with that continent found a place, or recognition, there. Wolfe was the first in 1759, to be followed by three who had served in the American War of Independence—General John Burgoyne, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces, who surrendered at Saratoga to General Gates; Colonel Markham, who, after volunteering under Wolfe, also took part in the American War; and Viscount Howe, the brother of the Admiral. Lord Howe, termed by Wolfe "the noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the British army," was killed early in the war, and his monument was erected by the then Province of Massachusetts. It stands in the Whigs' Corner, *i.e.* under the North-West Tower. Those of Burgoyne and Markham are in the North Walk of the Cloisters. In connection with this war

[1] W. D. Howells, in *A Fortnight in Bath*, says: "I went and paid the tribute of a sigh at the house in the Circus, so piteously memorable for us Americans, where Major André had once sojourned."

Americans may care to be reminded that William Pitt, whose huge monument is in the North Transept, practically received his death-blow whilst protesting against the dismemberment of the American Colonies from our "ancient and noble Monarchy."



MONUMENT TO LONGFELLOW, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

To American-born subjects three memorials exist. Longfellow (whose lineage we tried to trace at Horsforth, near Leeds, but only with the result of finding a railway porter of that ilk) finds proper recognition and place in Poets' Corner by a bust erected to him in 1884 by English admirers. Peabody's grave is to be seen in the nave, although his body only rested in it a few days prior to its deportation to America, and in the vestibule to the Chapter House will be found a window and portrait

medallion erected in 1893 to the memory of James Russell Lowell, one time Minister to the Court of St. James's. The window illustrates his poem of Sir Launfal.

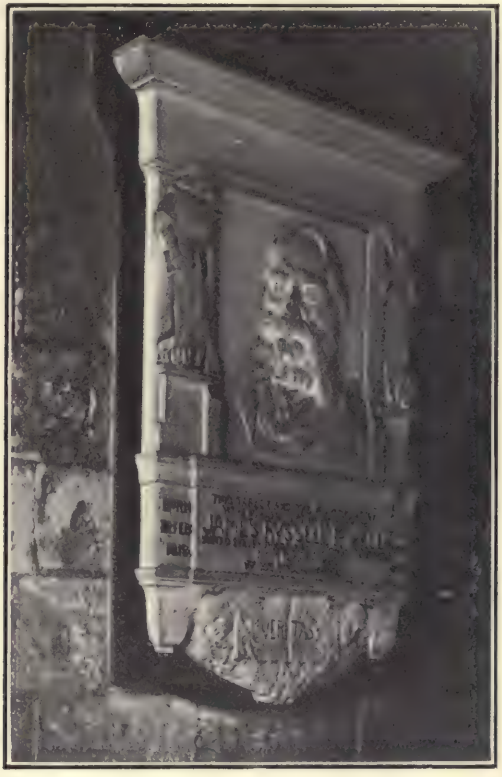
The Abbey owes to Americans a bust of Wordsworth, the



WINDOW IN THE CHAPTER HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

gift of Dr. Mercer, which stands in Poets' Corner, and a beautiful window in the Baptistery under the South-West Tower, given by Mr. Childs of Philadelphia, in memory of George Herbert and William Cowper, "religious poets, Westminster scholars, and representatives of two opposite poles of the English Church." More than four centuries ago Edward IV., addressing the Pope,

stated that, owing to its being placed before the eyes of the whole world of Englishmen, any favours granted to the Abbey must be welcome to all of English blood. To-day gifts by Americans such as we have noted to this and other ancient fanes are assuredly



TABLET IN THE CHAPTER HOUSE, WESTMINSTER,
TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

especially welcome, coming as they do in the majority of cases from those who may indeed claim to be "of English blood."

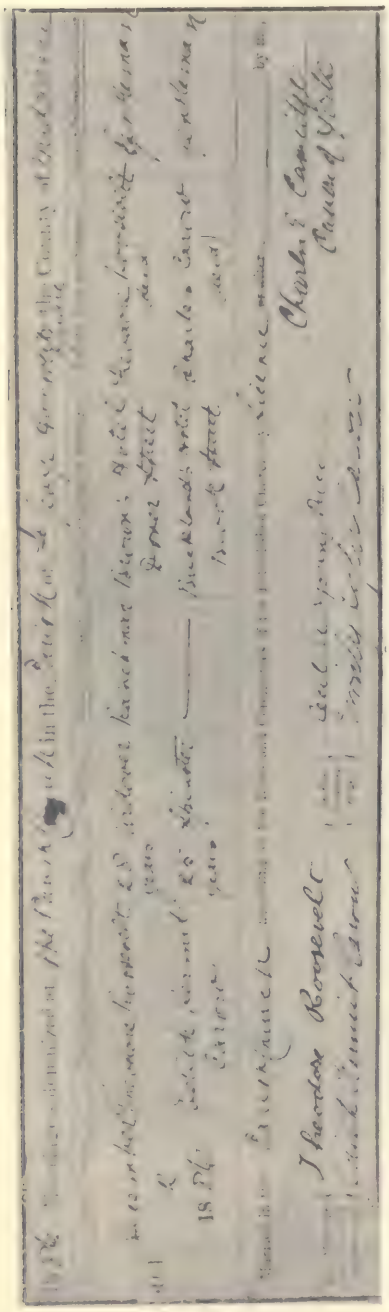
I hope that my readers will not think that I have introduced Washington Irving too often into my peregrinations, but I have been unable to do without him. In the first place, he is such a delightful companion, and so appreciative of this country and its

countrymen, that I have been loth to part company with him. In the next place, although a traveller in the early days of touring, he so thoroughly covered much of the ground that I have had to travel over that I could not avoid him had I wished. It so happens that he appears once more at the last place of note that this volume will speak of, namely, the Temple, and he visited it in the spirit and the way that it should be approached. He hit on it by hazard, but in its happiest aspect, as a haven of rest and quiet. It was summer time ; he had been buffeting against the current of population setting through Fleet Street, a current that might well be termed turgid compared with its volume to-day. The warm weather had unstrung his nerves, and made him sensitive to every jar and jostle and discordant sound. In a fit of desperation he tore his way through the crowd, plunged down a by-lane, and emerged into a quaint and quiet court with a grass plot in the centre, overhung by elms, and kept perpetually fresh and green by a fountain with its sparkling jet of water—the fountain of Elm Court—the fountain immortalised by Dickens—the fountain that within the writer's memory has been altered out of all its former beauty of form. Pursuing his walk with nerves and spirit quieted and refreshed he came to a very ancient chapel—that of the Knights Templars—situated in the very centre of sordid traffic ; and he moralised that he did not know a more impressive lesson for the man of the world than thus suddenly to turn aside from the highway of busy money-seeking life, and sit down among these shadowy sepulchres, where all is twilight, dust, and forgetfulness.



THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

From an Engraving after Pugin and Rowlandson, 1808.



FACSIMILE CERTIFICATE OF THE MARRIAGE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

By chance I lately came upon a picture of the interior of the Round Church at about the date when Irving visited it, and if "the massive and rich architecture, the marble effigies of warriors menacing hostility even in the tomb," affected him in their then condition, how much more should they do so now to the pilgrim of to-day. If the scene had such an effect upon him when the pillars were encased in wood, and the warriors lay within mean iron railings, how much more should it impress the beholder who views it when these have been restored to their pristine condition and are kept with the most fastidious care, especially should he be privileged to see them after taking part in the most perfectly conducted service that the English Church can produce within the realm.

Pilgrims to this haven of rest must not pass away without a visit to the tomb of Oliver Goldsmith, which will be found

to the north of the church. Would that we could speak in the same laudatory terms of the manner in which this national monument is cared for. Unfortunately it exhibits signs of a total disregard of its existence, even the lettering fast becoming illegible. It is not a pleasant fact for an Englishman to have to call attention to.



Bound by Sangorski & Sutcliffe.

BIBLE PRESENTED BY KING EDWARD VII. TO BRUTON, VIRGINIA, ON THE TERCENTENARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE COLONY.

We need hardly remind Americans that the Temple is redolent of memories of other names which belong to our common literature—Shakespeare, Bacon, Lamb, to mention but three. In this respect it is but a type of many a quarter of this great metropolis, which is equally saturated with memories of our common ancestry.

With one more memorial our task must end. It is one

practically of to-day, but none the less noteworthy. The registers of marriages of St. George's Hanover Square bear testimony to the celebration of alliances between the heads of many great families of England and America, but none of these can exceed in interest that which took place on 2nd December 1886 between Theodore Roosevelt and Edith Kermit Carow, and of the entry of which we give a facsimile.

With this memorial, which concerns the supreme ruler of the United States, we may, in conclusion, couple one that has not only to do with the King of England, but with the tercentenary of the great Republic across the seas. The inscription to be read within the cover of the Bible, of which we give a reproduction, sufficiently explains the gracious recognition of the event by His Majesty, in this, as in every other matter, echoing in the most felicitous way the feelings of every subject within his realm.

APPENDIX I

Correspondence between Roger Williams and Mrs. Ann Sadler, preserved in the Library, Trinity College, Cambridge.

THE following correspondence, which took place between Roger Williams and a Mrs. Ann Sadler, throws such lights upon the bitternesses which religion engendered in the seventeenth century, that I have availed myself of the permission given me by the authorities of Trinity College, Cambridge, to set it out at length.

Mrs. Sadler was the daughter of Sir Edward Coke, the ferocious persecutor of Raleigh, who, it appears from the following endorsement on letter No. 1 in the same handwriting as that of Mrs. Sadler's letters, had befriended Williams, and had obtained for him a nomination to Charterhouse (Sutton's Hospital) :—

"This Roger Willums when he was a youth would in a short hand take sermons, and speches in the Star chamber, and present them to my dear father ; he seing him soe hopefull a youth tooke such a likeing to him that he put him to Suttens hospetall and he was the second that was placed there ; full little did he think that he would haue proued such a rebel to god the king and his country. I leue his letters that if euer he has the face to return into his Natiue Cuntry Tyborn may giue him wellcome."

The correspondence would appear to have taken place when Williams was over in England in 1653 or thereabouts, and to have been written by him from his lodging in St. Martin's to Mrs. Sadler at Stondon, Puckridge, Herts.

1. Roger Williams to Mrs. Sadler

My much honoured friend Mrs Sadler

The never-dying Honour & Respect, wch I owe to yr deare & honorable Roote & his Branches, & amongst ye rest to yor much honoured Selfe! haue emboldned me once more to inquire after your deare Husbands & your Life & Health & wellfare. This last winter I landed (once more) in my Natiue Countrey being sent ouer from some parts of New England with some Addresses to ye Parliamt.

My very great Busines & my very great straights of Time, & my very great Journey homeward to my deare Yoakfellow & many children I greatly feare will not permit me to present my euer obliged Dutie & Service to you at Stondon, especially if it please God yt I may dispatch my Affaires to depart with ye ships within this fortnight: I am therefore humbly bold to craue Your fauourable Consideracion Pardon and Acceptance of these my humble Respects and Remembrances. It hath pleased the most High to carie me on Eagles wings through mighty Labours, mighty Hazards, mighty suffrings, & to vouchsafe vnto so base an Instrumt (as I humbly hope) to glorifie Himselfe, in many of my Trialls & Suffrings both amongst ye English & Barbarians. I have bene formerly & since I landed occasioned to take up the 2 edged sword of Gods Spirit ye Word of God & to appeare in P[1] like in some contests agst ye Ministers of Ould and N. England, as touching ye true Ministrie of Christ and ye Soule Freedomes of ye People. Since I landed I haue published 2 or 3 things & haue a large Discourse at ye presse, but tis controuersiall with wch I will not trouble your Meditations: Only, I craue ye Boldnes to send you a plaine and peaceable Discourse of my owne personall Experiments wch in a Letter to my deare wife (vpon ye Occasion of her great sicknes neere to death) I sent her being absent my selfe amongst ye Indians. And being greatly obliged to Sr Henry Vane Junior (once Govr of N. England) & his Lady, I was perswaded to publish it in her Name and humbly to pre- [*rest of this word gone*] Your honourable hands with one or 2 of them: I humbly pray you to cast a serious eye on ye holy Scriptures on wch

[1] The rest of this word is too indistinct to be certain about. It *may* be *Printe*.

ye Examinations are grounded. I could have drest forth ye Matter like some sermon wh formerly I used to pen: But ye Father of Lights hath long since shewn me ye Vanitie & foule Deceit of such Paints & flowrishes. I desire to know nothing to professe nothing but ye Son of God ye King of Soules & Consciences, & I desire to be more thanckfull for a Reproofe for ought I affirme then for Applause & Commendation. I have bene oft glad in ye wildernes of America to haue bene reproved for going in a wrong path & to be directed by a Naked Indian Boy in my Travells, how much more should we reioice more in ye wounds of such as we hope loue us in Christ Jesus, then in the deceitfull kissis of soule deceaving & soule killing friends? My much honoured friend, that Man of Honour & Wisedome & Pietie your deare Father was often pleased to call me his Son & truely it was as bitter as Death to me (when Bp Laud pursued me out of this Land & my Conscience was perswaded agst ye Nationall Church & Ceremonies & beyond ye Conscience of yor deare Father) I say it was as bitter as Death to me when I rode Windsor way to take ship at Bristow, & saw Stoke Howse where yt blessed man was & I then durst not acquaint him with my Conscience & my Flight. But how many thousand times since haue I had honourable & precious remembrance of his person & ye Life ye writings ye speeches & Examples of that Glorious Light? And I may truely say yt beside my naturall Inclination to studie & Activitie His Example Instruction & Incowragemt haue spurd me on to a more than Ordinarie industrious & patient Course in my whole Course hitherto.

What I haue done & suffred (& I hope for ye Truth of God according to my Conscience) in Old & N. England, I should be a fool in relating, for I desire to say not only to K. David (as once Mephibosheth) but to K. Jesus, What is thy servant yt thou shouldest look vpon such a Dead Dog? And I would not tell Your selfe of this, but yt you may acknowledge some Beames of his holy Wisedome & Goodnes who hath not suffred all your owne & yor Deare Fathers smiles to haue been lost vpon so poore & despicable an Obiect: I confesse I haue many Aduersaries & allso many Friends & diuers Eminent. It hath pleased ye Generall himselfe to send for me & to entertaine many Discourses with me at Seuerall Times wch as it magnifies his Christian Noblenes & Courtesie, so much more doth it

magnifie his infinite Mercy & Goodnes & Wisedome, who hath helpt me poore Worme to sow y^t^ seede in doing & suffring I hope for God, y^t^ (as your hon^abl^ Father was wont to say) He y^t^ shall harrow what I haue sowne must rise early : And yet I am a Worme, & Nothing & desire only to find my All in y^e^ Blood of an holy Saviour, In whome I desire to be

Yo^r^ Hono^rd^ most thanckfull & faythfull Servant

ROGER WILLIAMS.

My humble respects presented
to Mr. Sadler.

From my Lodging in S^t^ Martins neere y^e^ shambles at Mr. Davis his howse, a shoomaker at v^e^ Signe of y^e^ Swan.

[*Addressed*]

For my much honoured kind
friend Mistres Sadler
at Stondon
neere Puckridge
theese.

2. MRS. SADLER TO ROGER WILLIAMS

M^R^ WILLUMS,

Since it has pleased god to make the Prophet Davids complaint ours, Psalme the 79 : oh God the heathen : /.·. and that the apostle St. Peter has soe long agoe foretould in his 2 Epistle, the 2 Chapter, by whom these things should be occasioned, I haue giuen ouer reading many bookes, and therefore with thanks has (*sic*) returned yours : / those that I now read besides the Bible, are first the late King's Booke ; Hookers Ecclesiasticall Politie ; Reuerend Bish: Andrews Sermons, with his other deuine meditations : D^r^ Jer. Tayler's works, and D^r^ Tho: Jacksone, vpon the Creed : sum of these my dear father was a great admirer of and would often call them the glorious lights of the church of England, these lights shall be my guide, I wish they may be yours, for your new lights that are soe much

cri'd up, I believe in the conclusion, they will proue but darke lanthorns therefore I dare not meddle with them.

Your frend in the old way

ANNE SADLEIR.

3. ROGER WILLIAMS TO MRS. SADLER

MY MUCH HONOURED KIND FRIEND MRS SADLEIR,

My humble respects premised to yor much honoured selfe & Mr Sadleir humbly wishing you the saving Knowledge & Assurance of yt Life wc is Eternall, when this poore Minutes Dreame is ouer!

In my poore span of Time I haue bene oft in ye Jawes of Death, sincking at Sea, shipwrackt on shoare, in danger of Arrowes Swords & Bullets: And yet, me thincks ye most High & most holy God hath reserved me for some Service to his most glorious & Eternall Maiestie.

I thincke sometimes, in this common shipwrack of Mankind (wherein we all are either floating or sincking, despairing or strugling for life) why should I euer faint (in striving as Paul sayth) in hopes to saue my selfe, to saue others, to call & cry & aske what Hope of Saving, what hope of Life & of ye Eternall shoare of Mercy?

Yor last letter (my honoured friend!) I received as a Bitter-Sweeting (as all yt is vnder ye Sun is) Sweete in yt I heare from you & yt you continue striving for Life Eternall: Bitter in yt we differ about ye Way in ye midst of or Dangers & Distresses.

O blessed be ye Hower, yt euer we saw ye Light, & came into this Vale of Teares, if yet at last, if any way we may truely see our wofull Losse & shipwrack, & gaine ye shoare of Life & Mercy.

You were pleased to direct me to divers Bookes for my satisfaction. I haue carefully endeauoured to get them, & some I haue gotten & vpon my reading I purpose (with God's helpe) to render you an ingenious and candid Account of my Thoughts Result &c.

At present I am humbly bold, to pray Yor Judicious & Loving Eye to one of mine.

Tis true I cannot but expect your Distast of it: And yet my Cordiall Desire of Yor Soules peace here & Eternall & of contributing ye least

Mite toward it & My humble Respects to yt blessed Roote of wch you spring force me to tender my Acknowledgemts : wch if receaved or reiected, my Cries shall neuer cease yt one Eternall Life may giue us Meeting, since this present Minute hath such Bitter partings.

For the scope of this Reioynder (if it please ye most High to direct yor Eye to a glance on it) please you to know yt at my last being in England I wrote a Discourse intituled, The bloodie Tenent of Persecution for cause of Conscience : I bent my charge agst Mr. Cotton especially ye Stander bearer of N. English Ministers : That Discourse he since answered, & calls his booke The bloodie Tenent made White in ye Blood of ye Lambe : This Reioynder of mine (as I humbly hope) vnwasheth his washings & proues yt in Soule Matters no Weapons but Soule Weapons are reaching & effectuall.

I am yor most vnworthy Servant,
Yet unfeignedly respectiue
ROGER WILLIAMS.

[*Addressed*]
For his much honoured kind friend
Mrs. Anne Sadleir at
Stondon in Hartfordshire
neere Puckridge.

4. MRS. SADLER TO ROGER WILLIAMS

SIR,

I thank god my blessed Parents bred me vp in the old and best religion and it is my glorie that I am a member of the church of England as it was when all the reformed churches gaue her the right hand, when I cast mine eie vpon the frontispice of your booke, and saw it intituled the bloody tenant I durst not aduentire to looke into it, for fear it should bring into my memory the much blood that has of late bin shed, and which I would faine forgit, therfore I doe with thanks return it, I cannot call to mind any blood shed for conscience, some few that went about to make a rent in our once well gouerned church were punished but none suffered death, but this I know that since it has bin left to euerie man's conscience to fancie what religion he list, there has more christian blood bin shed then

was in the ten persecutiuns and sum of that blood will I feare cry till the day of judgment, but you know what the scripture saies, that when there was no king in jsraell euery man did that which was right in his own eies, but what becam of that the sacred story will tell you, thus intreating you to troble me no more in this thing and wishing you a good jorny to your charge in new prouidence I rest your frend in the old and best way.

5. Roger Williams to Mrs. Sadler

My honoured kind friend Mrs Sadleir

I greatly reioiced to heare from you, although now an opposite to me euen in ye highest points of Heauen & Eternitie.

Two things yor Lines expresse: First yor Confidence in yor owne old way, Civilitie, and Gentlenes, in yt (not being pleased to accept my Respects & Laboures &c. presented yet) you gently with thancks & your Reason returne them.

I shall not be so sorrie you differ from me, if yet ye Father of Spirits please to vouchsafe you a Spirit of Christian Searching and examinacion. In hope of wch I shall humbly consider of ye Particulars of yor Letter.

First yt you thinck an Heape of Timber or pile of stones to be Gods Sanctuarie, now in Christs esteeme & in Ghospell Language (Psal. 79.) That you thinck those to be false Teachers & Prophets (2. Pet. 21.) who are not (after ye old way) distingwished by the Canonicall Coulours of White, Red, Black! &c.

That you admire ye Kings Booke & Andrewes his Sermons & Hookers Policie &c. & professe them to be yor Lights & Guids, and desire them mine, and belieue ye new Lights will proue darke Lanthornes &c. I am far from wondring at it. For all this haue I done my selfe vntill ye Father of Spirits mercifully perswaded mine to swallow downe no longer without chewing: To chew no longer without Tasting: To tast no longer without Begging the Holy Spirit of God to Inlighten & Inliuen mine, agst ye Feare of Men, Men, Tradicion of Fathers, or ye Fauour or Custome of any Men or Times.

I now find yt ye Church & Sanctuarie of Christ Jesus consists not of

Dead but Living stones :[1] Is not a parish or a Nationall Church forct (to ye pretended Bed of Christs worship) by Lawes and Swords.[2]

His true Louers are Voluntiers borne of his Spirit, ye now only holy Nation & Royall Priesthood. 1 Pet. 2. Psal. 110.

I find yt (in respect of Ministeriall Function & office) such Ministers not only Popish but Protestant, not only Episcopall but Presbyterian, not only Presbyterian but Independant allso, are all of them, one as well as another, False Prophets & Teachers, so far as they are Hirelings & make a Trade & Living of Preaching (John 10) as I have lately opened in my discourse of ye Hireling Ministrie none of Christs.

I have read those Bookes you mencion & ye Kings booke wch commends 2 of them Bp. Andrewes & Hookers (yea & a third allso Bp. Lauds &c.)

For ye King, I know his person, vicious, a swearer from his youth, & an oppressour & persecutour of Good Men (to say nothing of his owne Fathers blood, & ye blood of so many hundreth thouhsand English, Irish, Scotch, French, lately charged upon him).[3] Agst his & his blaspheamous Fathers Cruelties, your owne Dear Father, & many precious Men shall rise vp shortly & cry for Vengeance. But for ye Booke itselfe (if it be his) & Theirs you please to mencion & Thoushands more not only Protestants of seuerall sects, but of some Papists & Jesuites allso (famous for worldly Repute &c.) I have found them sharpe & wittie, plausible & Delightfull, Devout & Patheticall. And I haue bene amazed to see ye whole world of our Forefathers (Wise & Gallant) wondring after ye Glory of ye Romish Learning & worship, Revel. 13 : But amongst them all, whome I haue so diligently read and heard, how few expresse ye Simplicitie, ye plainnes, ye Mekenes & true Humilitie of the Learning of ye Son of God ? But at last it pleased ye God & Father of Mercies to perswade mine Heart of the meerly formall, customary & traditionall professions of Christ Jesus, with wch ye world is filled : I see

That ye Jewes belieue Christ Jesus was a Deceaver, because he came not with externall Pompe and Excellencie.

The Turks (so many Millions of them) prefer their Mahomet before Christ Jesus, euen upon such carnall & worldly Respects, & yet auouch Themselues to be ye only Muselmanne or True Belieuers.

[1] 1 Pet. 2. 3, 4. [2] Cant. 1. 16. [3] K. James horrible for Blaspheaming.

The Catholicks account vs Hereticks Diablo'es &c. & why? but because we worship not such a goulden Christ, and his Glorious Vicar and Leftenant.

The seuerall sects of Common Protestants content themselues with a Traditionall worship, & boast they are no Jewes, no Turkes, nor Catholicks, & yet forget their owne Formall dead Fayth, dead Hope, dead Joyes, & yt *Nescio vos*,[1] I know you not, Depart from me, wch shall be thundred out to many Gallant Professours and confidents, who haue held out a Lampe & Forme of Religion, yea & possibly of Godlines to, & yet haue denied the Power & Life of it.

Therefore my much honoured friend, while you belieue ye Darkenes of ye New Lights & professe your Confidence, & my Desire of walking with you in the old way: I most humbly pray so much Berean Civilitie at yor lo: hands as to search and remember.

First ye Lord Christs famous Resolution of yt Question put to him as touching ye number yt shall be saved, Luc. 14. Strive to enter in at ye straight Gate, for many shall seeke to enter, & shall not be able.

2ndly There is an absolute Necessitie (not so of a true Order of Ministrie, Baptisme &c. but) of a true Regeneration & New birth, without wch it is impossible to enter into or to see ye Kingdome of God. John 3 &c.

3rdly As to ye Religion & ye worship of God: The common Religion of ye whole world, & ye Nations of it, is but Customarie & Traditionall, from Father to Son, from wch (ould wayes &) Tradicions, Christ Jesus deliuers his, not with Gould & Siluer, but with his precious blood. 1 Pet. 1. 18.

4thly Without spirituall & diligent Examinacion of our Hearts, it is impossible yt we can attaine true sollid Joy & Comfort, either in point of Regeneracion or Worship, or what euer we doe. 2 Cor. 13. 5. Rom. 14. 23.

5thly In the examinacion of both these (personall Regeneracion & worship) ye Hearts of all ye Children of Men are most apt to cheate and couzen & deceaue themselues: yea & ye wiser a man is, ye more apt & willing he is to be deceaved. Jer. 17, Gal. 6, & 1 Cor. 3. 18.

[1] St. Matt. 7. 21, 22; 2 Tim. 3. 5.

6thly It is impossible there should be a true search, without ye holy spirit who searcheth all things, yea ye deepe things of God. Rom. 8, Ps. 143. 10.

Lastly God's spirit perswadeth ye Hearts of his true Servants,

First to be willing to be searcht by him, wch they exceedingly beg of him with holy Feare of Selfe Deceit & Hypocrisie.

2ndly To be led by him, in ye way Euerlasting: whether it seeme old in respect of Institution, or new in respect of Restauracion.[1] This I humbly pray for yor precious Soule, of ye God & Father of Mercies, euen your eternall Joy & Saluation, earnestly desirous to be (in the Old Way, wch is ye Narrow way, wch leads to Life, wch few find)

Yor most humble (though most vnworthy) servant

Roger Williams.

My honoured friend: since you please not to read mine, let me pray leaue to request yor reading one Booke of yor owne Authours, I meane ye Libertie of Prophesying pend by (so call'd) Do: Jer. Taylor In ye wch is excellently asserted, ye Tolleracion of differing Religions, yea in a Respect yt of ye Papists themselues wch is a New Way of Soule Freedome, & yet is ye Old Way of Christ Jesus, as all his holy Testamt declares.

I doe allso humbly wish yt you may please to read once impartially Mr Miltons answer to ye Kings booke.

6. Mrs. Sadler to Roger Williams

Mr Willuims

I thought my first letter would haue giuen you soe much satisfaction, that in that kind I should neuer haue heard of you any more, but it semes you haue a face of brass, so that you cannot blush, but since you press me to it, I must let you know as I did before, psal. 79, that the prophet daued there complains that the heathen had defiled the holy temple, and made Jerusalem a a (*sic*) heap of stones, and our blessed Sauiour when he whipt

[1] Psalm 139.

the byers and sellers out out (*sic*) of the temple tould them that they had made his fathers house a dene of theues, those were but materiall temples and commanded by god to be built and his name their to be worshiped ; the liuing temples are those that the same prophet in the psalme before mentioned verse the 2 and 3. the dead bodies of thy seruants have they giuen to the foules of the aire, and the flesh of thy saints to the beasts of the land, their bloud have they shed like water &c. and these were the liuing temples, whose loss the prophet soe much laments, and had he liued in these times he would haue dubled his lamentations ; / for the foule and falce aspertions you haue cast vpon that king of euer blessed memorie Charls the Marter, I protest I trembled when I read them, and none but such a villin as your selfe would haue wrot them, wise Solomon has taught me an other lesson in his 29 of his Pro: at 21 verse to feare god and the King, and not to meddle with them that are giuen to change, Marke well that: the 8 of Ecleas. verse the 2 I counsaile the to kepe the Kings Commandement, and that in regard of the oath of god, verse the 20 of the sam chap : curse not the King, no not in thy thoughts, and if I be not mistaken the fift Commandement is the Crowne Commandement : / : / Romans the 13 the first and 2 verses, let euerie soule be subiect to the higher power for &c. with many more places to the same purpose, thus you see I haue the law, with the old and new testament on my side : / : / but it has bin the lot of the best Kings to lie under the lash of ill tongues, witness Blessed Dauid who was a man after gods owne heart, crust (*sic*) by wicked shimei his owne subiect, and called a man of bloud, and good Hezekiah was rayled on by a foule mouthed Rabshakeh, but I doe not remember that they were commended in any place of Scripture for soe doeing : / :/ for the bloud you mention, which has bin shed in these times which you would father vpon the late King, there is a booke called the Historie of independencie, a booke worth your reading, that will tell you by whom all this christian bloud has bin shed, if you cannot git that there is a sermon in print of one Paul Knells the text the first of amos verse the 2 that will informe you : for meltons[1] book that you desire I should read if I be not mistaken, this is he that has wrot a book of the lawfulnes of deuorce, and if report sais true he had at that time two or three wiues liuing, this perhaps were good Doctrine in new

[1] In margin, Milton.

England, but it is most abominable in old England, for his book that he wrot against the late King that you would haue me read, you should haue taken notice of gods iudgment upon him who stroke him with blindnes, and as I haue heard he was faine to haue the helpe of one Andrew Maruell or els he could not haue finished that most accursed Libell, god has begun his judgment vpon him here, his punishment will be hereafter in hell, but haue you sene the answer to it, if you can git it I assure you it is worth your reading : / :

I haue alsoe read Taylers book of the liberty of professing, though it please not me yet I am sure it does you, or els I (*sic*) you not haue wrot to me to haue read it, I say it and you would make a good fire, but haue you sene his deuine institution of the office ministeriall, I assure you that is both worth your reading and practice : / : Bishop Lauds booke against fisher I haue read long since, which if you haue not done let me tell you, that he has depely wounded the pope, and I beleue howsoeuer he be slighted, he will rise a Saint, when many seeming ones such as you are will rise deuills : /

I cannot conclude without puting you in minde how cleare a louer and great an admirer my father was of the liturgie of the Church of England, and would often say no reformed Church had the like, he was constant to it both in his life and at his death, I mean to walke in his steps, and truely when I consider who were the composers of it and how they sealed the truth of it with their bloud, I cannot but wonder why it should now of late be thus contemned. By what I haue now wright you know how I stand affected, I will walk as directly to heauen as I can, in which place if you will turn from being a rebell, and fear god and obey the King there is hope I may mete you there, howsoeuer troble me no more with your letters for they are verie troblesome to her that wishis you in the place from whence you came.

7. Mrs. Sadler to Roger Williams

Sir

When I read your Respondet petrus in the first leafe[1] you begin with the pious wish of Tacitus, when he had brought Agricola to the funerall

[1] This evidently refers to a letter which is not in the collection.

pile, that he might rest without disturbance in the place appointed for the soules of vertuous persons, I did not expect that you would have contradicted your selfe, for afterward reading your short historie of King Charls of euer blessed memorie, you take notice of a spech of my brother Clem: Coke in parliament, he was a young man and might ouershote him selfe, yet I wish that had not come to pas since, that then was but a surmise: / but your addition, a true chip of the old block, was added in derision of my dear dead father. Sir if you had truely know him, you would haue set a better Character vpon him, but those that taks things vpon trust sildome or neuer eyther speaks, or wright truth, therfore you must giue me leaue as sum others haue done before me, to vindicate the reputation of my dear father, after it did please King James, by the instigation of Bucking that great fauourit, to take from him his place of Cheife justice of the common pleas and comite him to the tower he lay open to any that would bring any accusation against him, many did commence sutes, but he ouerthrew them all, the king was perswaded to bring him into the star chamber, and did exhibited (*sic*) a bill against him, but at last let it fall, and would goe no further in it, he did the like in the excheker, and the other courts, in all which he stood soe vpright that he gaue the K: the mute[1] in all: soe much for his integritie and Justice in all those great places he past through he was soe free from bribery, and simony, that neuer any of his greatest enimies but cleared him of eyther, if he would haue bin bribed, he was offered a large sum to haue betrayed his trust in Sutten Hospetall, but it is well known when all the rest of the trustes drew back, how he stood in the gap and confermed his gift, at which King James was not well pleasd, and for personall offences he never was yet taxed, nor neuer will I beleve soe that I may say of him as dauid said of himselfe they hated him without a cause: the good man slept quietly in his graue for sum yeres, and no man spake any ill of him, the first as I remember was one Howell a mercinary fellow, in his speaking groue, and in his foolish familer epistle, in both which he makes himselfe soe ridiculus that all that has read them laughs at them, but it semes it is the nature of dogges if one bark all will bark too: soe such as he is has like him vented there splene, for this is the age that s[t] are made deuils, and deuills s[t]: there

[1] ? "Mate" or "mute."

is a woe pronounced against such, but for my owne part I am so (?) far from any malice to there persons that I dayly pray god to forgiue them : and from you sir I begg this fauour that you will not molest the dead, which if you will doe I shall willingly wright my selfe Sir

Your assured frend.

APPENDIX II

The Artist and Author tender their best thanks for valuable assistance in their work to the following :—

Mr. E. Abbott, Jesus College, Cambridge.
The Rev. David Anderson, St. George's, Hanover Square.
The Rev. E. Atkins, Wyggeston Hospital, Leicester.
Mr. H. Houston Ball, Ealing.
The Lord Barnard, Raby Castle.
Canon Beaumont, Holy Trinity, Coventry.
The Rev. R. H. Becker, Baltimore, Cork.
Mr. A. Bedding, Clapham.
Dr. F. N. Brushfield, Budleigh Salterton.
Miss Sarah M. T. Carpenter, Kiplin.
Mr. Thomas Cope, Osbaston Hall, Leicester.
Mr. Wilson Crewdson, St. Leonards.
The Rev. R. Farmer, Adwick le Street, Doncaster.
The Rev. J. K. Floyer, Warton.
Colonel Asa Gardiner, New York.
The Rev. C. R. Gilbert, Leagrave, Loughborough.
Mr. R. W. Goulding, Welbeck Abbey.
Messrs. H. Graves & Co., Pall Mall, London.
The Rev. M. H. Green, Trinity College, Oxford.
The Rev. Edward Hall, Blackrock, Cork.
Mr. A. Iredale, Torquay.
Mr. Frederick Keppel, New York.

Mr. W. C. Lane, Librarian, Harvard University, U.S.A.
The Rev. P. Le Mesurier, Westerham.
The Rev. Gerald L. H. Ley, Chagford, Devon.
The Rev. J. Traviss Lockwood, Widford, Herts.
The Rev. D. Mallinder, Scorton, Darlington.
Alderman R. F. Martineau, Birmingham.
Mr. Walter Mayhew, Duxbury Hall, Chorley.
The Rev. A. Metcalfe, St. Peter's, Dorchester.
Mr. J. P. Pease, Bursar, Emmanuel College, Cambridge.
Mr. J. S. Pewstead, Red Hall, Leeds.
The Rev. E. H. Blackford Pim, St. Peter's, Droitwich.
Mrs. Pym, Foxwood, Chase, Kent.
Mr. Herbert Rigg, Cowfold, Sussex.
Messrs. Sangorski & Sutcliffe, London.
The Rev. A. J. Scantlebury, The Rectory, Huish.
The Rev. F. L. Schreiber, Shipbourne, Kent.
Mr. C. J. Schwab, Librarian, Yale University, U.S.A.
Mr. W. Sheppard, Towcester.
Mrs. Mary Sheridan, Frampton Court, Dorchester.
The Rev. Dr. Sinker, Trinity College, Cambridge.
Mr. Alan Stewart.
Captain Dugald Stuart.
Canon Swallow, Headmaster, Chigwell School.
The Rev. F. T. Tayler, Great Baddow.
Canon Thompson, D.D., Southwark Cathedral.
Canon Walpole, Lambeth.
Mrs. Waterhouse, Yattendon.
The Rev. John W. Wayman, Groton.
Mr. John Wetherell, The Grammar School, Coventry.
Mr. H. B. Wheatley, Society of Arts, London.
Dr. Walter Winslow, Rapallo, Italy.
Mr. Philip Yorke, Erddig Park, Wrexham.
Dean Young, Odell, Beds.

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